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# The SMART SET

*A Magazine of  
Cleverness*



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Deserves a Wife who never stays in



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FIFTH AVENUE & 37<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK

Vol. XXXVI

JANUARY, 1912

No. 1

# THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF  
CLEVERNESS

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57

59

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# THE SMART SET

January, 1912

## *A Curtain Raiser*

(EXTRA)



O Horse, I sometimes wonder when I see  
Some roaring chariot urged by gasoline  
(Proud in its hundred horse-power) blur the scene  
With speed that never came from pedigree—  
Or when some aero-devil, rigged to be  
A pest in Lucifer's long-lost demesne,  
I view aloft—ah, then with sorrow keen  
I wonder, Horse, what will become of thee!

Thus brooding, to thy Yearly Festival  
I ride (by taxi) and behold thee dear  
As when thou borest Valkyrs to Valhal  
Or did still sprightlier jobs for Paul Revere.  
Neigh, Horse! fear not the dodo's lonesome fate;  
For what we love we never give "the gate"!

WALLACE IRWIN.

# THE GREATEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

SOMEBODY and his cousin, Everybody, said, "The birth of the automobile doomed the horse," just as that old gabbler, "They," said, a half-century ago, that the incubation of the wax model marked the passing of woman. And yet a Martian automobile dealer on a hunting-up-trade visit, looking in at the Garden show would have wirelessly home, "Swap the business for a stock farm, turn the garage into a livery stable—and quick!"

While God's blue is blue, while His stars and sun and moon light humans to the things they love, while old ocean and her rippling, babbling sisters, the river and the brook, retain their voices, while bold Boreas plays at ring-around-rosie with the wood giants, while the mountain guards the meadow violet and the daisy, so long will loving woman and lovely horse multiply, flourish and frisk themselves in and through the heart and soul of man.

The day may come when those loveliest of all God's creatures, woman and horse, will abdicate the thrones of civilization and barbarism, but it will be only when man and his footstool earth have passed yonder into oblivion's wold.

Times change and customs shift. The sweets of yesterday are the sour of now, and they may breed the mushroomed neutral of tomorrow, but there are two things that neither time nor custom can change, two things that were, are and always will be—loving woman, lovely horse. Bring on your wax models; speed in your autos; improve, perfect and idealize them; but so long as man's heart has a thump, so long as his soul casts a shadow, so long will the one thump and the other light at the coo and the whinny of his two indispensable pals.

Speaking as an enthusiastic breeder of both, the auto and the nag, and as one who, in quest of the ideal nick, has crossed the limousine with Dobbin, and Dobbin's sister with the low hung racer, and who has in the paddock many quarter, half and three-quarter breds; and speaking as one who appreciates all the good points of each and knows all the mean ones of both, I would say straight from the heart, I'd rather own a couple of shares of non-dividend-paying Hackney Common, or a share of ex-dividend Kentucky Preferred, or even a passed-coupon Irish Timber Topper Debenture than a garage full of 1912 sixes.

'Pon my soul, I would. Experience has taught me that while the auto is a bully good chum for one's get-there moods, the pal for a man to throb to and sob to, laugh to and quaff to, is his horse—of course, I mean next to his wife, sweetheart or—dog



# HORSETALES

By H. L. Mencken

THE race of horses looked down, from a high peak, into two deep valleys at this last and greatest of Madison Square Garden horse shows. Down the slope of one valley stretched the generations dead and gone—generations leading back, by a hundred conquered blemishes and faults, to the barbarous Adam of the species, the forgotten *stammvater* of horses, with his three toes, his vulgar gait and his black innocence of currycombs. And down the slope of the other valley stretched the generations to come—perhaps distressingly few, certainly not many—with the ultimate, residual horse at the bottom, mounted absurdly upon his museum wires and gas pipes, his glass eyes pathetic and immovable, his atrophied muscles represented by laths and plaster, his hold filled with the awful garbage of upholstery. On the peak the horse of today—a perfect but a transitory animal—the tragedian of the brute creation—his doom sounded at the very moment of his supreme triumph.

How long will the horse last? Not long, you may be sure. How long did the falcon last after the blunderbuss set up shop in Falcon Street? Perhaps a century; perhaps less. We may well imagine some ancient falconer or other clinging sentimentally to the bird amid all the new barking of the guns. We may imagine him transmitting his hunkerous fanaticism to one of his sons and that son handing it on to *his* son. But here imagination halts. Soon there came a time of few falcons, and then a time of an odd and rare falcon here and there, a relic out of forgotten days, gaped at by the curious—and then, finally, a day of no falcons at all. Today, if you would learn

about falcons, you must go to books. The bird itself is no more. Nor the wolfhound, save as a lonesome and archaic marvel, wifeless and sonless; nor the lion dog of the Babylonian kings; nor the staghound of the German barons; nor, for that matter, the spotted coach dog of day before yesterday.

But with the past and future of the horse let us have done. He enjoys today his regal present—a present of exquisite perfection—the last glorious statement of the horse theme before the *coda* begins. Never in all the world has any other animal climbed such giddy peaks of fitness, of efficiency, of razor-edged fineness—certainly not man! If anything was plain at the Garden, that thing was plain.

Came, for example, a superb pair in tandem. Real horses, or romantic dream visions of horses, the ideal become miraculously real? Here was the horse triumphant and impeccable. In gait, in temper, in line, in color, in the very sheen of their backs, these horses were perfect horses. They met the conditions of life in their world, the demands made upon them by that fate which weighs horses, not approximately, as we men do, but precisely, exactly.

The roving eye wandered to the boxes. Here, also, were creatures bred deliberately to a spectacular business—the business, to wit, of being beautiful, of filling the world with exquisite color and form. Let us not lie about them: a few were really beautiful—approximately, in spots! This one had an ear like a seashell—and a nose like a clam set on end! This one had eyes like violets—and hair like wire! What was that one doing with a wrist like a longshoreman's? What

need had the one behind her for two chins—or was it three? And the one beyond, the one in purple silk, with her daughter beside her in pink—why the mustache, why that startling suggestion of goatee? Beauties, perhaps, regnant or retired—but imperfect beauties. A palpable falling short of the ideal.

Well, well, all in due season. We humans have tackled the horse first, and left our own race for a less busy day. We have produced, by our arts, a troop of highly differentiated and exquisitely perfect horses—horses which bring to some narrow specialty of the horse business—jumping or high stepping or mere standing still—a marvelous efficiency. The thing can go no further, and therefore, perhaps, it is well that it should cease. Let gasoline do its worst! We have shown what we ourselves can do. We have made the horse a god, not only in mere credit, but also in actual quality. We have done a thousand times better than nature herself has ever done. Not even the protozoön in the sea ooze shows a more accurate adaptation of means to end, of form and habit to destiny. And now, having done all this with the horse, and the day for doing it being done, we may turn, perhaps, to other and even more astounding feats. The horseless future will not be without its own marvels. Casting their shadows before them—still mere rumors, but to be hoped for and expected—are the perfect beauty, the honest politician, the Christian Christian, the actor who can act, the bartender who remembers, the barber who really knows how to shave.

Meanwhile the horse prepares for his doom. Time was when the idea of utility was insistent in the Garden show, but that time is no more. In the lingering twilight of the horse, his old, purely motor function disappears. The tandem high stepper, after all, is a visible symbol of equigenic virtuosity—a purely theoretical, bravura horse—sublime on the tanbark, but already half absurd on the asphalt. No sane man of today, desiring to proceed through space from A to B, would think of making the journey in a crazy cart, driving tandem. Men still do it, of course—but only en-

thusiasts, idealists, artists in locomotion, with the artist's inevitable touch of madness in them. The entirely sane man goes by motor car, or, failing that, by trolley or airship. And so the horse bred for tandem is a horse bred for Nirvana. Brought at last to perfection, he is now ready for the ultimate glory and dignity of nothingness.

The way lies open before him. His brothers of yesterday have marked it out. If the carriage horse survives at all, in any of his once numerous species, it is as a lingerer after the curtain's fall. The landau grows as rare on our streets as the hansom, and both races of propulsive cobs, the aristocrat and the plebeian, vanish into the mists. The hunting horse follows after them. The world grows too small for such a creature of the open. Bricks and mortar have exterminated the fox; in his present incarnation he is a bag of anise. The hunter chasing that fraudulent fox may be fraudulent himself tomorrow—a forty horsepower hunting runabout, with tires resistant to stubble and a steel kangaroo's tail to help it over bars.

Such the vision; there remains the actual picture—the horse show in full blast, the boxes gay with dye stuffs, the band playing, the redcoats throwing open the gates, horses prancing into the ring. The wits have it that the horses are really spectators: that the big show is actually in the boxes. Don't believe it! The crowd, of course, may gape at a duchess, or at some vast wife of a billionaire, her sleek façade a waterfall of jewels—but not when the jumpers take the hurdles, not even when the saddle mares do their pretty round! The horse is the big show: the stray duchess is only the side show. Perfection is not so common in the world that it can be put aside so lightly. There is tension in the air, a smell of drama. It is not only that a combat is going on, but that a great endeavor, stretching over long years, heavy with its disappointments, its false starts, its patient strivings, is coming at last to glorious fruit. The lights are on the horse.

His last day? No doubt. But also his greatest day!

# SWALLOWTAILS

By Gertrude Lynch

**D**IANA of the Purple Shadows poised negligently beneath a firmament of white stars, above a second firmament of ecru and amethyst brilliants, has looked down for the last time on the Dianas of the Horse Shows who, for many years, have foregathered in the corn-colored building on the turret top of which she has waited; waited and watched; waited, watched and wondered.

Did the Huntress's heart beat at a quicker tempo as, with a flaunting of a sable coat, a twirl of a coquettish scarf stenciled in lotus buds, one of those other huntresses, coldly chaste as she, beckons an adoring swain and, over a shoulder from whose snowy whiteness has slipped the furry covering, says laughingly, as she gestures toward the upper regions where heaven's planets, alluring to serenity, are blotted out by more flagrant advertisements, revolving rapidly:

"Poor old Di! What's to become of her, I wonder?"

And, the question unanswered, this Diana gathers her furs about her anew and passes on through a double arcade of approving masculinity without a second thought of the Chilly Clad One, who has seen others like her, Comets of a Season, replaced by younger, fairer, more vital huntresses. She alone, the Changeless, the Constant, has remained. Now the fiat has gone forth. Tied to the wheel of things, Diana of the Purple Shadows must move on, too, a unit in the ceaseless current of Dianas, hunting and hunted.

For it is the Twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association, and the last one to hold its annual meeting in Madison Square Garden. No longer will the

hospitable entrance gates be flung open, and to hoofbeat and heartbeat the waiting Dianas pass in to score triumphs over the Dianas of the Ring, or share them, if needs must be.

In a most unwomanly silence Diana of the Purple Shadows has looked down, tiptoeing in space. Of late her solitude has been rent by wireless messages humming by, by aviating excursionists. When she took her airy pose only the church spires paralleled her height; now there are sordid office buildings, hundreds of eyes therein, gaping and gazing. She has made ready for departure, packing her simple wardrobe—that sartorial protest against the extravagance of her sisters, and, at last, has broken into speech.

In the mauve stillness she whispers to you, tilted from the edge of a metaphorical aeroplane. At her invitation you gaze, by a special shaft of light, through the enormous beams of the roof, once considered the chief decorative feature, now covered with swaying, swinging draperies, so as not to offend the more fastidious demands of the later assemblies.

"They seem to be the same but they are not."

The "they" includes exotic brunettes and delicate blondes with inviting gestures of eye and hand, or subtle non-chalances, intriguing to flirtation; tall, athletic girls striding manfully about the outer ring or exchanging horsey pleasantries; fashion's devotees with the latest Parisian wrinkles—the abundant aigrettes, the pillow muff with a toy "Pom" inside; a mandarin coat, ermine-lined, the tasseled train, the picture hat with its martial marabout, the coiffure

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breaking into a Niagara of abundant ripples; blue ribbon owners riding astride on the tanbark.

You repeat the statement in interrogative form.

"They are more restive under the bit of tradition," Diana adds, "less amenable to the spur, making ownership which uses the whip not only dangerous but even impossible."

"Listen." Bits of airy persiflage rise with the heat waves.

"She has given up the attention of the many for the inattention of one." They would not have announced a coming marriage in those terms a decade ago.

"Three divorces and a suffrage leader. She's nearing the judges' stand." The laughter is more pronounced. Diana of the Purple Shadows laughs in company. Then she suddenly becomes serious.

"See, there are fresh faces, candid eyes, simple gowns just as there are eyes bright with belladonna, lips—two scarlet lines of paint, rouge and enamel. Man's work and God's, always in juxtaposition, even at a Horse Show."

A tableau emphasizes this statement. A gorgeous creature, veritable huntress in physical proportions, is alighting from a modish car, the latest make, its eyes two fiery threats, its throat uttering guttural protests, its progress, cruel, swift, graceless. Some shimmering, gauzy skirt tightly swathes the Diana figure; a fur snowdrift of royal ermine is thrown back, displaying a white throat encircled by a chain of tiny flames; a lace web of stocking ends in a velvet slipper, in whose chiffon *choux* is a diamond dew-drop; the silk fringe of the petticoat, the myriad of tiny curls interlaced with golden threads, the lithe movements of thoroughbred limbs, the multiplicity of luxurious etceteras mark the ultimate result of art and breeding. She is accompanied by a slim, masculine figure, a foreign order in his buttonhole, a monocle hanging from a silk cord, a bored look on the aristocratic features. On the woman's breast lies a pink rose, perfect in form and color; on the man's coat a waxy gardenia shares the attention of your glance, escaping artificialities.

Turning the opposite corner comes

one of the Dianas of the Ring, a prize winner to be. There is a white star on the sable brow; long, slender limbs are visible beneath the ugly coat of tan with crimson facings. A stableman Hercules, chewing a straw, leads her triumphantly. Every eye approves; the modish car, the latest make, is ignored.

Side by side stand the two Dianas. Diana of the Rose stops. She puts out a gloved hand and strokes the neck of Diana of the Ring, looking through the grotesque circles of the headpiece into the soft, liquid eyes. She glances disdainfully at her former pride—the ultimate word in mechanics.

"We have bartered you for that," she whispers. She arranges her necklet of diamonds with a sigh. The pink rose falls to the ground and is trampled in the mire. Diana of the Rose and Diana of the Purple Shadows sigh in company, or did your imagination play you false?

There is little of the sadness of farewell, little of the atmosphere of the last time. Madison Square Garden is soon to pass into the limbo of the forgotten, but New York is too busy to waste time on idle sentimentality. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we 'dye,'" says the peroxide, soon to revert to type; and, in the same spirit, the millionaire crowds, the horsey people, active and lookers-on, the Dianas of the boxes and the galleries accept the statement of change, for any change means stimulus.

The statement of novelty is made by a Vanderbilt, rising to acclaim that the new rendezvous will be higher, broader, more spacious and, in every particular, more *comme il faut*. It is fitting that this announcement should come from the representative of a family of patrons of sport in the best meaning of the term. Other representatives of other families of like renown in this special field lean forward and applaud their spokesman. Diana of the Purple Shadows points them out—a Beach, Harri-man, Sands, Widener, Livingston, Baker, Roosevelt, Speyer, Alexandre, Elkins, Martin and Townsend-Martin; a Clarke, Mortimer, Oelrichs and others equally distinguished. The fate of future horse shows may safely be left in their keeping.



# DETAILS

By George Jean Nathan

AT eleven o'clock of a morning in November the telephone bell in my sleeping chamber whirled violently. Without the use of the needle, I deduced at once that I was about to be spoken to by a person from out of town. No New Yorker would think of disturbing another's slumbers at such an unearthly hour. Adolphus, my man of affairs, obeyed the ring. "From Baltimore—wherever that is," he informed me in a tone that indicated plainly how vexed he was that I should have been disturbed at daybreak.

At the first syllable, my face fell. "Take you to the show tonight? Why—er—I did have an engagement with a man who looks out for bonds for me . . . No, no, no! I said *bonds*—b-o-n-d-s—there's no 'l' in it! . . . Yes, I *can* break it. . . . Oh, that's all right. Good-bye."

And so it came about that, with The Man from Baltimore on my arm, I entered the Great Equine Bazaar on the gala night of the week.

As we swept majestically into the sight of tiered tanbark, a cry of pain issued suddenly from my companion. "I asked you to take me to the show," he said in measured tones.

"And I did," replied I.

"I meant the theater," somewhat bitingly said he.

I looked at Baltimore as only a New Yorker can, pityingly, condescendingly, for all the world as if he were nothing more than a mere Philadelphian. "*The show in New York in November*," I ventured, "is supposed to be the Horse Show."

Baltimore remarked that as he had gone to the trouble of dressing all up he

might just as well see it through and permitted me to introduce him to some friends in the first box we encountered. "Do you know," said he as we adjusted ourselves, "I always thought we had pretty good-looking girls down in our town until I came to the Horse Show tonight—and now I'm sure of it!"

"What is the object of this show?" asked Baltimore presently, as he removed his kerchief from his coat pocket and insinuated it into his cuff.

It was Miss Riviera who replied. "The object of the show," she whispered, "is to afford smart reporters a fresh opportunity for launching side-splitting sallies at society; to afford newspaper artists the annual occasion for drawing pictures of a horse looking commiseratingly at a broken-down automobile, with the descriptive caption: 'The horse is still king!' and to permit the owners of the program privilege to make a fortune."

"But," protested Baltimore, "where does the horse figure?"

"The horse," she answered, turning up her dear, expensive little nose at a despicable vulgarian who didn't have the money for a box and who tried to appear at ease in a mere reserved seat, "the horse is the item of first importance because it impresses the common herd, poor souls, with the value of good breeding. The common herd is of second relative importance because it offers society such a magnificent opportunity to show what fools people are for thinking this is a republic."

"Miss Ormond," I ventured gallantly, as I adjusted my monocle and cast a casual, contemptuous sneer at a passing millionaire who—*would you believe it?*—was actually wearing a gold watchchain

across his evening waistcoat—"Miss Ormond, do you agree with what has been said?"

Miss Ormond, after calling my attention to a bold woman of the *bourgeoisie* who was seated in plain view with a *last year's hat on*, tossed her proud head and made answer. "I do not!" she said emphatically. "There *are* people who come to the show who take it seriously, who are deeply interested in horses and the breeding of horses. Why, I'll venture that in this very crowd of three thousand persons, there are at least a dozen who belong to that class."

I presently managed to let Balty whisper to me his desire to break away. He was not overheard by the ladies, inasmuch as at the moment their attention was centered on some lowly peasants in the seats above our box who were eating weird chocolate bonbons from out a package which they passed from one to the other, for all the world like the strange creatures of the benches that one encounters betimes in the park promenade. Kissing the ladies *au 'voir*, The Man from Baltimore and I sauntered gaily down the steps and into the planked boulevard that circled between the seats and the tanbark. Like Al Raschids we mingled democratically with the cheap people, permitting them at times even to brush up against our broadclothed shoulders. One impudent fellow had the temerity to inquire of us who it was who was seated on Bombay Belle in Class No. 212, but we promptly rebuked him with a freezing glance. And another impertinent boulder had the effrontery to bid us tell him the hour, but this ignoble upstart, too, did we reprimand and dismiss with a mere lift of the eyebrow. One may never tell when one may be liable to insult in such mixed gatherings.

In speaking of our adventures, I have used the "we" advisedly, for Baltimore assured me that the hour spent in the box with Society had had a profound hypnotic effect upon him. "Do you know," said he, "this society thing has got into my blood. After I had been in the box fifteen minutes I began to feel sorry for anyone who had to work for a living;

after I'd been there half an hour I began to view with a feeling of supreme compassion any uninformed rustic who permitted the line of his white waistcoat to show under his evening coat; after forty-five minutes, a man with less than a million dollars seemed to me to be something of a piker; and after an hour I began to feel just a little bit doubtful about keeping Mrs. Astor on my calling list!"

While continuing our jaunty stroll among the hedgeborn masses Balty observed: "I say, old fellow, can you, as the critic of the drawma, see any drawma here?"

I hesitated. "Yes, I do," I said to him finally. "I see plays of several kinds. First, I see the society play, the play of society for the envious adulation of the masses. Second, I see the horse play, the slapstick burlesque of plebeians trying to ape the classes. And third, I see the tragedy—the tragedy of the aching hearts of climbing women with husbands of average income; the tragedy of silly young girls' longings for the cottillioned fairy world they cannot and maybe never can enter; the tragedy of American hypocrisy and sham and imitativeness and of overtaxing the little nestegg of the home to make a splurge; the tragedy, my dear good Balty, of God's greatest and most gorgeous animal being appropriated as an excuse for such a Roman holiday."

Balty took me by the arm. "Say," he drawled, getting back into his normal manner of speaking once we reached the open air, "but aren't we just as bad as the others in there? Remember, *we* went to the Horse Show, too!"

"Accidentally, Balty," I gently recalled to him.

"But," he persisted, "we acted like goshdarned fools just like all the rest of 'em."

"Certainly," I answered with an insouciant touch of irony. "That is what comes of having too much new American blood in our veins."

There was a moment's silence.

"Do you know," mused Balty at length, "come to think it all over, I sometimes sort o' wish I was a Swede!"

# THE SMART SET

*Its Prime Purpose is to Provide Lively Entertainment  
For Minds That Are Not Primitive*

## THE VILLA OF PARADISE

By Molly Elliott Seawell

ON the night the big battleship reached Naples, the cruise of Fanshawe, her executive officer, was up, and he entered upon his year of leave. Three days later, on a late September afternoon, he saw for the first time the Villa of Paradise, or Il Paradiso, as the name was wrought upon the iron gates.

It was a small, old-fashioned house, perched upon an abrupt acclivity, and was reached from the roadway by a long and winding flight of timeworn stone steps, walled in by tall cypress hedges. On this side all was dark and still, in the deep green gloom of myrtle boscages, old interlacing rose trees and mournful willows and ilexes. The plateau once reached, however, there lay before the villa a terrace long and wide, that faced the serene loveliness of Lake Maggiore. There reigned the royal sun in the still magnificence of his departing hours. The splendid beauty of the silver lake, the white-winged boats softly stealing over the water in the rose-red light, the wooded slopes, the far-off purple peaks, the tranquil sky, struck Fanshawe with a poignancy of delight almost like pain. His eyes, used to the burning sapphires of tropical waters, the haggard, windswept wastes of Arctic seas, the wild stretches of midocean, dwelt with a

silent rapture on the blue glory of the lake, the good brown earth, the green, moss-grown ordered gardens that fell to the right of the terrace. And over all was that dreamlike repose for which Fanshawe yearned. Although the most practical of men and naval officers, he was at heart deeply romantic.

He was glad to be alone in those first hours: old Giorgio, the majordomo, told him the ladies were out walking. The ladies consisted of Alicia, Fanshawe's seventeen-year-old half-sister, her English governess, Miss Crumpton, an adorable creature of sixty-three years, and the Italian companion, whom Fanshawe had never seen, and had even forgotten that he had ever heard of. Old Giorgio, watching Fanshawe's lithe, graceful figure, as he began a quarter-deck walk up and down the terrace, noted shrewdly that he was a personable man, verging on his forties, with the eyes of command, but which also harbored kindness and gaiety. Fanshawe was exulting in the thought of a year of sweet-do-nothing in this place of heavenly peace.

He was in the mood for happiness, and it seemed as if all things conspired to bring to him some halcyon days. First, he had come into sole possession of the dearest object in life to him, his young

half-sister, Alicia. From the hour he first saw her, Fanshawe had loved the child with a passion of a father rather than a brother, and the little girl, whose nature strikingly resembled his, returned his devotion in kind. Her childish letters, her schoolgirl outpourings, her visions of maidenhood, were all laid bare to Fanshawe with a delicate and tender confidence that touched the inner chords of his heart. With his affection for Alicia was mingled a sharp pity. Her mother, the flightiest of women, seemed always strangely indifferent to the girl, who resented it silently but deeply. The elder Fanshawe was a weakling, and the only sensible thing he ever did in the course of a long life was leaving Alicia and her fortune in the care of her half-brother. Mrs. Fanshawe, after a merry widowhood of two years spent in the European playgrounds of American widows, did what might have been expected—married a title—Count Bertucci, of whom she knew nothing on earth except that he belonged to one of the greatest families in Rome, and that, if she married him, she would be enabled to have a coronet embroidered upon everything she wore or used, and to have them stuck all over her luggage. Both the Count and the Countess Bertucci were perfectly willing to leave Alicia in the hands of Fanshawe, as they could not touch a penny of her money. Fanshawe meant to guard Alicia with a naval officer's sternness from every species of demoralization, from fortune hunters as from mad dogs. Here in this quiet old villa on Lake Maggiore, Fanshawe thought, no harm could befall Alicia; no harm could befall anybody, because nothing could possibly happen in this place of peace. He reasoned thus from the viewpoint of a man who knows what it is to be the executive officer of a warship with nine hundred men under him and only one man over him; with dangers by night and by day, with an eye to the magazine indicator and to the firing of great guns, and with the passing of thousands of pounds of powder up and down the chutes, and all the other perils that encompass the everyday life of the modern man on a modern ship.

Fanshawe walked up and down the terrace, noting everything with keen, unswerving eyes. The terrace was ornamented with weather-stained statues of broken-nosed gods and cracked goddesses, and a veiled and mutilated marble figure typifying resignation, so he judged. There were glass doors from several of the ground floor rooms opening on the terrace. Fanshawe peered into one—the drawing-room, a large, low apartment, furnished with tarnished gilt furniture and girandoles and faded red silk, with a harp in one corner. Then he returned to his walk and watched the lake turn from blue to gold in the crimson sunset and into silver with the early moonrise. As the soft enveloping shadows of the rosy dusk veiled the lake and the shore a kind of silent exaltation possessed Fanshawe's soul: one whole year of this tranquil beauty, one year of freedom from work and responsibility, and a chance to know better the little sister so dear to him; to read seven hours a day, and walk four hours more. Never, since he had worn his first midshipman's uniform, had he been so long away from ships and sailors, and dockyards and departments. When this happy year was over he would go back to his professional life stronger and refreshed. There would be no excitement at the Villa of Paradise, no society of ladies, except Miss Crumpton. As for falling in love, the mere thought made Fanshawe grin. Women he liked and admired and confided in, but he had never yet met the woman he could not live without, and that was the practical test of a practical man like Fanshawe.

It was growing into the deeper twilight when Fanshawe, leaning over the balustrade of the terrace, saw a slim white figure running lightly up the stone steps leading from the little pier that jutted into the lake. It was Alicia, jumping and laughing and playing with her dog Toto, and followed by Miss Crumpton, whose stout English legs were as good as ever they were. As Alicia stepped upon the terrace she saw Fanshawe coming toward her with wide open arms. The girl rushed forward and threw herself into her half-brother's



arms. Fanshawe held her close. She was sister, daughter, everything to him; and he was to Alicia father, brother, friend and confidant. Then Miss Crumpton reached the terrace and was warmly greeted by Fanshawe. Alicia insisted that Fanshawe should kiss Miss Crumpton, but he compromised by impressing a chaste salute upon her hand. Then Toto was held up, but Fanshawe declining to kiss him, Alicia could only rub Toto's nose vigorously into Fanshawe's collar.

"And Lena—where is Lena?" cried Alicia, her voice palpitating with laughter and delight.

"Who is Lena?" asked Fanshawe.

"Lena—is Lena," replied Alicia with a reproachful look. "Haven't I written you tons and tons about Lena?"

"She means Miss Viviani," Miss Crumpton explained, "the young Italian lady whom I wrote you I had engaged to assist Alicia in her music and languages."

"I remember now," answered Fanshawe.

"She had been with us only a few weeks when Alicia fell ill with a light attack of scarlet fever. This made it impossible that the wedding between her mother and Count Bertucci should take place here, so she went to Rome and was married there. None of us, of course, could be present at the wedding."

"I understand," replied Fanshawe briefly.

At the mention of her mother's second marriage, Alicia's delicate face grew icy in its expression.

"I did not wish to go," she said sharply. "I saw Count Bertucci when I was in Paris with my mother and Miss Crumpton, and I didn't like him. Crumpty didn't like him, either. Lena would not have liked him if she had seen him, but she never saw him."

Fanshawe felt an unholy satisfaction at Alicia's words. It meant that she would now be more entirely his even than before.

"But I must go and find Lena," cried Alicia. "I think she must be somewhere in the gardens; she often walks there at this time in the evening."

Alicia, with the dog, ran off, and this

gave Fanshawe a few minutes' private conversation with Miss Crumpton, seated together on a bench.

"Alicia is everything one could wish," said Miss Crumpton, "but she is too much controlled by her loves and hates. For example, she took a violent dislike to Count Bertucci, and I believe was really glad when scarlet fever prevented her from seeing the wedding. She has developed a passionate affection for Miss Viviani, and luckily Miss Viviani is worthy of it. We have been very happy together in this villa, and I think if the Bertuccis will only let us alone, we shall continue to be happy."

"The Bertuccis won't trouble us," replied Fanshawe with a short laugh. "I never saw Bertucci, but I understand that his title was in the market."

"I am afraid," said Miss Crumpton, smiling, "you will find *Il Paradiso* dull after a little while. We have no society here except the village priest, Father Falco, and the village doctor, Dr. Cortaro, a clever little man who managed Alicia's scarlet fever case admirably."

"I expect to be perfectly happy here," said Fanshawe with energy. "I want a year in which nothing will happen, and this place looks as if nothing could ever happen here."

"Did you never hear that in the quietest place, the remotest corner, the smallest circle, all the passions and complications of human life exist?" asked Miss Crumpton.

"I've heard a good many things," responded Fanshawe cautiously.

"We are very fortunate in having Miss Viviani," continued Miss Crumpton, returning to the concrete from the abstract. "It is necessary for Alicia to have some young companionship, but not many young persons of her own class would be satisfied with our retired life here. Miss Viviani is the daughter of an Italian naval officer, and was left without father or mother just as she grew up, and had her own living to make. Whether from chagrin at the loss of her social position or a natural taste for solitude, she seems to shun society. She might have gone to Paris with us in the spring, but would not."

"It is a pity a young woman should feel so," answered Fanshawe; "but she is not otherwise a freak, is she?"

"Oh, no, not in the least—a charming young creature, but of very strong character. She has a powerful influence over Alicia, and it seems to me altogether good. Lena Viviani is a very high-minded young woman. She had the highest recommendations from the only two families in which she has lived since she began earning her living nine years ago—she is now twenty-six."

Then Alicia came running back. She could not find Lena anywhere in the gardens, or down in the lane below the cypress hedge, or in the shrubbery, or even by the lake shore, but she would be certain to appear at dinner, which was at eight o'clock. It was growing dark, and Miss Crumpton went inside the villa, while Alicia and Fanshawe, with Toto at their heels, walked up and down the terrace. Alicia quickly caught Fanshawe's quarter-deck walk, and kept step with him admirably. She poured out her heart to him, and Fanshawe realized what Miss Crumpton had told him—that the Italian governess strongly influenced her pupil. This influence seemed to Fanshawe wholly pure.

At half past seven old Giorgio rang the dressing bell, and Alicia went in to prepare for dinner. Fanshawe, who could dress in ten minutes, remained outside in the purple gloom. He sat himself on a bench by a Bacchus who had lost his crown of grape leaves, and watched the stars come out, first in the blue deep of the tranquil sky, and then in the deep blue tranquil lake. While he watched, a delicate thread of music floated out into the twilight. Fanshawe glanced whence it came, and through the glass doors of the drawing-room he saw a woman's figure seated at the harp; he knew instantly it was Lena Viviani. The light from lamps and from the candles in the sconces and the blaze of the pine cones on the open hearth revealed her perfectly. She had remarkable slenderness and grace, which her movements at the harp revealed. Her arms, which were extremely beautiful, were bare to the elbow, and her soft trailing black gown

was cut out at the top, showing the milky whiteness of her neck. She was not strikingly beautiful, but she had the glorious Italian eyes and a mass of silky black hair piled high upon her head. From the harp came for a time a melancholy and fitful music; then her right hand dropped to her side, while her left wandered among the harpstrings. Fanshawe was so fascinated at the sight of her that he forgot for a little while he was secretly watching a lady. When the reflection came to him he resolutely turned his eyes away and took another turn on the terrace. The melancholy chords, like the music in a dream, seemed to vibrate in Fanshawe's soul. He forgot time was flying until old Giorgio, opening another glass door, invited him in to dress for dinner. Fanshawe considered it a crime to be late for dinner, but with Giorgio's help he managed to make it with two minutes to spare.

As he entered the drawing-room Miss Crumpton introduced him to Lena Viviani. She greeted him with the reserve of Italian women, not looking up, and blushing all over her face and neck when Fanshawe, in his frank American way, took her hand and thanked her for her devotion to Alicia during her illness. Then they all went into the dining room, and Fanshawe's sense of well-being was materially increased by a delicious little dinner, well served by old Giorgio. Alicia chattered gaily and Miss Crumpton talked agreeably. Only Lena Viviani remained for the most part silent, but when she spoke her voice was charming and her words sensible. Fanshawe had a strange feeling as if Lena Viviani were the only person in the room, a feeling which is a sure precursor of a great attachment. He was eager to make her speak, and believed that only a longer acquaintance and a truer knowledge of the American mind was necessary to unlock Lena Viviani's red lips and make her reveal what lay behind them. There was a whole year ahead of him in which to do this. After dinner, when the ladies went into the drawing-room, Fanshawe remained for his solitary cigar in the dining room. Through the folding doors he heard Lena's soft voice talking

readily enough, but when he came in she relapsed once more into silence.

On that evening there began for Fanshawe a period of deep delight greater even than he had anticipated. It would have been a pleasant life for any man. First, there was the society of three charming feminine creatures: the rosebud Alicia, Miss Crumpton, the woman of character, knowledge and refinement, and Lena Viviani, whose charm and grace and sweetness were more fully revealed every day. Fanshawe could not quite classify her, and she had for him the charm of the unusual. She seemed to have led the most uneventful of lives—yet there were subtle indications that she had known and suffered much. Fanshawe soon persuaded her to talk, and by invisible degrees she came to talk frankly. Then it was that Fanshawe, a thorough man of the world, perceived that this girl had lived a stormy interior life at some time or other—it was that which made her unlike other young things of her age. But it had left her purer and more chastened, with a singular resignation. At twenty-six she seemed to accept quietly that life was over for her, so far as joy might go. She often sat for hours in a sunny corner of the terrace, by the maimed statue which they had named Resignation, and Fanshawe even thought there was a strange resemblance between the marble face and Lena Viviani's. Of course Fanshawe was in love with her—so much was indicated by the sudden interest he felt in her from the first moment his eyes rested on her. He realized his predicament with the grim amusement of a man near forty who has so far escaped the common lot. In recognizing it, however, Fanshawe took a cool view of the case. Lena Viviani was all that he could ask; for this he had the disinterested testimony of those who had lived with her—Alicia and Miss Crumpton. Fanshawe had none of the European man's ideas of money and position being certain to secure a woman who had neither. The most modest of men, he had many uncomfortable doubts whether his methodical habits of life, his simplicity of language, his inability to play

on any musical instrument or sing might not be heavy handicaps. But at all counts he meant to win if he could, and he proceeded to plan cunningly how to make this woman his.

He concluded that the first step was to win Lena Viviani's confidence and friendship; her respect he commanded. The life at the Villa of Paradise was perfectly suited to Fanshawe's designs, and was the pleasantest imaginable. In the mornings Alicia studied with Lena Viviani and read with Miss Crumpton. Fanshawe indulged his passion for horseback exercise, in which, like a true sailor, he thought himself an expert. An occasional spill by the roadside by no means disturbed this belief. After the midday breakfast there was always an excursion on foot or by water, in which Fanshawe, like the father of a family, headed his womenkind. They returned to have tea on the terrace as long as the sunny autumn weather lasted, and later in the quaint, fire-lit drawing-room. When the ladies went to dress, Fanshawe took his walk up and down the terrace. A part of that walk in the dusky gloom was the sight, as he passed and repassed, of Lena Viviani at her harp—for that was the time she chose to play to herself. Always then her music was melancholy—she played brilliantly when asked to do so, but in that twilight hour she seemed to be telling her story to the harpstrings, which made ever a sad response. She was cheerful enough, however, at dinner, and in the evening, when all four gathered around the drawing-room table, Lena soon began to show a soft gaiety charming to all about her. Miss Crumpton drew industriously and finished up elaborate pencil sketches of the glowing scenery of the region, which they all dutifully admired. Alicia kept a voluminous journal, and wrote and read from it the extreme views and opinions of seventeen, to the amazement of Miss Crumpton and the amusement of Fanshawe. Lena Viviani embroidered and played the harp or the piano as requested.

Of course Fanshawe won her confidence, and even gravely advised her concerning a capital of about six hundred

dollars she had saved during her nine years of work. It gave him acute pleasure to think that some day it might be in his power to give this woman the ease, the leisure, the luxury to which he felt she was justly entitled. Fanshawe alternated conversation on these evenings with reading the newspapers and commenting on affairs. His opinions were listened to with that respect which a man feels himself entitled to among a household of women. Even Toto seemed to enjoy the quiet, delicious evenings, and sat in Alicia's lap peacefully looking into the fire as she pulled his ears and otherwise annoyed him with caresses. At ten o'clock the ladies always retired and Fanshawe went out on the terrace for his walk, and made shrewd sailorlike observations on wind and weather before he turned in. By eleven o'clock every light was out in the villa, and all slept in peace.

For masculine society Fanshawe had Dr. Cortaro and Father Falco. The little doctor, who was no mean scientist in certain ways, was delighted to talk with a practical scientist like a modern naval officer. With Father Falco, Fanshawe could rub up the rusty classics of his boyhood, and study the history of the far-off time when Maggiore was the *Lacus Verbanus* of the Romans. Then, too, Fanshawe had a theory, which Father Falco pronounced wildly insane, that the fourth dimension could be solved by geometry, and the officer and the priest had many wordy bouts concerning the fourth dimension, while the ladies sat by smiling, and Miss Crumpton pronounced them both pagans and dreamers.

On Sundays the little doctor and the old priest dined at the Villa, and at the round table was excellent table talk. This unexpected pleasure of intellectual intercourse seemed an overflow of pleasure to Fanshawe. The Bertuccis troubled not at all, beyond an occasional letter from Countess Bertucci describing the hilarious life they were leading in Paris, and the impossibility of making their income, which was large, meet their expenses. So passed the sunny autumn and the happy winter. Only one thing happened in the nature of an adventure.

One February afternoon Fanshawe found a man lying dead drunk at the bottom of the garden near the highroad. The fellow bore, even in his degradation, some marks of a gentleman, and some of remarkable personal beauty. Fanshawe, who had little patience with what he called "drunks and disorderlies," was about to have the man carted off to the village jail, when Father Falco came along the highroad driving the little country cart which was his only equipage. He got down and stooped over the man lying prone upon the damp earth.

"I will take care of him," he said. "He is Donati, once considered the most promising young ecclesiastic in Florence—I know him well. Afterwards he abandoned the priesthood, became a professor in a secular college and then—oh, my God!—an anarchist, next an embezzler and now a common thief. He haunts these parts, and I have got him out of trouble more than once. He has occasional spells of what he calls repentance. Some time, by God's grace, I think his repentance will be real."

"You are more sanguine than I am," replied Fanshawe grimly. "Show me an educated man who marches under the red flag and I will show you a scoundrel every time."

Fanshawe had been resolute to punish the man, Donati, but, laughing at himself meanwhile, yielded to Father Falco's pleadings and allowed him to carry the fellow off in the cart. Two days afterwards Father Falco admitted that he had managed to sober Donati, likewise that from the meager purse of a country priest he had managed to give Donati a third class ticket to Florence. Fanshawe said nothing to the ladies of his household about the matter, thinking that the possible presence of drunken anarchists about the place might alarm them.

Presently the fragrant spring stole upon the earth and sky. Once more the lake laughed in the rosy air, the blue iris and the gentian bloomed shyly on the warm slopes of the old gardens, the pigeons went industriously to work at housekeeping, and old Giorgio washed all the broken statues on the terrace. It became possible in April to sit out on the

terrace in the evenings. One moonlit night, warm and soft, a nightingale suddenly broke into a plaintive song in the old rose tree that overhung the corner of the terrace and thrust its branches almost into Lena Viviani's window. The song of the nightingale made Fanshawe think of love, and that it was time for him to speak.

## II

ON the very day that Fanshawe made up his mind to speak the winged word to Lena Viviani, the heavenly weather of the early April changed suddenly to a violent storm. The rain drenched the earth and ran down in great rivers to the lake, which was lashed to fury by a sharp northeast wind. As night came on the tempest increased, and the roaring of the torrents among the hills could be heard above the howling of the wind and the cataracts of rain which alternated with a sharp sleet that cut like a razor. Everything presaged disaster. The storm would ruin the garden and vineyards; the telegraph and telephone wires came down with a crash, and railway traffic was endangered by the sudden rush of water against culverts and bridges. The Villa of Paradise, from its exposed situation, caught the worst of the tempest. Fanshawe, with a sailor's eye for weather, watched it, spending most of the day on the terrace, with an instinctive feeling that the villa was a ship and must be vigilantly looked after in order to ride it out. Nevertheless, he was very far from unhappy in those hours when he walked briskly up and down the flags, with a battered old blue cap on his head and an officer's raincoat muffling him up to the ears. He was essentially a man of action, and the time for action had come. All the thoughts of failure which had haunted him through that sweet delicious winter he put away from him, just as he would put away all natural fears when about to take his ship into action.

At dinner he was in unusually good spirits, tweaking Alicia's ear and chaffing Miss Crumpton, but a little reserved with Lena Viviani. She, on the con-

trary, was less than usually reserved with him, and, to his surprise, joined Alicia in jokes against him as a sailor man watching the villa to see how it stood the storm. When the party adjourned to the quaint old drawing-room, Lena as usual went to the harp and played. She always played plaintive things, and suddenly a strange apprehension filled Fanshawe's heart. Was that the last time he was ever to watch that graceful figure, that pure and pensive face, in the soft glow of lamp and fire, and the last time he was to hear that thrilling music? This thought, however, was banished by Miss Crumpton rising, as soon as the music was finished, and saying that the storm had got into her knees, and she was going to bed early to nurse her rheumatism. Alicia, the tender-hearted, immediately said she would go with Miss Crumpton and tuck her in. Fanshawe felt an unholy joy at the announcement of Miss Crumpton's pains and aches, and urged Alicia to go with her. As they passed out of the door, Lena Viviani rose, too, but Fanshawe asked her to remain. The expression of command in his eyes was unmistakable. He closed the door after Miss Crumpton and Alicia, then came and stood by Lena Viviani, and said in his own straightforward way:

"I have something to say to you, something that will determine whether I shall remain here to be happy or leave tomorrow morning."

They were both standing in front of the fire as he spoke. Lena turned her head quickly and looked up into Fanshawe's face with a look so strange, so startled, that it startled Fanshawe. But it did not stop him; he only added quietly:

"I love you, and wish you to be my wife."

Fanshawe had expected surprise and agitation from Lena, but he was not prepared for the deadly pallor that overspread her face and the despair that showed in her dark eyes steadily fixed upon his.

"I cannot be your wife," she said, trying to speak calmly. "I am already a wife."

To Fanshawe, accustomed to think and act and accept things quickly, her words carried instant conviction. His face flushed violently. The thought that this woman, whom he had deemed the soul of honor and frankness, should have deceived not only him but those who had shown her unfailing kindness, staggered him with its shock of pain. A pause fell between them in which there was no sound but the crackling of the pine cones on the hearth and the drenching rain beating the roof and the wild wind shrieking and sobbing like a tormented soul trying to force its way within the circle of light and peace. Fanshawe remained silent; he could not have spoken a word to save his life. Then Lena Viviani spoke with gasps and sobs, sometimes covering her face with her hands and again wringing them in her distress.

"I was only seventeen," she said, "and my father and mother were both dead, and had nothing to leave me. I tried to earn my living by giving lessons, but it was hard—it was hard. There was an officer, a comrade of my father, who asked me to marry him, but I could not. I thought I would rather starve, and I did almost starve often enough. One night, when I came back to my lodging, my landlady told me I could not have the room any longer because I could not pay the rent; it was many weeks behind. I had no money and no friends, and I went down to the river—it was in Florence—and looked at the water and thought I would drown myself. But just then—it was the strangest thing—the body of a drowned woman was taken out of the water by some men who had been dragging for it, and it looked so dreadful, the hair was so matted—it was long and black like mine—that I could not do it."

She stopped and shuddered at the recollection. She had grown so pale, and the story she was trying to tell agitated her so much, that Fanshawe took her by the arm and placed her in a chair. The remembrance of her sorrows overcame her. She sat weeping silently for some minutes. Fanshawe, a disciplined man, needed all his self-command to listen

quietly. He was still struggling with the thought that this woman might be a deceiver—but how could she be? How could she be? And how poignant and full of innocence was her voice! Presently she grew calm enough to go on. The wind roaring outside sometimes almost drowned her low voice.

"Then I thought of the man—an officer—the comrade of my father, who had offered to marry me. I hated him, but knew nothing against him."

As she spoke of this man she grew composed and fixed her eyes with the innocence of a Madonna on Fanshawe's. "In Europe," she said, "it is not necessary for a girl to be in love with a man before she marries him; still I knew it was wrong to marry a man I hated—but I did not know why I should hate him, especially as he had offered to make me his wife. I don't think I could have married him, though, except that I was afraid that some time the river would call to me, and I could not resist that call. I was not in the least afraid that I should disgrace myself. It is easy enough in Europe for a girl to live by disgracing herself, but that never entered my mind.

"After I turned away from the river that evening, I went back to the house where I had been staying and asked to be allowed to stay for the night, but the landlady said the room was already let. I went again to the river—it was then eight o'clock in the evening, and not yet dark, for it was in the summer time. On the way I met this man, and he got the truth out of me, and offered to marry me then. Life is sweet when one is eighteen, and the sight of the drowned woman was dreadful. The next day we were married by a priest. There was no civil ceremony; they—the priest and that man, told me the civil ceremony was nothing—it could be performed at any time—the religious ceremony was everything. I would not have married him without the religious ceremony, and he knew it; but I believed what he told me about the other. He said the marriage must be kept quiet and secret, because he had not got the consent of his superior officer and the high naval offi-



cials and all those things which were necessary before a naval officer could be married, and I believed all he told me—I was only a child, and knew no better. I lived with him as his wife for a week, and I tell you that in that time I went twice to the river and had to rush away for fear that I should drown myself. I had got over all horror of the drowned woman; I thought she was better off than I as that man's wife.

"Then, at the end of a week, he came to me one day and told me that he was tired of me, and that we were not married after all; that the priest was a renegade, who had been silenced by his superiors, and was not permitted to perform marriages. Besides, the priest was under the ban of the government, as he was a revolutionist, and, as there was no civil ceremony at the syndic's office, there was no marriage. He said he saw I hated him, and he was growing afraid of me; and I believe he was—I had grown afraid of myself. He gave me a little money and told me that I was still Lena Viviani, and not to dare to call myself by his name, and left me. I don't know what happened for hours after that, except that I was walking about the streets of Florence.

"In the afternoon I found myself at the railway station; and having the money he had given me, I bought a ticket to Milan. I don't know why, except that I wanted to get away from the river. In the railway train my senses returned to me. An American family with several children were traveling in the same compartment. The children took a fancy to me, and I told the parents that I was a teacher of languages and music, and the orphaned daughter of an Italian naval officer. They engaged me at once—the Americans are very rash—and I stayed with them until they returned to America. After a year or two, however, I went to a priest, my mother's cousin, and told him all. He told me that, while I was not in the law that man's wife, I was in the sight of God, and that I could never marry while that man lived. He warned me to be on my guard, and that it would be a dreadful sin for me to try to attract any

man. Tell me, have I not been prudent in my conduct since you have known me?"

"Absolutely," answered Fanshawe after a pause. He felt a kind of forlorn pride in her prudence and integrity, of which he was now convinced.

"I asked my cousin, the priest," continued Lena, "if I ought to tell my employers that I was married. He said no, because according to the secular law I was not, but that according to the religious law I was—only to be prudent, to be watchful and to avoid the world. It was a hard word to say to a girl not yet twenty, but I kept it—I kept it."

Yes, truly had she kept it. For that Fanshawe had Miss Crumpton's word beside his own knowledge.

"I stayed with that family for six years, then I came to Alicia. I thought all danger was over for me—all life, all love; and now—in the last winter—I have begun to be disturbed, and tonight all is changed—all, all!"

Fanshawe, with the prescience of love, understood her half-confession.

"You mean," he said in a strange voice, "that if you had not married that man you could have loved me?"

"Yes," Lena answered. "Do you think me a wicked woman to say so much? But remember, I never saw a man exactly like you—so frank, so generous to women, trusting them so absolutely. Could I live under the same roof with you for six months and not see how worthy you were to be loved? That does not mean that I would disgrace myself now—least of all now! And I believe that I am safer with you at this moment than with any man on earth."

"Truly you are," answered Fanshawe. Then, their confession having been made, they leaned forward and looked into each other's eyes, but their hands did not meet.

After that long and poignant look which penetrated the souls of each, Lena rose. Fanshawe had grown pale, and he grew paler still at Lena's next words.

"I must go away," she said; "we cannot remain under the same roof. Our

meeting has been a gift of God—to remain here would be to hand it over to the devil.”

“But it is driving you out into the bitter world again,” cried Fanshawe desperately. “See, I have brought not a gift, but a curse! If I had not loved you, you might have remained with my sister—your daily bread would have been secure.”

“It is still secure,” answered Lena. “He feedeth the sparrows.”

Fanshawe dashed his hand against his head. Want, work, disaster, fearful misery had he brought upon Lena Viviani by loving her.

“I shall go,” he cried. “You must not go—you shall not go!”

The house had remained absolutely quiet, although the tempest of wind and rain roared outside; but just then was heard the faint far-off sound of the closing and locking of the outer doors. That sound brought Fanshawe and Lena out of the world of love and pain in which they had found themselves, upon a lonely peak, completely separated from all other worlds.

Fanshawe rose and opened the door, and Lena passed out of the room. Old Giorgio, who was closing the house, saw with his quick Italian intelligence that something had happened, and surmising that the governess would soon be his new mistress, gave her a low bow of deference as she passed him on the stair.

Fanshawe went to his room on the ground floor, locked his door and sat motionless before the fire. Hours passed; the two candles on the mantelpiece flickered out and he was left in darkness. He went to the glass door which opened on the terrace and glanced outside upon the lake. The storm had worn itself out, and a haggard moon looked down upon a dark and somber world drenched with rain as with tears. As Fanshawe glanced below, upon the lake and the stone pier which was visible by the uncertain light of the struggling moon still swept by surging clouds, he saw a dark figure standing at the edge of the little pier. He noiselessly opened the glass door and ran across the terrace, down the stone steps, wet and slippery.

Yes, it was Lena, bare-headed and cloakless, poised on the very edge of the stone coping, her arms crossed upon her breast and her eyes fixed upon the pale night sky and the black clouds scudding rapidly across it. Fanshawe threw his arm about her and dragged her away from the water. She shrieked as he caught her and fought him with all her girl's strength. She was drenched with rain, and her black hair, hanging wet and disheveled down her back, indeed looked like that of the drowned woman she had described to Fanshawe. Was this pallid, shrieking ghost the gentle, quiet Lena Viviani? To Fanshawe all the world and everything in it seemed to have changed in the last few hours, and this peaceful spot seemed to have become the center of a tragedy. In a moment or two Lena's excitement and agitation subsided, and she went quietly enough with Fanshawe, who helped her up the stone steps.

“I did not go down to the lake meaning to drown myself,” she said; “only I could not stay in my room, I felt such agony. I have known such misery, such want, such pain and longing in my life—and then perfect happiness and perfect love are offered me and I cannot take them! I tell you, it is not easy, at twenty-seven, to give up love and life.”

Fanshawe felt in his own heart this same fierce revolt against fate, but he was a self-controlled and disciplined man, and he did not beat so wildly against the bars. He sighed heavily, remembering Lena Viviani's life of strange repression since her eighteenth year, this young girl who was a wife and yet no wife. But through all her struggle and rebellion there was no thought of surrendering her sacred honor—for that Fanshawe loved her the more.

When they had toiled up the stone steps and stood on the wet terrace in the ghostly darkness, Fanshawe tried to express this. A wan smile shone upon Lena's pale face, and the two poor souls took refuge in the citadel of honor.

“At least,” said Lena, “we have done no wrong of any kind—we never could do any wrong to each other, could we? I feel so safe—so safe with you.”

"Thank you," answered Fanshawe from the bottom of his heart. "Nevertheless, we must part—part now, when we can."

"Yes," said Lena, "we must part."

Her voice, so full of tears, went like a knife to Fanshawe's inmost soul.

Without awaking the sleeping house, they entered it through the glass doors, and Lena, in the darkness, crept noiselessly up the stair to her room. Fanshawe, from force of habit and strength of will, went to bed, where he lay wide awake in the darkness. Overhead he could hear occasionally a stealthy step as Lena Viviani walked up and down her room. Her emotions lay nearer the surface than did his: she had not the stern self-command that was a part of Fanshawe's training; but her heart was no more torn than his. Toward daylight, Fanshawe dropped into a troubled sleep. The last sound he recalled in the gray dawn was that soft, irregular step overhead.

He slept until sunrise, then rose with a mind composed if unhappy. When the morning post arrived he could then invent a decent excuse for cutting short his leave and letting Alicia remain in Italy some months longer. What provision to make for Lena, and how to keep her from that dread poverty which is the reward of her calling, he could not imagine. But from it she must be kept. At nine o'clock, when he was dressed and walking up and down the terrace, Miss Crumpton came to him. Lena Viviani was very ill with a burning fever, and Dr. Cortaro must be sent for at once. Fanshawe concluded to postpone his departure. In half an hour the little doctor was there. Lena Viviani was indeed very ill, and admitted to Dr. Cortaro that she had been drenched in the rain for some time the night before, but would not tell how it happened. He thought, however, being young and strong, she would pull through. So indeed she did, her fresh young strength battling valiantly for her life. But after three days, when apparently all danger was passed, a new and strange peril developed. She lay in her white bed quiet, motionless, almost speechless, and

sunk into what would have seemed a deathlike apathy, except for her wide, bright dark eyes, in which a conflict seemed blazing. She could not, or would not, eat, and slept scarcely at all. In the watches of the night, kept alternately by Miss Crumpton and Alicia, always Lena Viviani's eyes were wide open with the same tense and tragic expression. There seemed no reason on earth why she should not get well, but instead she steadily grew weaker, paler and thinner. Fanshawe could not find it in his heart to go away from her as long as she lay in that state. Dr. Cortaro's opinion was that Lena had received a shock of some sort, a blow of which no one but herself knew, and she refused to tell. She showed no sullenness whatever, and even smiled faintly and murmured a word of thanks for the kind services so tenderly rendered her, but she could not be aroused to any interest in life.

Fanshawe, who had not seen her since the night he had dragged her from the brink of the lake, determined to try his own method of rousing her. One night when Miss Crumpton and Alicia were preparing for dinner, and a maidservant was watching in Lena's room, Fanshawe boldly stepped in and ordered the woman out, closed the door and went up to Lena's bed, sitting down by her and taking her hand. There was no light in the room except the red blaze of pine cones to take the chill off the evening air, but by the ruddy light Fanshawe saw the wreck that had been made of her young strength in a fortnight. It was as if some blighting hand had been laid upon her beauty and her youth and had turned her into the pale ghost of Lena Viviani. She uttered a faint cry as Fanshawe took her hand, and began to weep a little.

"Lena," said Fanshawe in his quarter-deck voice, for he was giving an order, "you must get well; you *must*—understand me. If you don't you will break my heart, for it was what I said to you that brought you to this pass."

"But if it brings me death," answered Lena, "it also brought me life; it is something to have been loved by a man

like you. Sometimes that thought consoles me when I feel ready to die of chagrin and grief."

This was the longest speech Lena had made since her illness began.

"Don't you think I suffer, too?" asked Fanshawe in a tense voice. "But we must not act the part of cowards. We are like two ships that meet and greet and pass in the ocean—each going his way, with the fight of life still before us. We must part—but not yet, not yet! And we must live on."

Fanshawe leaned over her involuntarily to kiss her pale lips, and Lena raised her white arms to put them around his neck. Simultaneously the thought came to them that she was a wife, and that they should not degrade their love by the smallest act that would impair its purity. Lena's arms dropped on the bed and Fanshawe drew back, his face crimson with shame.

"No, no!" cried Lena. "Not that, not that! I will try to be as brave as you."

Fanshawe's eyes, unused to tears, filled with the rare, soft drops of manhood, as he continued to look at her. She was so pallid; her eyes were so melancholy, and brimming with tears like his own. Lena, seeing the tears on Fanshawe's cheek as he bent over her, took her own little handkerchief and wiped them away, herself weeping, and Fanshawe took the handkerchief from her, wiping her eyes, too. This was the nearest to a caress that they permitted themselves.

"Courage, Lena," said Fanshawe, recovering himself after a moment; and Lena, as if inspired by his unshaken and intrepid soul, answered:

"Courage! Yes, courage and farewell. Don't be afraid for me. I shall begin to live again in this hour."

Fanshawe left the room, and at dinner boldly informed Miss Crumpton and Alicia that he had gone into Miss Viviani's room and had commanded her to get well, just as he had once done with a seaman apprentice who was threatening to die of homesickness; he thought Miss Viviani would be better now.

So it proved. The next day a subtle

change was visible in Lena. She did not recover her lost ground in a day, or a week, but she appeared more natural and more cheerful. She was willing to take food and even began to sleep a few hours at night.

It was now May, and Fanshawe was arranging an elaborate scheme to account for his giving up the balance of his leave and returning to America. He felt acutely Alicia's coming disappointment because he was by no means prepared to take her before the autumn, and besides, as long as she and Miss Crumpton remained at the villa, he felt sure he could induce Lena to remain. After that he could devise no better plan than the extremely primitive one of taking Father Falco into his confidence and leaving with him a sum for Lena's support. But whether Lena would accept of it or not he did not know. And in any event, what was she to do with her life? How utterly lonely she was! How cruelly unprotected! Fanshawe took to walking the terrace from bedtime until midnight, and found in himself nothing better than a dogged acquiescence in a relentless fate for Lena.

Steadily Lena progressed toward recovery, and now came downstairs every day and remained until the evening shadows fell. In spite of all things, Fanshawe had a few halcyon days on the terrace, where Lena was now able to walk up and down, supported by Fanshawe's arm on one side and always Miss Crumpton or Alicia on the other. It seemed to Fanshawe as though he had never lived so vivid a life, one so wrought upon by powerful emotions, as in those last days at the Villa of Paradise. But at least there was peace. If either he or Lena Viviani had been less lofty of mind, there would have been no peace.

Fanshawe made no effort to discuss Lena's future with her, as indeed she was in no state to discuss anything—the great thing was to get her well. Alicia and Miss Crumpton tended her devotedly, and the whole establishment seemed to revolve around the governess. Fanshawe had, however, told Alicia that he must return home, and the long, bright summer they had planned to-

gether must be foregone. Like Lena Viviani, the girl sister showed perfect and ready acquiescence in what Fanshawe decided. It was a heartbreaking disappointment to her, but she took it so bravely that Fanshawe said with pride:

"You have in you, my little girl, the making of a first-class sea officer—no whining, no repining."

"Perhaps," replied Alicia, with a doleful attempt at a joke, "I may marry a sea officer."

"Shut up!" growled Fanshawe. "Just let that question rest for the next five years."

So far not one soul suspected the true state of affairs between Fanshawe and Lena, so guarded had they been. Miss Crumpton saw only that Fanshawe took command in Lena's illness, as he had done in the case of her own rheumatism, and of old Giorgio's family when the measles broke out among them. Alicia was an unsuspecting child, but even the old priest, Father Falco, who came up oftener than ever to the villa, noticed no change, except Fanshawe's unexpected departure; and Dr. Cortaro knew only that Fanshawe had said from the beginning of Lena's illness that he was leaving for America as soon as she was no longer a care and responsibility upon Miss Crumpton. So all was tranquil. But in the midst of this tranquillity came a bombshell—the Bertuccis were at Rome and would descend upon the villa for a week's visit. To Alicia the presence of her mother gave pain rather than pleasure. She saw in the unpromising light of youth the flightiness, the folly, the heartlessness of her mother, and she disliked her stepfather by an unerring instinct. However, there was no avoiding the visit. It was planned that the Bertuccis should arrive on a certain evening in June. Fanshawe felt obliged to postpone his departure until his stepmother and her husband had concluded their visit.

On that last afternoon there was a feeling among them all at the Villa of Paradise that these were their last sunny hours of repose. The Countess Bertucci required a great many things,

and much preparation had to be made for her. Miss Crumpton and Alicia had motored to the nearest town, ten miles away, meaning to return before the Bertuccis arrived. Fanshawe had made no plans to be alone with Lena Viviani for a moment, but coming upon the terrace about five o'clock in the afternoon, he found her sitting on the bench in the warm sunlight.

A long crimson mantle enveloped her slight figure, and her delicate dark head was bare. Fanshawe noticed, for the first time, with a poignant regret, that there were many streaks of silver in her black hair, and she was but twenty-seven years old! As he crossed the terrace he noticed that a climbing white rose that overgrew the balustrade had burst into sudden bloom, and he gathered a handful of the roses and laid them in her lap. As he did so, the glass doors leading into the drawing-room opened and Count Bertucci stepped out on the terrace. Fanshawe recognized him instantly as an old acquaintance. He was a handsome, military-looking man, with elaborately dyed mustache and hair and skin blue from excessive shaving. Bertucci's recognition of Fanshawe was not so immediate.

"This, I presume, is Commander Fanshawe," he said in very good English. "I am Count Bertucci. Countess Bertucci was detained in Rome at the last minute by failing to receive some costumes from a dressmaker; she will arrive tomorrow with her maid. I was sick of Rome and dressmakers, and so came on today."

Then Fanshawe's identity dawned upon him.

"Ah!" he cried, advancing and offering his hand. "I remember you well. I met you eight years ago, when your ship was at Civita Vecchia. At that time I commanded the cruiser *Bacchante*. I was then Captain Capponi, but afterwards, when I inherited the title, my name was changed to Bertucci."

Before Fanshawe could take Bertucci's outstretched hand, Lena rose to her feet.

"Don't touch that man's hand!" she

cried to Fanshawe. "He is the man; he is my husband!"

Count Bertucci glanced toward her and smiled with contempt.

"Pay no attention to this woman," he said to Fanshawe. "She probably represents that I married her; it is not true. I never married but one woman, and that is your stepmother. As for this girl, I lived with her a week, and I considered that my life was in danger every moment of that time. She acted as if she wanted my blood."

"And I think more of her for it," replied Fanshawe, who had taken in the whole matter at a glance. "I know that story. I know that according to the religious law this woman is still your wife, but I also know that, like the scoundrel you are, you omitted the civil ceremony, and that under the secular law you cast her off, and you can't be put in jail for marrying another woman."

"That other woman," replied Count Bertucci coolly, and standing with his hands behind his back, "suits me a great deal better. You do not suppose that I would jeopardize that lady's very handsome fortune by not having everything perfectly legal in every detail? The ecclesiastical and the civil authorities have a good many collisions in Italy, but the civil authorities always come out ahead; so it makes no difference if a gang of priests call it a marriage that united that girl and myself. Go to the municipality of Florence and see if you can find any record of a marriage between Captain Capponi and Madalena Viviani. By the way, Commander Fanshawe, you called me a scoundrel just now."

"Yes," answered Fanshawe, "you are a scoundrel—and a damned scoundrel, I should say."

Count Bertucci brought himself up stiffly.

"You shall answer to me for that," he said. "I shall return to Rome, but you will hear from me tomorrow."

"If you wish me to give you a meeting," said Fanshawe, "I will tell you now that I shall not do it. Even according to your own code, no man fights with another who is not a gentleman,

and that is not the term I should apply to you, Count Bertucci."

"You are an officer in the naval service," replied Count Bertucci after a pause. "Have you no courts of honor in your service?"

"No," answered Fanshawe, "we have no courts of honor—we have honor, also courage. We don't fight duels with blackguards—we thrash them."

A devil of rage seemed to possess Bertucci at this.

"You are a nation of savages!" he shouted. "You know nothing of the obligations of gentlemen!"

Fanshawe was neither taller nor bigger than Count Bertucci, but he had pulled stroke in many boat races in his midshipman days, and had been known to stand up against a certain chaplain in the navy commonly reckoned the best man with the gloves in the service. He took a step toward Count Bertucci, caught him by the collar with one hand and pinioned him with the other arm, and gently lifting him over the balustrade of the terrace, dropped him upon the mossy declivity below. Lena Viviani laughed—a strange laugh in which there was no mirth, but much triumph, and Fanshawe laughed also. The sound was borne to Count Bertucci getting upon his feet on the slippery grass below. At that moment the glass door upon the terrace opened and Alicia came running out, followed by Miss Crumpton.

"Your mother and Count Bertucci are not coming, after all," said Fanshawe to Alicia.

"So they have postponed their visit?" cried Miss Crumpton, with an unmistakable accent of relief.

"No, they are not coming at any time," replied Fanshawe. "I shall not allow that blackguard Bertucci to come here at all."

His words were distinctly heard by Count Bertucci making his way down the green slope below.

Miss Crumpton looked a little shocked; the simple American way of doing things sometimes astonished her, and she was not accustomed to hearing men of high rank denounced as blackguards. But she knew better than to



question Fanshawe. This easy going, indulgent man, who treated all women as if they were royal princesses, was a person to be feared when it came to his relations with other men.

Alicia looked relieved.

"I always felt he was a dreadful person," she said. "Some time he will ill-treat mamma, and then she can come to us—if she wants us."

Lena Viviani meanwhile had said nothing, and had sunk upon the bench from which she had risen. Strangely enough, Alicia was the first to look toward Lena.

"Oh!" she cried. "Lena is ill—she is fainting!"

But Lena was not fainting. She was overcome by the weakness of a convalescent, and could neither move nor speak, but she was conscious. Fanshawe, with the ready decision of his calling, picked Lena up in his arms and carried her to her room and laid her upon the bed. He would have done the same for Miss Crumpton, and would have shown no more outward perturbation. But when he held Lena's slight form in his arms, as he mounted the dark stairway, and felt her soft dark head upon his shoulder, a spasm of rebellion swept over his soul, like that which had driven Lena out into the tempestuous night. She could not be his—but why? As for Lena, she was in that world of dreams which is neither waking nor sleeping. She had no power to resist the sweet seduction of Fanshawe's nearness. She uttered a soft sigh and tried to pray, trying to remember that she was a wife, but all—the past, the present and the future—slipped away from her; she knew only that for one brief and fleeting moment she lay in Fanshawe's arms. The next, he was gone—she was once more in the concrete world—Miss Crumpton affectionately anxious, Alicia all tenderness and solicitude. But for one moment, for a brief, brief space, Lena Viviani had lived.

The shock did not make her ill. On the contrary, she seemed aroused by it. No one knew what had passed on the terrace except the three principals concerned in it, Lena, Fanshawe and Ber-

tucci. Fanshawe gave no explanation of why all intercourse should be broken off with Count Bertucci. Miss Crumpton and Alicia supposed that Count Bertucci had made some demand more outrageous than usual for money. Fanshawe allowed them to think this.

Although Fanshawe had no intention of fighting Count Bertucci, he thought it best to remain at the villa for at least a fortnight longer, so that he should not have the appearance of running away. In that time he made such plans as he could for Lena. He concluded, in justice to her, that Alicia and Miss Crumpton, instead of coming to America in the autumn as he had promised, should stay another year at the Villa of Paradise, so that Lena might remain with them. This was keenly disappointing to Alicia, but Fanshawe's word was law to her, and she submitted with something of his own perfect obedience to orders.

"Some time, my dear," he said to Alicia, "I will tell you why I keep you here. Only know that your staying, and the sweetness you have shown about it, are a great comfort to me."

That was enough for Alicia. Then Lena Viviani said quietly one day that she could not go to America when Alicia went. This was a shock to Alicia, but, as with Fanshawe, she accepted it without useless repining. It was a consolation to her that as long as she remained in the Villa of Paradise Lena would remain with her. After that it would be time enough to act. Lena, too, submitted to Fanshawe's decision. Like the women of the Old World, she was inclined to submit to the judgment of men. Miss Crumpton was inwardly relieved at the thought of not having to go to the land of skyscrapers and revolvers, which she regarded as going out into the bush, with enormous dangers of all sorts to be encountered.

The fourteen sunny June days passed like a dream to Fanshawe and Lena Viviani. Outwardly nothing had changed. Fanshawe had come on a visit to his young sister, had remained several months, and was going away apparently as he came. There had been a break with the Bertuccis, but that was almost inevi-

table, and nobody seemed to be unsettled by it. Lena Viviani had gone out in the rain and had caught a violent cold and had been quite ill, but was now almost recovered. This appeared to be the simple and natural course of events that had followed in the little household. Neither Dr. Cortaro, the physician of the body, nor Father Falco, the physician of the soul, knew of the cataclysm that had occurred at the Villa of Paradise, and that the lives of all within it and all connected with it were powerfully affected by what had happened, and were destined to be still more affected.

In those two weeks Fanshawe, aided by Lena Viviani's delicate intelligence, was not alone with her for one moment; yet they were ever together. They lived upon the terrace, and Lena, being able to walk a little, could do so leaning upon Fanshawe's arm. Apparently it moved her no more than if she had been leaning upon that of old Giorgio, who helped her downstairs and assisted her to the sunny corner of the terrace. There the four dwellers in the villa sat together, Fanshawe reading, Miss Crumpton diligently making little pencil pictures of Lake Maggiore, and Alicia writing in her journal girlish imitations, at which Fanshawe laughed, of Amiel. Fanshawe, accustomed to the restricted quarters of a ship, was willing to take all his exercise walking up and down the terrace. At night, when all were in their beds in the villa, he would take a two-hour walk up and down the flags, making quick turns as if on the quarter-deck, but he was really walking like a man in a dream. In a room overhead, around which the white roses clambered and where the night birds nested, was the woman whom he loved with a loftiness, a purity, in proportion to the strength of his passion. A man of simple nature though of vigorous mind, he gloried in Lena Viviani's integrity. Poor as she was, friendless and alone in a world which had treated her shabbily from the beginning, she had no more thought of bartering her honor than he had, a man to whom the world had always bowed low, a man standing high with all who knew him, amply rich and

with a splendid professional future before him. He felt a joy, silent, like most of his emotions, that this woman, dearer to him now even than Alicia, should be able to make her impress upon the noble mind of the young girl. His exaltation was so great that it softened the pain of disappointment and baffled passion. Again he would feel all the impulses of a murderer toward Bertucci for having wrecked and despoiled the treasure house of a woman's love. Not one word had come from Bertucci during the fortnight, and on the very last evening of all it would seem as if Fanshawe would leave Italy without any further conflict with his enemy. Fanshawe was to start at sunrise in the morning in order to make the train for Genoa, where he was to take the steamer. The night had all the beauty of a June night on Maggiore, and it seemed to Fanshawe and Lena Viviani as if the soft, purple air of the evening, drenched with the perfume of the roses, were palpitating with feeling. For the first time since her illness Lena Viviani was dressed for dinner and looked like herself. She was also in calm, good spirits. When they went out on the terrace after dinner on the last evening, and watched the moon and stars climb up into the dark blue of the sky, and another moon and stars rise up from the blue deep of the lake, a soft repose fell upon them. They talked cheerfully together of the future. Only Alicia, who had known less of sorrow than any of them, wept a little as she sat with her brother's arm around her and her bright head on his shoulder.

"Come now," said Fanshawe to her, "a sailor's sister should be braver than the sailor himself. Wives and daughters and mothers and sisters of officers ought to send them away with smiles and cheerful words, and here you are weeping like a fountain."

At this Alicia dried her eyes.

"I will be as brave as they are, then," she said. "And one thought always makes me happy because, whether you are away from me, brother, or with me, I know you love me and never forget me. That sort of love makes one happy, doesn't it?"

"Yes," answered Fanshawe, in a strange voice, as if answering another voice than Alicia's.

The girl in her simplicity had uttered a great truth. By degrees their voices dropped and their words became few. The magic chord between Fanshawe and Lena Viviani had grown so strong and vibrant that they no longer needed words to understand each other. Their eyes, their voices, spoke subtly of resignation and courage.

At ten o'clock, when the last gleam of opaline light had left the heavens, and the earth and lake and sky had grown all black and white and silver in the radiant moonlight, they all rose simultaneously for their last words. Alicia pretended that her farewell was final, but Fanshawe knew that she did not mean to let him go without another word in the morning. He took Miss Crumpton's hand and kissed it, and thanked her with old-fashioned courtesy, for he was an old-fashioned man. Miss Crumpton patted his hand in return. She had an Englishwoman's prejudice in favor of her own country, but really admitted at that moment that Fanshawe was the equal of any Englishman on earth, and a good deal more gallant to ladies, and far more liberal with his money than any Englishman she had ever seen. For the first time she observed something strange in Fanshawe's manner toward Lena Viviani. He held her hand for a moment in silence, each of them looking fixedly at the other in the moonlight, and then Lena turned and sped into the house and up the stair as she had not done since her illness.

Fanshawe was left alone on the terrace. One by one the lights went out in the villa. His belongings were all packed, and he was quite ready to start at sunrise. The strange thoughts, the vivid emotions, the powerful attachments which had kept his heart and soul tumultuous during the eight months he had spent at the Villa of Paradise, all returned upon him with extraordinary force. He had come there expecting a year of profound peace. In that time he had known passion, disappointment, hatred, revenge—for he had a perfectly

human desire of revenge upon Bertucci. In every way that man had injured him through the two beings he loved best on earth, for Bertucci had certainly done Alicia great injury in becoming her stepfather, and Fanshawe dreaded, in the event of his death, Bertucci's getting control of Alicia. As his mind dwelt upon Bertucci's wickedness a passion of anger took possession of him. He went to the corner of the terrace that overlooked the lake, and there, with his eyes fixed on the little pier bathed in the radiance of the moon, he lived over again that night when Lena Viviani hovered on the brink of destruction. Fanshawe clenched his fists in dumb rage at this man who seemed born to injure the sweetest and most innocent creatures on earth. He recalled Bertucci as Captain Capponi ten years before at Civita Vecchia—a handsome, supercilious man, generally disliked by the Italians and very unpopular with the American officers. He longed to meet Bertucci face to face, not with a sword in his hand, but with his two good fists doubled up and ready to pound and kick Bertucci as a scoundrel should be pounded and kicked. He was so possessed by the thought of Bertucci that when he turned and saw the man within three feet of him, he was scarcely surprised.

"I heard," said Bertucci, "that you were leaving tomorrow, and I determined to come here and have my revenge on you. Are you armed?"

"Yes," answered Fanshawe, "I am armed the only way I ever am against a scoundrel like yourself. I can take away any weapon you dare to use against me and throw you over the terrace as I did before."

Fanshawe raised his fist as he spoke, and was about to bring it down on Bertucci's forehead when something suddenly stopped his arm, a shock like a lightning bolt. Then he saw something gleam in the moonlight. Bertucci had a knife and was using it. Fanshawe felt a sudden sharp pain in his side, half a dozen of these sharp pains before he overpowered Bertucci, and dragging him to the corner of the terrace, threw him bodily down the stone

steps, as he had threatened. Then a deadly sickness overcame him and he fell face downward and knew no more.

The noise made by the scuffle had been slight, but it was enough to arouse the villa. Old Giorgio ran out and found Fanshawe, with torrents of blood pouring from him, lying prone on the flagstones. In a minute every living soul in the villa was awake and alarmed and out on the terrace. Alicia, with her little bare feet thrust in slippers, and a white dressing gown over her nightdress, knelt on the stones and supported Fanshawe's head upon her arm. Miss Crumpton kept her senses enough to send at once for Dr. Cortaro in the village half a mile below. But when the servant started, Lena Viviani, who alone was still up and dressed, had run already nearly half the distance. It was midnight when Dr. Cortaro, hearing someone beating on his door, opened the window and saw Lena hatless and cloakless in the warm June night, her black hair falling and disheveled.

"Help!" she cried. "Come at once. Commander Fanshawe has been terribly cut, and I think he is dying."

She turned and ran back along the country lane where there were wide patches of moonlight and great masses of black shadow, Dr. Cortaro, hurrying on his clothes and shoes, thought he could overtake her, but he did not. When he reached the terrace it was Lena and not Alicia who was supporting Fanshawe's head. She had made some attempt to stop the terrible flow of blood which had made Alicia fall over in a death-like faint. Fanshawe's coat had been cut from him, and a folded sheet bound tightly around his body. He still lay unconscious, but as Dr. Cortaro ordered Giorgio and the other menservants about the place to carry Fanshawe to his bed, he opened his eyes slightly and glanced at Lena. She was kneeling by him, one arm under his head, while with the other hand she removed her long black hair that had fallen upon Fanshawe's face. A pale smile crossed his lips as he saw her; then his mind once more sank into the unknown world. They got him upon his bed, and Dr.

Cortaro, a skillful man, did all that could be done. Fanshawe had been fearfully cut about the body, and whether he could live or not neither Dr. Cortaro nor all the doctors in the world could say. The little doctor asked that a famous surgeon be sent for from Rome. This was done, and the great man arrived the next day. He examined the unconscious Fanshawe, white and motionless in his bed, said Dr. Cortaro had done and could do everything, pocketed a large fee and returned to Rome. He left hope behind him, however. Dr. Cortaro had said that Fanshawe was a man of splendid physique, and had all the advantages of having lived a clean and robust life.

"Such men are hard to kill," said the great surgeon.

By daylight on the first day, however, the search was begun for the man who had made the murderous assault. He was soon found—Count Bertucci, lying with a broken neck on the stone steps leading down to the pier, his worthless life at an end, his power to injure, to defame and to destroy forever past. The weapon with which he had slashed Fanshawe was found after a day or two, a pearl-handled stiletto, common enough in Italy.

The local police took up the affair with great energy. The police must always, to prove their energy, arrest somebody in a criminal case; and before Bertucci's knife was found they had pitched upon Donati, the ex-priest and ex-convict, anarchist and thief. That day he had been picked up, dead drunk, in the village street by Father Falco and carried to the priest's house and laid upon a bed to sleep off his drunkenness. Next morning he was found, wideawake, sober and prowling about the priest's house. He was promptly nabbed and jailed, under suspicion of having been Fanshawe's assailant. But the day after the knife was found under the myrtle hedge, and Fanshawe, in a short period of consciousness, told Dr. Cortaro that it was Count Bertucci and Count Bertucci alone who had tried to murder him. Donati was turned loose and promptly deported.

No man lamented Count Bertucci, nor did any woman, not even the poor fool he married. She had got her price in his title, and felt a vague sense of relief at being free from a husband whom she had learned to fear.

Fanshawe lingered between life and death for weeks, but at last, as the doctors had hoped, a strong constitution and a good life triumphed. He had received no mortal or disfiguring injury, and his wounds healed with only external scars, but it was a matter of months. Through it all, in his nights of fever and days of wasting pain, a wellspring of joy was in his heart—Lena Viviani was free; he could make her his wife. When he was strong enough, and could describe Bertucci's attack on him, he was told of the latter's fate. He heard it unmoved, as a strong, rational man would hear of the end of a venomous animal.

"It would have been pretty bad for an innocent man to have been killed by that villain," he said. "It is a good thing that he can never more harm any man or woman."

It was early September at the villa before Fanshawe could walk feebly up and down the terrace, and it was October before he could walk as he had done the year before. In those days he had said no word to Lena concerning the change in their relations, but they understood it without words. If ever any man had all the alleviations of love and friendship, Fanshawe in his convalescence was that man. Miss Crumpton was as devoted to him as if he had been her own son. Alicia was to him like a devoted daughter, and Lena Viviani, with a dignity and decorum and reticence that made her more adorable than ever in Fanshawe's eyes, seemed to live but for him. Dr. Cortaro was the most devoted and intelligent of physicians, and Father Falco, the kindly little old priest, came every day to argue with Fanshawe on the fourth dimension.

When Fanshawe was first able to be out of his invalid chair, he said three or four words to Lena Viviani which settled everything. Her speaking eyes made answer; when he would have said something more, she interrupted him.

"Wait a year," she said. "After all, I was that man's wife."

To this decision to wait Fanshawe promptly agreed. If the facts should ever come out, it would be advisable from every point of view that a year should elapse between Bertucci's death and Lena's marriage.

In October Fanshawe's year of leave was up—that year in which he had promised himself absolute repose, a whole year without a thrill of adventure or excitement. There had been not peace, but war; the hazardous game of progressive passion had been played by fate; life and death had been the stakes. But now all was as tranquil as Maggiore on a cloudless morning or in the silver dusk of evening.

Lena Viviani's words made it possible to arrange everything for the future. The household at the Villa of Paradise was to remain unbroken until the following June. Fanshawe would not be sent to sea for another year, and probably for two years, considering his long illness and injuries. When June came again he would get a month's leave, enough to reach Maggiore and return. His ostensible reason was to fetch Miss Crumpton and Alicia to America.

Nothing was said of Lena Viviani in this arrangement, but a glitter in Fanshawe's eyes and a deep blush upon Lena's face suddenly illuminated the minds of Miss Crumpton and Alicia. Alicia stole her arm around Lena Viviani's waist, and said to Fanshawe, with much positiveness:

"I won't go with you without Lena."

"Well, then," replied Fanshawe, gnawing his mustache gravely, "if Miss Viviani will honor us by coming—"

Luckily for Fanshawe, who did not know how to end the sentence, Alicia cut it short by kissing him.

That parting was easy enough and as free from pain as partings can be. Miss Crumpton and Alicia were to go as far as Genoa with Fanshawe. Lena Viviani declined in advance to go, and Fanshawe acquiesced at once. Their parting took place on a crisp October night at the foot of the winding stone steps that led through the garden to the

highroad. The party for Genoa were to take the night train, and the motor was waiting to carry them to the station. Miss Crumpton and Alicia judiciously went ahead, with the maid and old Giorgio carrying all their impedimenta. Fanshawe and Lena made their farewells as he was helping her in the darkness down the winding steps in the gloom of the cypress hedge on each side. They had some moments of rapture so exquisite that Fanshawe, the sober Fanshawe, felt as if his blood had turned to electricity. They said good-bye coolly enough, standing in the moonlit road by the motor, and Miss Crumpton's and Alicia's affectionate good-byes, for a three days' absence, were much more emotional than Fanshawe's courteous adieu and Lena's gentle response. As the motor whirled off in the moonlight, for the moon again shone, Fanshawe, leaning out of the front seat, took off his hat and waved his hand, and got an answering wave in return from Lena still standing in the road. When they reached a certain turn a couple of miles away, they could get a distant glimpse of the villa and the terrace. Fanshawe's keen eyes observed a shadow walking up and down the terrace carrying a moving light, which was waved back and forth. It was Lena, saying a distant, last farewell.

Fanshawe returned to America, and life at the Villa of Paradise resumed its quietness, but it was a life full of vivid expectation. Alicia was all happy anticipation of her new life in America, and even Miss Crumpton had got over some of her fears of the perils to be encountered in the newer world. The Countess Bertucci's widowhood was solaced by another count—this time a Swede, who, Fanshawe wrote from America, had been a masseur but was undoubtedly a nobleman. It cost Alicia much shame and displeasure, but the unfeeling mother could not altogether spoil Alicia's happy girlhood. She suspected everything between Fanshawe and Lena Viviani, but dared not go farther than myriads of delightful conjectures with her own "Crumpy." Fanshawe's letters contained no reference to Lena Viviani, beyond a

courteous message of remembrance, and no letters were exchanged between them; but her deep blush of pleasure at these messages, her eloquent silence when Fanshawe's name was spoken, told everything to those who knew her best. As the months passed she blossomed like a rose, her pale cheeks grew faintly red, her eyes laughed like a fountain in the sun, and her smiles, usually rare, became frequent. She was then twenty-eight years of age, but she looked almost as young as Alicia. It seemed as if the wretched past were blotted out entirely in the glory of the dawning of the day-spring of love.

One morning in early June the mail delivered at the villa made a great sensation. Lena Viviani received a double letter addressed in Fanshawe's bold handwriting. It contained two other letters besides her own, one to Alicia and the other to Miss Crumpton. Lena delivered them with a beautiful blush and a happy smile upon her face.

"I was to give them to you if I agreed to marry him when he comes this month," she said.

And then there were rapturous kisses and embraces and some tears, all tenderness and joy. Lena sent a cablegram containing one word to Fanshawe, and got one in reply containing forty—and Fanshawe was a reticent man, too. He was to arrive the latter part of June, a year and three weeks after the death of Bertucci. He could get only a month's leave, and asked that arrangements be made by which the marriage should take place the day after his arrival. He engaged by letter the services of the nearest American consul, and with the promptness and thoroughness of a naval officer managed every detail in advance. As Fanshawe was not a Catholic, the ceremony could not take place in the little village church, but would be at the priest's house. In one thing only a disappointment awaited them. Father Falco was away on a holiday, his first in ten years, and he could not reach his parish in time to perform the religious ceremony. His assistant, a young priest, was to do the service. In order to give time for a brief honeymoon journey be-



fore starting for America, Fanshawe arranged that the civil ceremony should take place at the office of the syndic at nine o'clock in the morning, and the religious ceremony immediately after. Then there was to be a wedding breakfast at the villa, with only two guests, the assistant priest and Dr. Cortaro. It was all to be very simple, but it was to be a marriage at which there would be no tears but all smiles.

Fanshawe arrived on a lovely June evening, and when he stepped upon the terrace it was as if he had left it only yesterday. With great tact, all the commotion and hurly-burly of a wedding, which most men so thoroughly dislike, had been kept out of sight. In truth the wedding was to be so simple that its preparations amounted to having two extra covers at the midday breakfast and champagne instead of Chianti. Lena's trousseau was as modest as might be expected from a governess who earned about as much a month as Fanshawe paid for his cigars. Her wedding gown was made by the village dressmaker, and was simplicity itself. Fanshawe arrived just in time for dinner, at which were present Dr. Cortaro and the young priest who was to take Father Falco's place. It seemed as if nothing were changed since the last year, yet everything was changed. It was to be a marriage of true love on both sides, and it had that atmosphere of sentiment which is so charming a part of such marriages. Fanshawe, who was at heart romantic to the last degree, was outwardly the most matter-of-fact of men, and acted and looked as little like a bridegroom as possible. Lena had not relapsed into her old habit of silence, but talked and laughed with a soft gaiety which had been hers for some time past. After dinner the whole party went out on the terrace, but the guests left early, and then, for the first time, Fanshawe and Lena Viviani had one hour of open and confessed love. The memory of that hour was to be lifelong. Ever, to Fanshawe and Lena, had the beauty and peace of the spot been poignant, and they felt a secret joy that that first sweet outpouring, the full

awakening, should be in a place and hour of such divine beauty as night upon Maggiore. The tragedy of another June night was buried fathoms deep. At last they forgot that Bertucci had ever lived or died. The night birds in the climbing roses over Lena's window uttered their soft notes like little drops of music, but stopped when the nightingale in the old garden began to sing its song of rapture and melancholy. Lena Viviani, in Fanshawe's arms, listened breathlessly to the song so full of love and longing. In all love there is sadness, a clinging to the moments that slip like pearls through the fingers. They would have prolonged that hour if they could, but relentless time must be obeyed. At eleven o'clock they left the moonlit terrace and exchanged good nights. Fanshawe's steady eyes and measured tones had in them a rapture he had no words to express. He took a few more turns up and down the terrace, and thought he had never seen or felt such beauty as that of the radiant night. But when at sunrise the next morning he saw the miracle of the splendid sunrise, all red and gold and crystal, it eclipsed even the night. The villa was stirring early. Fanshawe, who was the soul of promptness, was dressed in his full uniform by eight o'clock, and was out of doors giving some last directions about the luggage and letters. Alicia, in her bridesmaid's gown, much finer than that of the bride, came flying downstairs, and seizing Fanshawe, covered his face with kisses.

"How handsome you look!" she cried. "I never saw you in uniform before. I shall marry an ensign as soon as I get back to America."

"No, you won't," sternly answered Fanshawe, who, although a bridegroom, believed in extreme prudence in young girls and frowned on ensigns in love. "You shall not marry for five years yet, and then it shall be to a lieutenant whose record I know."

"Come and see Lena," said Alicia, dragging him toward the terrace.

There indeed was Lena in her white wedding gown. On the piano in the drawing-room lay her wedding veil and wreath of orange blossoms which she

was to put on for the religious ceremony after the civil marriage at the syndic's office in the village. She, too, now for the first time saw Fanshawe in his splendid uniform, which became him well. Her soft eyes betrayed her admiration. The bride and bridegroom sat down on the bench upon which they had sat the night before, and Alicia vanished.

Fanshawe was in an exultant mood. He took his slender, gold-hilted, glittering sword out of its scabbard and showed it to Lena. It seemed to her, in its pure brightness, without speck or stain, its strength and tenacity, like Fanshawe himself. He laid it across her lap, saying playfully:

"As I am an officer, my sword comes first because it is my honor. My wife comes next because she is my love."

"But what a second is that!" answered Lena. "My father was an officer, and I know what a sword means."

Fanshawe thought he had never seen her so lovely in her animation and good spirits. Her white wedding gown became her well, and showed off the milky whiteness of her skin and the dark beauty of her bare head and sparkling eyes.

While they were speaking, a short, stout, dark figure was climbing the steps of the terrace. It was Father Falco, the last person they expected to see. They both rose as he approached, and advanced a step to greet him. The first glance showed something strange in his aspect. His round, dark face had a curious pallor; his sturdy figure trembled, and he was dusty and travel-stained. He sat down without an invitation upon the bench from which Lena and Fanshawe had just risen, and remained silent for a full minute.

"What is the matter?" asked Fanshawe, for it was evident that something was the matter. The old priest sighed heavily, took out his handkerchief and wiped his face, then looked steadily first at Lena and then at Fanshawe.

"I returned unexpectedly, just half an hour ago," he said. "My assistant told me of this marriage which was to take place at nine o'clock. I came here as I

stepped off the train; pardon my appearance."

Every note in his voice had in it that preparation for disaster which casts its shadow before. Fanshawe returned his sword to its scabbard and involuntarily took Lena's hand, as if nothing should separate them then.

"This marriage cannot take place," said Father Falco, rising and looking full at Lena. His voice was tremulous, but his eyes were uncompromising. "I know this girl's story," he said, turning to Fanshawe. "She was the wife before God of Count Bertucci, whom may Christ forgive for all the evil he wrought. And you, Commander Fanshawe, when Count Bertucci was trying to murder you, threw him off, and the fall killed him."

"Yes," said Fanshawe; "his knife had entered my body four times before I could throw him off, and then he died like a dog."

"There are fifteen causes in the Catholic Church," said Father Falco, "why a marriage may not take place, and if, in defiance of these fifteen causes, a marriage ceremony is performed, it is null and void. One of the obstacles is when the husband or wife of one of the parties to such a marriage is killed by the husband or wife of the other party. It makes no difference whether it be by accident or design; the Church prohibits such a marriage and denounces it, and will not suffer it. Even if the act be justifiable, as in your case, the Church makes no distinction. Some hearts must be broken when the law is administered, but the law is administered nevertheless. That is the law. The Church has nothing to do with the civil contract, but were you married by ten civil contracts, and the religious ceremony performed by the Holy Father himself, in ignorance, it would be, I tell you, no marriage."

Lena withdrew her hand from Fanshawe's, and the three stood in the clear white light of the morning, looking at each other and reading each other's souls. Fanshawe did not doubt from the first moment that the old priest's words were final. He himself wanted

no woman for his wife who could not be married to him by a religious rite in which she believed. If Lena had at that moment offered to forego the religious rite, it would have given him a shock worse than death; but he knew perfectly well that no such thought was in the girl's mind. She was a sincere woman, whose conscience was not subject to ebbs and flows, but steady, clear and simple like Fanshawe's. She was the first to speak.

"I did not know," she said. "I never heard this before, but if it is the law we must obey. You would not have me," she said, turning full upon Fanshawe, "marry you against my conscience, against the law."

"No," replied Fanshawe in a firm voice; "I want no wife who is not mine in all honor and piety."

Of the three, Father Falco was the most moved. He spoke with little sobs and gasps.

"This is the hardest duty I ever had to perform," he said. "I thought I should meet with violent protests, with useless efforts, but I assure you neither would avail. It has been the law for more than eighteen hundred years. It has been enforced against kings and emperors, and it has produced wars and revolutions. Do you think it could be abrogated now for two private persons?"

"Certainly not," responded Fanshawe, who knew the meaning of discipline. "All is over; I submit."

It was Lena who showed the first sympathy for the poor old priest, who was weeping convulsively, saying between his sobs:

"Forgive me—forgive me."

"There is nothing to forgive," said Lena softly. "We ought to thank you that we were withheld from a sacrilege when we thought to receive a sacrament. We must part," she said to Fanshawe.

The old priest suddenly grew calm and spoke with the authority of an ecclesiastic.

"Yes," he said, "if you mean to obey the law you must part, and part forever. It is not safe for love and sacrilege to bargain and consider."

Lena turned, and followed by Fan-

shawe, passed through the glass doors into the drawing-room. On the piano lay her wedding veil, and the room was odorous with the perfume of fresh orange blossoms. She took up the veil and pressed the orange blossoms to her breast.

"What shall I do with them?" she asked, the first tears dropping from her eyes.

"Come with me," said Fanshawe, taking the veil and wreath from her and crushing them together.

They went out upon the terrace, and down the stone steps to the pier where the lake ran blue and bright, the little waves fondly lapping the stones and laughing as they ran away again. Fanshawe took a stone, and wrapping the veil with its fragrant blossoms around it, dropped it into the lake and watched it sink swiftly out of sight. Lena looked full at him with a composure as complete as his.

"I am glad you made no protest," she said. "It would have been dreadful."

"What would have been the use?" answered Fanshawe. "The priest said it was the law, and the law must be obeyed. You, Lena, think I am not a religious person, but I believe in the religious and in the religion of marriage. My wife must be like my sword, without a spot upon it, and sacred to honor. You, in your religion and purity, are no more exalted in your ideas of marriage than I."

"I know it," said Lena. "Do you remember that from the hour you knew I was Bertucci's wife you never gave me a word, a look, a touch the whole world might not have seen; and yet you loved me well!"

"And so it was with you," answered Fanshawe. "I tell you, unless a woman has honor, she is not fit to speak to much less for an honest man and a gentleman to marry."

"But there is no ban upon the heart," said Lena. "After the sacrifice, the parting, there is no law forbidding us to love each other."

"No," replied Fanshawe in a low voice; "we may love each other, and yet be within the law."

From the villa eyes watched them talking calmly on the little pier in the splendid glory of the early morning. Then they turned and climbed the stone steps to the terrace. It was observed that for a bride and her bridegroom they kept far apart. On the terrace they said some brief words of farewell, they scarcely knew what, and Lena Viviani went to her room to take off her bridal gown. Fanshawe sent for Miss Crumpton and Alicia, and in short, quiet sentences told them why there would be no wedding for Lena Viviani and himself that day or any other day.

There was still time to take the train which was to have borne him and Lena Viviani to their perfect joy. Fanshawe took it alone, his heart like lead in his breast. As the train sped past the point from which the villa could be seen, he gave one last brief glance at the Villa of Paradise, where he had promised himself first perfect repose and afterwards perfect happiness. Destiny had been at her dreadful sport. The awful merri-ment of fate had made a mock of him. He was not in a mood of resignation, but the only thought that comforted his distracted heart was the belief that Lena Viviani never for one moment thought of breaking the law. He knew how she would meet it—on her knees with prayers and tears; Fanshawe had no fancy for women who could neither pray nor weep. All was chaos, all was agony except that one bright spot that shone like a star in the darkness—there had been no sacrilege, no soiling of the soul of either of them. All the rest a man might bear. Fanshawe was one of those men who are governed by simple and elemental forces. Honor and love were to him concrete things. He endured the mortal wound to his heart as he had endured the knife cuts in his body, with silent and unshaken courage.

### III

UNDER the murky sky of an August night in 1898 the big cruiser lay like the menacing ghost of a ship upon the fretful sea. A mile off, on the low Cuban coast,

was seen dimly the outlines of a camp and the points of yellow light that marked its limits. The cruiser's launch was in the water. As Fanshawe, the commander, stepped into the little boat, lights on the ship were quickly arranged to show that her captain was not aboard. In the little cabin of the launch a smart young army lieutenant, Blacklock, sat with Fanshawe, who, excusing himself, proceeded to read a letter he had just received. It was in the handwriting of Lena Viviani, and was short. By a tacit agreement during the five years since the morning came and went which was to be their wedding day, and was not, once a year they had exchanged brief letters. Lena was living in the little village, and maintained herself by a few pupils in English and being the organist in the little church.

Fanshawe remembered well the appearance of the house in which Lena Viviani had her one room. It was small, scarcely better than a peasant's house. From it could be had a good view of the Villa of Paradise, which was now Fanshawe's property, and had fate been kinder, might have been hers. The thought of her hard work and poverty went to Fanshawe's heart like a knife; still he gloried in it as the mark of her integrity and the loftiness and delicacy of her mind.

The letter spoke of herself as being well and not unhappy. "I live much in the happy past," she wrote; then there was mention of Alicia, who had followed Fanshawe's scheme of life and was about to be married to a lieutenant whose record Fanshawe knew—the very same lieutenant in his khaki clothes, his happy, bright young face browned by the Cuban suns to the khaki color. He was very much in awe of Fanshawe, his future brother-in-law, and spoke only when addressed.

Fanshawe finished his letter, put it in the breast of his blouse and said:

"So you captured the fellow red-handed?"

"Red-handed, sir," answered Blacklock. "He came into the camp three times disguised as a priest; the fourth time I began to suspect him, and when

we searched him we found him a most intelligent spy. It is rather queer, you know, because the Spaniards don't run much to spies."

Fanshawe went on talking as though Lena Viviani's letter did not lie next his heart.

Presently the launch grated on the pebbly shore, and Fanshawe scrambled out, obsequiously assisted by Alicia's fiancé. In a few minutes he was in the headquarters tent, alone with the general commanding.

"The case was so flagrant," said the general, sitting opposite Fanshawe at the little table on which burned a couple of smoky lamps, "the Court Martial could do but one thing, and that was to sentence the fellow to be shot. But I dislike having men shot, and as the poor devils of Spaniards are so near the end of their tether, I made up my mind to commute the sentence an hour before the execution is expected to take place, and to send him back to the military prison. Meanwhile the scoundrel thinks he is to be shot at sunrise, and asked to see Captain Fanshawe—he was thoroughly informed as to the naval as well as the military force hereabouts. I should not have paid so much attention to him except that he swore he had something to tell you which was of importance to you."

"What is the man's name?" asked Fanshawe.

"God knows; he called himself 'Martinez,' and said he was a Catalan, but his Spanish is queer, while his Italian is perfect; and I am inclined to think he is an Italian.

"Will you have him brought here, or would you prefer to see him in the military prison?"

"I will go to the prison," responded Fanshawe.

The thought of seeing anyone associated with those Italian days moved him strongly. The general walked with him through the ordered streets of canvas until they came to a rude building of logs and stone which did duty as a military prison. Fanshawe asked to see the prisoner alone, and stepping inside the prison pen was shown into a small

place illuminated by a single lantern hung on a nail. Before the open door a couple of sentries kept what they thought was the death watch.

One look at the prisoner sent Fanshawe's memory, which was remarkably accurate, whirling back to the gardens of the Villa of Paradise. That was the man, the ex-priest, the anarchist, the embezzler and thief whom he had found in the grounds of the villa and had turned over to Father Falco. Also, after he had been attacked and nearly killed by Count Bertucci, he had heard some time later that this man had been arrested and held for a short time as a suspect, but was afterward released. The sight of him was painful to Fanshawe as recalling a terrible episode in his life. Donati himself, sitting on the only stool in the place, looked less drunken, less dissipated, less evil than he had on the one occasion when Fanshawe had before seen him. Fanshawe recalled Father Falco's saying that this man was subject to spells of repentance, and repentance dignifies even the worst of men. Donati rose and bowed to Fanshawe, and invited him to take the stool, which was the only seat in the place; but Fanshawe declined, and the two men stood facing each other. Donati still possessed the remnants of beauty, of intelligence, of refinement, which had survived a long career of scoundrelism.

"I sent for you, Captain Fanshawe," he said in very good French, "to tell you something. Five years ago, when Count Bertucci was found with a broken neck lying on the stone steps of the villa on Lake Maggiore, everybody thought, and you still think, that it was your throwing him off when he attacked you that killed him."

"Of course," said Fanshawe. "Half a minute more and I should not have had the strength to throw him off."

"So I saw," replied Donati, "for I was standing not ten feet away from you."

Fanshawe started in amazement, and Donati continued:

"I hated Count Bertucci, and had every reason to hate him. In Florence, when I was a professor there, I was much

with Bertucci, and deeply in his power. He lent me money, and then induced me to do many vile things which would have got me into prison had they been known. After he lent me money he threatened me if I did not pay it back, and it was for that reason I stole from the college. Bertucci made me a thief. After he married a rich wife I sometimes asked him for money, but he always reviled me and threatened me. At last I meant to be revenged on him the first time I had the chance. That second time he came to the villa I was in the village. I watched him and followed him. I thought he meant to attack you, and I meant to see him do it, and to denounce him to the authorities if I could. I saw him draw his knife on you and use it four times; then you threw him off, but you did not kill him, nor do him the slightest injury that I know of.

"He fell down the steps, but in a moment or two got up and started back toward you where you lay bleeding on the stones. I ran and grappled with him. He was a strong man, much stronger than I, but in the scuffle on the steps in the darkness he fell and struck the back of his neck on the coping. I came down with him, and when his arms fell away from me I got to my feet and looked at him. I knew then he was dead. I did not touch him, as I wanted him to be found where he had fallen. I ran down the steps to the pier and made my way along the gravel path to the highroad, and got back to the priest's house and into the bed he had given me without his ever suspecting that I had left the house that night. I had some brandy with me, and I drank it all; so early in the morning, when the police came for me, they saw that I was really drunk and not simulating it. Then Bertucci's knife was found, and the affair was cleared up as all thought, but I, and only I, knew what had really happened. I hung about the neighborhood for some days so as to avoid suspicion, and then went away. I did not come back again for a year or two. Poor old Falco would always give me a little money when I was in extremity. I asked about the people in the villa, and the old man told

me what had happened. I saw the young lady going about quietly at her work; I heard the music from the church in the evenings when she played the organ, and if I had had the courage I would have told all, but to tell all would be to proclaim myself a murderer."

Fanshawe listened, the steady beating of his strong heart growing quicker and stronger. Through it all ran a voice, a thought—it was not his hand, then, that had brought Bertucci to his deserved end! The barrier was gone; the wall between Lena Viviani and himself had melted into the air. Nevertheless, he did not lose his head nor his long habits of accuracy and precision.

"Will you put that in writing?" he asked.

"Certainly," answered Donati, with a ghost of a smile upon his sallow face. "I should like Father Falco to know it. He always said that I would repent and confess some day."

Fanshawe called for pen and paper, and Donati, kneeling on the ground and using the stool for a table, wrote rapidly with the practised hand of a scholar all that he had told Fanshawe, then signed it. As Fanshawe took the paper, he would have shaken hands with Donati but for the knowledge that Donati was a spy, and that military honor forbade an officer to shake hands with him. He only said:

"This I promise—Father Falco shall know. I thank you for telling me. God help you."

Next morning at daylight in the camp were all the grim preparations for a military execution. Fanshawe, from the bridge of the big cruiser, watched with his powerful glass the movements in the camp a mile away. Something was taking place, and then it was suddenly halted. In the afternoon Blacklock came aboard the cruiser to tell Fanshawe of the day's work.

"The execution of the spy did not come off. His sentence was commuted at the last minute. The fellow was not a Spaniard, but an Italian—and an educated Italian at that."

Fanshawe made no reply. It had been a day of hard work for him, and of deep



and silent emotion. He had found time, however, to write two letters, both of which were on their way. One was to Father Falco, as he had promised Donati; the other was to Lena Viviani.

In the autumn of that year it was once more peace, but Fanshawe could not get leave until the late spring. It suited his fancy to live over again as far as he could those heavenly days at the Villa of Paradise. Before he could leave America he sent Alicia, much to Blacklock's disgust, to Italy with Miss Crumpton. Once more they were established in the villa, and once more Lena Viviani was with them. In June Fanshawe arrived, and the arrangements that had been made six years before were followed out as if no change whatever had occurred. Fanshawe and Lena met as though they had parted the day before. Each saw in the other the signs of storm and stress. Fanshawe was more weatherbeaten, and Lena Viviani's black hair showed a broad streak of silver that wound through it like the thread of love in human life. Lena brought out her white wedding gown which she had saved during all those years. It was so simple, and so classic in its simplicity, that time and

change did not affect it. She would not wear either a wedding veil or wreath, having a tender superstition that a woman can have but one wedding veil and one wedding wreath. Fanshawe had his superstition, too—a deep desire that, as he had known the sharpest pain of his life at the Villa of Paradise, so might he know there his deepest joy. Therefore, after the simple ceremonies at the house of the syndic and the priest's house, and the quiet breakfast at the villa, and when the two guests, Dr. Cortaro and Father Falco, had gone, Alicia and Miss Crumpton betook themselves to the train, and Fanshawe and Lena were left alone.

It was the sweetest June day imaginable. Together Fanshawe and Lena watched the splendid progress of the sun to his gorgeous sinking, and the pale glory of the moonrise and the starshine. The solitary nightingale was succeeded by a whole nest of them, who in the long years of solitude at the villa had grown unafraid and made the summer night vibrant with their passionate song. They thought the two figures which sat silent on the terrace were two statues. Fanshawe and Lena were indeed still and silent. The deepest and most poignant love is ever still and silent.



“SO you think your rich aunt the meanest of the lot?”  
“Yes; and my uncle is a close second.”



“WHERE is the Land of Promise?”  
“Where I bought my building lots.”



OCCASIONALLY a man who is open to conviction is shut up in jail.

# LITERARY REFRESHMENT

By Walt Mason

O H, bring me a book, my daughter—a book of the olden time, whose hero embarks in slaughter and popular brands of crime; a book that is weird and thrillin' and grim as an epitaph; a book with a swarthy villain who utters a fiendish laugh.

I'm tired of the book that grovels in slums where the rounders roll; I'm tired of the hectic novels dissecting the human soul; I'm sick of the yarn that's squirmin' along on some theory's trail; I'm tired of the turgid sermon disguised as a cheerful tale.

I come to my home heart weary, with bunions upon my brains; so give me no book that's dreary—I want one that entertains. I don't want a book that's narrowed down into a helpful tract; I don't want my bosom harrowed by chunks of Uplifting Fact. My taste? You may jeer and scoff it, my dear, till the evening's done; I don't want to read for profit—I just want to read for fun. I don't like those tiresome creatures who hold, while good yarns they spurn, that books should be always preachers, and readers should always learn. A man who is tired and worried wants fiction to rest his mind; a tale where the hero's hurried through scenes of a snappy kind.

So bring me a book, Susanna, a book that is colored red, and here by our elm piano I'll read it and rest my head.



## A PILGRIM

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

A CROSS the trodden continent of years  
To shrines of long ago,  
My heart, a hooded pilgrim, turns with tears—  
For could I know  
That in the temple of thy constancy  
There still may burn a taper lit for me,  
'Twould be a star in starless heaven, to show  
That Heav'n could be!

Bent with the weight of all that I desired  
And all that I forswore,  
My heart roams, mendicant, forlorn and tired,  
From door to door,  
Begging of every stern-faced memory  
An alms of pity—just to come to thee,  
No more thy knight, thy champion no more—  
Only thy devotee!

# "THE ALMOND TREE SHALL FLOURISH"

By Dolf Wyllarde

MISS ANNIE MELVILLE sat gazing into the looking glass on the evening of her fortieth birthday, and saw there nothing but the dreariness of middle age.

It had been a depressing day. Wet days on the French Riviera are rather to be endured than cured, and this had been no exception. The rain had begun in earnest about midday, and had spoiled an excursion to Mont Doré, which Miss Melville had joined against her inclination, to balance the party, knowing that if she did not certain people would be despoiled of each other's society and the chance of a *tête-à-tête*. They had all come home wet and draggled, and Miss Melville's unselfishness was hardly appreciated—but, indeed, it seldom was—while an ill-natured whisper in the great hall of the hotel had haunted her all the rest of the day:

"So foolish of Miss Melville to persist in doing things that girls of eighteen might do with impunity! She will get rheumatism at her age. Oh, she always tries to appear one of the young people!"

It was the harder to bear because Miss Melville would so gladly have parted with any pretensions to youth in exchange for the confidence and consideration offered to riper years. There was a certain Miss Honoria Luck staying in the same hotel who, though probably only five or six years her senior, was treated with a flattering deference and appreciation for which Miss Melville longed in vain. But Miss Luck was a tall woman, with hair frankly sprinkled with gray and a Madonna type of face, and she was delicate—even selfish Colonel

Champneys and the Comte de Salis, who loved himself so well, would leave her the seat out of the draught, and carry her rug for her down the garden. Miss Melville thought enviously of Miss Luck's faded aristocratic appearance, and with a half-vexed laugh decided that there was a certain virtue in gray hair.

She fell to studying herself in the glass. It was not that she regretted her forty years, but rather, by an unusual inversion, she wished them still more apparent. Many women of that age pass for thirty-five or even thirty, if they have retained their figures and are in the ripeness of their beauty; but Miss Melville had never been a beautiful woman, and such good looks as she had had were distressingly youthful. She looked her forty years, and yet it was not a reposeful maturity or a graceful middle age. Her hair was thinner than it had been as a girl, but there was not a gray thread in it, and as it belonged to the ruffled, curly order she was always credited with having frizzed it for frivolous reasons. Even her skin was not properly faded or pale; at the present moment there was an uncomfortable red patch on either cheek, owing to her hands and feet being chilled and her not having digested the French cooking. It had been very cold in the immense rooms of the hotel, which was built for warm, sunny weather, and the one inadequate stove had been quite insufficient for the visitors who had pushed their chairs up round it. Miss Melville had been crowded out, and had sat and shivered until driven to her room in the faint hope that it might be a shade warmer. Oh, how she longed for the

good coal fires of her native land, even though the English winter pinched and peaked her slight body! Miss Melville's body would never be fat—she ran too many errands for other people—but she might at least have been rounded rather than angular, and the lines between her eyes and round her lips were unnecessarily worried. She was not a rich woman, but she was sufficiently well off to have had any comfort that she fancied; but her upbringing had taught her a certain timidity in spending, and she had unintentionally earned the reputation of pinching to make both ends meet and to enable her to winter abroad.

"It is so ridiculous!" Mrs. Harley-Street confided to Mrs. Tatler as they sat and niggled ribbon work imitations of flowers under the scornful camellias. "If she can't afford to come to a big hotel like this, why not go to a decent *pension*? It's much more suited to people of that sort. It made me quite uncomfortable when she gave Nellie that little lace handkerchief from the convent. Poor people have no right to give presents."

Miss Melville, who took an old maid's interest in girls, had experienced a rare pleasure in buying the exquisite lace trifle for Nellie Harley-Street, who was a pretty little person and more friendly than her mother. Nellie had a love affair flourishing in the hotel, and Miss Melville would have been quite content to be both confidante and stanch friend; but the foolish stigma of assumed youth was a barrier between them.

"You had better be careful, Nellie," laughed Nellie's mother with a little shrug. "Miss Melville always has her wits about her for men's attention. The Count says he is afraid to be left *tête-à-tête* with her."

Nellie did not care a fig for the Count but she did care about Mr. Merryfields, and so she looked upon the little handkerchief which she had admired as a somewhat suspicious gift from Miss Melville, and unconsciously adopted her mother's point of view of the giver's impetuosity. As a matter of fact, Miss Melville had no object in saving her income, her nearest relations being some

cousins, themselves fairly well to do. One of them had written to offer conventional congratulations on her birthday, and—that was another pin prick—had signed herself Mildred Crichton-Mièville. Well, of course the name was really Crichton-Mièville, but for a family as little distinguished as her own Miss Melville felt it snobbish to assert the hyphen—it smacked of the Harley-Streets and the vulgarity she discerned in them. As for the correct spelling of her name, "Mièville" was so constantly transposed to "Melville" by hotel people that she had ceased to correct them.

How it did rain, this depressing evening! She could hear it trickling down the many windows that filled the cold, large room with draughts, and swishing among the almond trees. The hotel was embowered in almond trees, and at this season of the year they were in full blossom, so that the advertisements of Perrier les Bains claimed that the place rivaled Japan and her cherry blossoms. The poor almond trees! Annie Melville loved the brave pink flowers that dared to forestall the leaves, and had weighed the beauty of its surroundings against the disadvantages of the hotel.

"The almond tree shall flourish"—certainly they flourished here. Then her mind followed on to the end of the canticle, and cadenced it like minor music:

The almond tree shall flourish, and desire shall fail.

Yes, desire had failed. She found life discouraging and her grip upon it slackening with each year. Wherein had she failed? She had tried to be unselfish and to do her duty to her neighbor, and her neighbor, in Perrier les Bains at least, only resented it. The British nation is seen at its best in savage places of the earth, so that the remoter the colony, the more kindly the traits and stancher the qualities that seem to be called into existence by adverse circumstances; but the first touch of civilization seems to freeze up the impulses of the heart, and with each stage nearer home stolidity and reserve build their ice walls closer round the national char-

acter. People were not friendly at the Hotel Elysée, Perrier les Bains. The influence of Europe was too strong. The English were all suspicious, the Germans clannish, the French cynical of the foreign element, and of Americans there were none to speak of. The result was a number of cliques and a good deal of gossip.

"I will leave this place," said Miss Melville slowly to her image in the glass. "But it will be the same wherever I go. 'The almond tree shall flourish, and desire shall fail!' Perhaps in another ten years, on my fiftieth birthday, I may be more tolerant and tolerated."

And it was just at that moment that an inspiration came to her, like a birthday gift. She leaned forward and looked at herself more closely in the glass. Yes, there were crowsfeet under her eyes, and if her skin were carefully shielded from sun and wind it might grow pale and soft. In a long, more matronly gown, such as Miss Luck wore, and with *gray* hair—

"Yes, that is it!" said Miss Melville breathlessly to herself. "I will grow old! I *will*! I will go to Paris and see Monsieur Savonnais."

Now all the world knows, or ought to know, M. Savonnais, for he is the greatest artist of the Rue Élegante. He can turn a dowdy woman into a chic one by a simple adjustment of her coiffure, and he can make youth beautiful and age young. More, he knows the requirement of every face and figure, and when he has coiffed the head he will advise as to the style of dress to suit his creation. M. Savonnais has both tact and intuition, and in consulting him Miss Melville knew that she could lay her whole heart bare.

A few days later she had packed her boxes, paid her hotel bill and figuratively shook the dust of Perrier les Bains from her feet. No one paid much heed to her departure, and no one openly regretted it—except the staff, to whom she had been unusually kind and courteous, and whom she had tipped beyond their wildest expectations. The only person to see her depart by the hotel omnibus was the Comte de Salis, and his polite leave-

taking had rather the air of bowing her out of the hotel with relief.

"You do not find this miserable weather of late agree with you, mademoiselle?"

Miss Melville looked him steadily in the eyes and found them bilious. She had never favored the Count's attentions to Nellie Harley-Street, and some intuition told her that his need for an heiress was pressing. "Women of my age are obliged to consider rheumatism in damp places," she said deliberately, and turned away almost before he could protest, "Oh, mademoiselle!"

"I fear she wanted me to contradict her," he said with a sly smile to Mrs. Harley-Street when detailing the incident. "But, alas, I was not enough rapid with my graceful lie!" And everybody laughed, for of course Miss Melville would not have made such an extraordinary admission without the hope of contradiction.

But by that time Miss Melville was safely on her way to Paris, and ill-natured comments had faded from her ears. She was a little excited and a good deal stimulated by her purpose, and the long and private interview with M. Savonnais left her flushed with earnestness. She spoke to him quite frankly and explained her needs, but at first the great man tried gentle persuasion to make her alter her views.

"Consider, mademoiselle—at your age! *Tiens*—what is forty? A lady's ripest period. You retain the figure—you want but the style and a little attention to detail. *Ah, mademoiselle, permettez-moi de vous rajeunir!*"

"Never!" said Miss Melville with nervous decision. "I have had enough of youth. Monsieur, it is to you I come to cure this very evil. Monsieur, make me beautiful—if you can; make me *chic*—if you will; but make me old!"

It was not often that M. Savonnais was taken aback, but for this case he had actually no precedent. He looked at the worn earnestness of Miss Melville's face—the lines that he could smooth away and the hollows that he could fill out—and he actually sighed.

"But, mademoiselle, it is without a

parallel that a lady should come to me for such a thing! Oh, I can do it—what is there that I cannot do? But remember, mademoiselle, once done it will be very difficult for you to retract!”

“I do not wish to retract.”

“People would look upon you with suspicion.”

“They already do that.”

M. Savonnais shrugged his shoulders. “Very well, mademoiselle; you insist—I submit. Come to me tomorrow at eleven. But the *entourage*—the perfect effect, you understand—will take some time.”

Miss Melville was prepared to give time, and to spend money. For the first time for years she drew substantial cheques on her own account, and visited dressmakers and mysterious people belonging to the great cult of fashion. But when it was all done, and Miss Melville had stood the triumphant dress rehearsal, her heart failed her to attempt the entire alteration all at once; and she fled from Paris in an avalanche of trunks and hat boxes with the wail of M. Savonnais still in her ears:

“Ah, mademoiselle, let me make you young!”

This was the year that the Santa Luzia Hotel was first opened on the high slopes of the Ribeiro Visto. People had grown a little tired of the hotels in Funchal, and the season was growing late for Madeira. But with the opening of the new hotel on the cooler mountain slopes, it was hoped to extend the time during which visitors would pour their foreign gold into the pockets of the needy Portuguese. There was a small but select party at the Santa Luzia, and because they were all sociable people they had fraternized better in the solitude than might have been the case nearer the seaport. There was not much to do on the Ribeiro Visto save long excursions, for which it was imperative to make up parties; and in consequence the visitors at the hotel began to have the air of a family gathering, and to regard the place as peculiarly their own.

Into this exclusive circle arrived one day a new unit, and before they saw her

the older visitors were inclined to resent her advent as an intrusion. But her appearance the first night at dinner disarmed hostility and left a distinctly favorable impression on the whole community. She was, as the manager of the hotel informed the curious, Miss Ann  lie Crichton-Mi  ville—the lady had been particular as to the spelling of her name—and she was in delicate health that made the air of the mountains particularly desirable. On her arrival she went at once to her room, and was not seen until dinnertime, when she walked into the dining room after all the other guests had assembled. It was evident at first sight that she was elderly, and recognition of this obvious fact was followed by one of admiration for her graceful acceptance of it. Miss Crichton-Mi  ville was not a tall woman, but her long, soft gown somehow gave her a dignity and volume she might not otherwise have had. It looked quite impossible that she should hurry herself or run to the assistance of other people; one’s first feeling was an instinct to offer her a chair, or perform some act of service that seemed natural. Her hair was soft and gray, parted in the middle and giving a distinction to her face which might otherwise have been insignificant. She wore gold-rimmed glasses, which no doubt added to her years; the impression she created was that of a delightful, middle-aged lady, a gentlewoman and an invalid. This last item was confirmed by the fact that she wore an exquisite piece of old lace over her hair, mantilla fashion, and that she evidently feared the draught from the window nearest her, for she asked the waiter to shut it. But though the other guests had been reveling in the cool night breeze, there was not a word of protest among them.

On her side Miss Crichton-Mi  ville was quietly taking in her neighbors from behind the gold-rimmed glasses, which, after all, were only “clearers.” There were an elderly lady and her niece, and the inevitable young man casting glances at the girl; an elderly man who coughed distressingly, with a hospital nurse in attendance; a widow, good-looking and not more than thirty; one or



two Portuguese officials and the ubiquitous American, who in this case was represented by a tall man with a parchment skin and a humorous mouth. This last member of the company had summed up Miss Crichton-Mièville the moment she entered the room.

"Well, that's just the most English thing that ever happened!" he said to the consumptive man, who was at the next table.

"She looks delicate," said the invalid sympathetically. He alone had approved of the closed window. "You must try to warn her of the cold winds up here, nurse."

Nurse Ida laughed. She was a pleasant, happy-faced girl, and told her patient that he was half an imaginary invalid now, and would soon need her no longer. It was part of her treatment to encourage him; but poor Mr. Redmund had begun to think that life would be a double burden without the bright face near him.

After dinner, in the lounge, it was noticed that Miss Crichton-Mièville chose a sheltered corner, out of the light and the draught, in which to drink her coffee. Hitherto the stout dowager, Lady Soames, had sat in that very corner; but she good-naturedly drifted to a less advantageous seat and allowed Miss Crichton-Mièville to take possession.

"Poor thing, she seems afraid of the glare. Her eyes are weak, I suppose. Well, I do think electric light is very trying, myself. Ella, come and hold my wool for me to wind."

For Ella, the pretty niece, had shown signs of being drawn to a stroll in the garden with Mr. Truelove, and such tendencies are best nipped in the bud in a foreign hotel, unless the young man carries a warranty of his income and position in a well known name. Miss Crichton-Mièville had observed the little hurried conversation between the young people and Ella's peremptory recall, but she made no effort, as she might once have done, to go out in the cool night air herself and so chaperon the proceeding. Once only had she made an instinctive movement as if to vacate her corner, and that was when Mr. Redmund and his

nurse entered the lounge and were looking for seats; but the movement was so quickly suppressed that no one saw it, and Miss Crichton-Mièville remained in graceful possession of the most desirable easy chair and the most sheltered position until she went to bed.

Everyone came and said a few words to her during the evening. What a difference to Perrier les Bains! Yet there was a great similarity in the company, for Lady Soames and her niece might have stood for Mrs. Harley-Street and Nellie, though perhaps better bred, Mr. Redmund for Colonel Champneys and the widow for Mrs. Tatler. Only the American had had no duplicate, and he was the one disturbing element in Miss Crichton-Mièville's evening, for when he came and stood over her to ask what she thought of Madeira, his eyes, though kind, were very shrewd, and she thought for one panicky moment that they rested on her a little oddly. It was then that she moved her chair further back into the shadows.

"Ah," said the American, "I guess you'll find these mountain winds rather cold at first. There's a real English nip in them, but they're bracing after Funchal."

"At my age," said Miss Crichton-Mièville gently, "one has to be a little careful."

She made a mental note to avoid those shrewd eyes in future, but the limits of the hotel and its inmates rendered such strategy dangerously pointed. Besides, the American was a business man, and accustomed to pursue his objects by business methods. His name was John B. Torrance, and because he was a bachelor he had ceased piling up dollars at an unusually early age, having no one but himself for whom to pile, and had set out to travel and to enlarge his mind. But his business life had given him the habit of looking for the best specimens of every class—"typical samples" he called them—and where he found his ideal he went for it with the tenacity of a curio hunter. Miss Crichton-Mièville had struck him as typical of her kind—"the most English thing that ever happened"—and she interested him. Her

soft, refined voice, the air of breeding that was almost Old World, appealed to his imagination. When she appeared in the hotel garden at twelve o'clock the next day, the first person she encountered was the tall, sallow American, and his face lightened with a pleasure that was not reflected in hers.

"How tiresome!" she thought. "However, it really matters less by daylight, in this hat and veil." She was wearing a large shady hat of coarse straw, and a gauze veil, further fortified by tinted glasses that concealed her eyes. As she came slowly along the garden path her full, elderly gown dragged behind her and gave her an additional air of languor. Mr. Torrance swung forward to relieve her of the cushion she carried, and suggested the *mirante* as the most sheltered nook for her. Like all *quintas*, the Santa Luzia had a long covered walk running along the end of the garden, and at the corner most favorable to the view was the *mirante* or "lookout," where a small opening in the turbulent creepers overlooked the grandeur of the mountainside and the far distant sea. There were seats in the *mirante* and a wicker lounge or so. Mr. Torrance appropriated the easiest and put his companion into it with her pillows. As it happened, no excursion had been arranged for that day, and most of the visitors were sitting out under the trees among the flowers, reading or working. It was a pretty, summerlike scene, and Miss Crichton-Mièville gave a little sigh of pleasure.

"Thank you," she said, as she leaned back comfortably. "I hope I have not stolen anyone's chair."

"You are quite welcome to it."

"Oh, is it yours?" Again she made a movement as if to rise—and checked herself. "That is most kind of you," she said. "What a charming garden—is it not?"

"Why, yes. This hotel has a real attractive location!"

Annie checked a desire to laugh that was too suggestive of girlhood, and turned her eyes in the other direction, down the green lawns to the glint of a foaming waterfall that sprang down the mountainside to lose itself in the valley

below. Then she started slightly, and looked earnestly at a mass of pink showing against the deep green of a pinaster.

"Why, surely it is very late for almond blossom!" she said.

"It's all over down in Funchal, but up here they flower later. That tree's been just a sight! I'll get you a spray."

He walked across the lawn, his loose figure and long stride quite as typical of his race as Miss Mièville was of hers, and returned with a small branch, one mass of pinky blossom. Miss Mièville accepted it almost in silence, and held it in her hands. He wondered what she was thinking about, when she spoke slowly and surprisingly, and this is what she said:

"The almond tree shall flourish—and the grasshopper shall be a burden—and desire shall fail!" So I am not to escape it."

It was evident that she had forgotten Torrance. But he had not forgotten her.

The season lasted for some weeks longer at Santa Luzia, and passed peaceably save for such little mental disturbances as are inevitable among all human communities. Miss Crichton-Mièville never joined the excursions; she preferred to sit quietly in the garden, she said, and try the rest and fresh air for her health. What was the matter with her health it was hard to say, but it was generally supposed that she was "delicate," and the attention and sympathy that were showered on her she accepted with quiet dignity as simply her due. It is true that she gave sympathy in her turn, and that in time everyone in the hotel came to confide some crumpled roseleaf to the placid elderly lady who listened as if she really liked it—even Nurse Ida chose her as confidante when she wanted to tell someone that she was afraid she would have to leave Mr. Redmund, for he had asked her to marry him!

"Well, my dear, and don't you like him?" said Miss Crichton-Mièville with her benign smile. She might really have been a grandmother at the moment.

"Oh, Miss Mièville—he is a consumptive!"

"True, I forgot. Poor man!" A

shadow seemed to fall on the serene face, waking it to most unusual trouble. "So the almond tree shall flourish for him!" she said musingly. "What about your own feelings, my dear? If he were not a consumptive, could you care for him?"

"Oh, I don't know; it makes it so impossible! Yes, I suppose I—might have done!"

"And it wouldn't be worth while to waive everything else, and just take him as he is?" The quiet voice was a little wistful. "It seems hard on him."

"It would be harder on me! One must think for oneself in this world."

Miss Mièville looked down at the bright, frank face and capable hands that the nurse was clasping round her knees as she sat on the grass beside the lounging chair. "My dear," was all she said gently, "have you had to fight so hard for yourself all your life?"

"Well, there was no one else to do it for me. Oh, we rub shoulders with the world very early, we nurses."

There was something a little defiant in Nurse Ida, as if she half expected a lecture. But Miss Mièville only leaned down and kissed her.

"Don't worry, little nurse," she said. "I think there is no blame attaching to you. And some day I hope a strong, healthy man will give you your turn of being looked after, and relieve you of the burden of fighting for yourself."

But she thought long and deeply of the battle of youth and its bitterness of choice, and did not envy girlhood. It was very hard for those who must "look after themselves," it seemed; and it was not all sunshine for those who were too well looked after. For on another day there came Ella Soames and sat down at Miss Crichton-Mièville's side to tell her grievances in her turn. The course of love, true or otherwise, was not running smoothly at Santa Luzia—

"Really, Auntie Belle is too trying! I haven't a minute to myself—"

"You mean you haven't a minute to give to Mr. Truelove."

"Well"—Ella laughed and pouted—"if he is only a younger son, he is very nice. I believe she would rather I flirted with that beastly French count—"

Miss Crichton-Mièville sat up from her nest of rugs and cushions rather suddenly. "What French count, Ella?"

"Oh, a man we met at Monte Carlo last year—a Comte de Salis. He's an awful gambler, and he hasn't a penny; but of course he comes of an old family, and there's the title. I hate foreign titles; don't you? They make me feel so cheap!"

"But, Ella, the Count is not here?"

"Yes he is; he came this morning, before you put in an appearance. And he joined our party to the Grande Curral. We are only just back, or you would have seen him at luncheon."

"And he is staying here?"

"Yes, worse luck! It's been so nice up till now, and now I know it's going to be horrid. He will spoil the party!"

Miss Crichton-Mièville thought he would certainly spoil the party for her, too, but she did not say so. What ill luck had directed the Count here, of all places, where she had felt so safe from everyone who had known her at Perrier les Bains? He must have failed in his efforts to capture an heiress in the person of Miss Nellie Harley-Street, or perhaps Miss Nellie had been too far-seeing for him. Now he was come to play the same game with little Ella Soames, backed by his possessions of old family and title. Miss Crichton-Mièville approved of the Count and his intentions no more than Miss Melville had done; but she was handicapped by not knowing whether he would recognize her, and if he did what line he would take. M. Savonnais's warning rang in her ears: "But remember, mademoiselle, once done, it will be very difficult for you to retract; people would look upon you with suspicion." Her only comfort was that the Count would certainly believe that her present appearance was the genuine one, and that her tired remnants of youth at Perrier les Bains had been a fraud. But he might hint that she had some darker motive than necessity for yielding to age and practically transforming herself; and Annie winced to think of any suspicion spoiling her happy time at Santa Luzia and alienating her new friends. It had been a very happy

time. She was accepted on her own merits, and liked for herself the more they knew her; and though it seemed to her that she had done very little for anybody, but had rather been waited on, yet she had shared their joys and sorrows, and had found all the distraction she wanted in living in other lives. Now that she was in danger of losing it, she realized how satisfied she had been, now she had found her nook in life.

The Comte de Salis had not altered to Miss Crichton-Mièville's reluctant vision when she saw him at dinnertime, save that she found him a trifle more sallow and dissipated; but that she had altered past recognition to him she saw with a bound of her heart. He looked up with passing interest at the rustle of her skirt as she went to her distant table, and then she saw with a sudden and intense amusement that he regarded her with approval. Young girls—with *dots*—were the Count's prey; but he could affect a sentimental reverence for womanhood at a safely remote age, provided it were picturesque. Miss Crichton-Mièville opined later, in the lounge, that he was discussing her, but she had not the enjoyment of hearing what he said to Nurse Ida and Mr. Torrance:

"That lady, when she speaks, reminds me of someone. But it is only some faint resemblance. What is her name?"

"Miss Crichton-Mièville!"

"Ah! A good name—of French family originally, too! I must cultivate her. One can see that she is aristocrat—there is nothing more delightful than an elderly lady who carries her breed as the stamp on the old coin!"

"I wonder how old she is?" said Nurse Ida speculatively. Mr. Torrance turned his face quickly from a rather cynical contemplation of the Count, and looked at Miss Crichton-Mièville, serene and restful in her distant corner. "I suppose she must be fifty."

"Oh, at least; and she does not disguise it—there is the charm!" said the Count effusively. "There are so few women who realize the beauty, the grace of age!"

"Old ladies are not all like Miss

Crichton-Mièville, either," said Nurse Ida bluntly.

"No, alas! Oh, for snuffy, stout old ladies I have no use; I turn my eyes from them." The Count shuddered. Then, perhaps remembering Lady Soames, who was certainly stout, he rushed back into eulogy. "Miss Mièville—I claim her almost as a countrywoman—is the more charming because she wears her age openly. Fifty? Sixty perhaps—it would not matter. She is an elderly lady, and as such earns our reverence and esteem!"

The American suddenly turned away from the speaker as if he resisted an impulse, and walking deliberately across the room to Miss Crichton-Mièville's side, sat down so that his long figure screened her a little from other visitors and their criticism. She was never quite happy in her mind under his steady gaze, and had begun to notice with a vague alarm how often he was beside her, waiting upon her and carrying her rugs and cushions or chatting in his unfamiliar voice and expressions. Miss Crichton-Mièville had had little experience with Americans, even though she had traveled much in Europe, for she had always been afraid of them and avoided their society. Torrance was not to be avoided, and his present purpose was quite definite.

"We've got a new importation—a French count," he remarked, twisting and turning something in his hands that Miss Mièville could not clearly see, for he had dropped it between his knees.

"So I understand."

"He means to be an acquisition, all right! He's quite a lady's man!"

"Frenchmen have that reputation."

"Are you sorry he came?"

If Miss Crichton-Mièville had told the truth she would have said: "I have good reason to be so." But as this was impossible, she temporized by remarking: "I think it was a very pleasant and sociable party as it was. We had all grown to know each other."

"Why, yes, that's always pleasant. Particularly for lonely people like ourselves." Miss Mièville smiled a little nervously. The quiet comprehension of

the remark suggested that he had been studying her to some purpose. "It's been real homey up here," went on the American with his deliberate drawl. "It makes me feel that I've lost something being a bachelor."

"There is yet time to remedy that," said Miss Mièville kindly, much as she might have spoken to a grandnephew. "If human beings begin to feel the need for a thing, that proves it none too late to obtain."

"Is that your own opinion?" said Torrance.

"I do not quite understand—"

"I thought we spoke from the same standpoint. We have both missed that happiness, I guess."

Miss Crichton-Mièville gasped. Once or twice of late she had feared—what had she feared? Nothing—something too absurd to be definite. Now in her nameless agitation some untoward movement on her own part knocked the gold-rimmed glasses from her nose, and for a moment she looked full into Torrance's quiet, strong eyes with her own, unguarded and unspoiled. He lifted the thing he had been playing with and laid it on her knee, and her eyes falling hastily from his saw that it was a spray of almond blossom—the last surely on the tree.

"I thought it was all over!" she said in her quickened breath.

"It is, nearly. This is the last. I've been watching that spray for you. I noticed you liked it. Will you have it?"

"Thank you," she said, and rose with unusual haste to go to her room, for it was growing late. "Good night!"

"Good night," he echoed, standing back to let her pass. His eyes followed her as she crossed the wide lounge, the first quick steps so unlike her unhurried movements; then she checked herself and moved with the deliberation that added to her years.

Once in her own room, Miss Mièville locked the door and sat down before the looking glass as she had done at Perrier les Bains. She had no maid—why should she have a maid when everyone was ready to do her some service? Besides, servants talk, even when bound to

secrecy. Miss Mièville took off the gold-rimmed glasses, the old lace that draped her head, and looked at her reflection. Then she saw that a dreadful thing was happening: *she was growing younger!* She might have expected it, but it was a shock. The care she was taking of herself, the rest and added comfort—yes, and the enjoyment she was getting out of life—had smoothed out the worried lines and filled in the hollows as well as M. Savonnais could have done. She thought of his despairing appeal: "*Ah, mademoiselle, permettez-moi de vous rajeunir!*" and then she thought of that awkward moment when her glasses had fallen and Torrance had looked her full in the face. . . .

"I won't have it! It is monstrous. No more of youth for me—I have had enough of it!" she said confusedly, but whether her words referred to the revelation she saw in the glass or the revelation in Torrance's eyes she did not say.

There seemed but one thing to do: to leave the Santa Luzia if her peace of mind was gone. But while she hesitated fate cut the knot for her in an unexpected fashion. She had delayed with some trepidation to put in an appearance the next day, until most of the guests in the hotel had gone on a riding expedition. Mr. Torrance she knew had gone, and the widow, Mrs. Lumley and Mr. Redmund and his nurse. Even Lady Soames had been persuaded to entrust herself to a hammock and its native bearers. They were going to Ribeiro Frio, and she could count on having the hotel practically to herself for the day, for she naturally imagined that the young people had gone, too. Such, however, it appeared was not the case, for as she crossed the lawn in the direction of her favorite seat in the *mirante* young Truelove came running out from the hotel and offered to carry her rugs.

"Why, Mr. Truelove—I thought you had gone out riding!" she said in some surprise.

The boy's pleasant, open face clouded a little.

"No—I didn't care about it; I've seen that rotten old Ribeiro Frio so often!" he stammered.

"Has Miss Soames gone?" said Miss Crichton-Mièville quietly.

"I don't think so. She had a headache."

"What did you quarrel about?" asked the elderly lady with a little smile.

"That beastly Frenchman! He was hanging about her all last evening, and when I asked her to ride with me today she wouldn't say yes or no; so I was not going to play second fiddle anyway—be thrown over at the last minute for De Salis!"

"And then Ella got indignant, too, and had a headache and wouldn't go either? Where is the Count?"

"Oh, he set out with them. I bet he meant to sneak back and hang about her again, though. Well, anyhow, it's not my business. I sha'n't spoil sport!"

"You are two very foolish children, and you ought to be put in two separate corners!" said Miss Crichton-Mièville, laughing, as she sat down in her chair. "If you see Ella, ask her to come and talk to me, will you?"

"She went to her room to lie down; I don't think she has come out again," said the young man as he turned away; but his tone was more hopeful, and Miss Crichton-Mièville calculated that, armed with a message from herself, he would be able to approach his offended deity with assurance.

She watched him stride off in the direction of the hotel again, evidently to watch for Ella, and opened her book. But she did not read much. The Count was already making mischief and that required thought, and her own dismay of last night was still in her mind. The bogey of youth! Most women feared to go forward and meet old age, but Miss Mièville feared to go back. She was too tired for violent emotions or violent delights. All she wished was to be left in peace.

And just then she sprang up, startled by a cry, and all her usual reposefulness vanished in a moment. The sound came from the direction of the waterfall, whose white flash she could just see through the trees; and it sounded like a girl's voice, startled, asking help, outraged. The next instant Miss Mièville was fly-

ing across the lawn in the direction of the sound, impeded by her long gown and her own fear, but running as no one in the hotel would have imagined she could run even to the rescue. The waterfall, like all Madeira cascades, was very beautiful in effect, but it was also dangerous in its force and volume; and just where it skirted the grounds of the hotel it widened over a bed of rock that gave it a momentary level where it ran with the fury of a millrace. Then the volume of water tore down the mountainside to find its leaping bed in the valley. As Miss Mièville emerged from the trees to full sight of the waterfall, she was an untoward spectator of a little drama in pantomime.

On the bank of the stream, just where it widened, stood Ella Soames and the Count, the girl struggling in the man's arms, his dissipated face thrust forward to hers in the evident endeavor to kiss her. The Count had lost his head, and was ruining his own cause in the quick emotion of the moment, carried away by his amorous blood, the girl's flushed resistance and the fatal lure of opportunity. But even as Miss Mièville advanced Ella thrust him back and freed herself—more, she lost her balance with the impetus, and to the onlooker's horror fell backward into the churning water. Miss Mièville saw her swung round with the force of the current, though the stream was so shallow that could she regain her feet the water would not reach to her knees; but when she looked to see the Count plunge after her to the rescue, she was staggered to find him pause, shudder and suddenly draw away.

He was afraid—afraid of the miniature whirlpool that was carrying the half-senseless girl round and round nearer the rocky ledge over which it might easily dash her headlong. As she passed him in her headlong flight Miss Mièville found space to turn her head and give him one look of quick contempt before she caught a strong branch of laurel that was hanging over the water, and with this for a support splashed into the stream. It was not really dangerous, for she kept her balance, and the



rush of the water only swayed her as she bent forward with outstretched hand, calling to the girl. Ella was struggling and slipping to regain her feet, and catching the friendly hand, dragged herself upright against the treacherous onslaught of the water; but it was more than Miss Mièville could accomplish to get them both onto the bank again, and she turned and called sharply for help, reluctant even in her extremity to force the cowardly Count into the position of rescuer at this late hour.

Her shout was answered, though not by De Salis. Young Truelove was running over the grass—he must have seen Miss Mièville's flying "figure before he had time to outdistance her—as fast as a sprinting reputation for his college could take him. He reached the bank just in time to see the Count vanish into the shady shrubberies of the garden, and in a few minutes had got both women out upon the bank, and was pouring out interrogations and exclamations:

"How did it happen? That damned Count showed the white feather! I hope you are not hurt, Miss Mièville! Ella, my darling, for God's sake speak to me!"

Somehow or other he had got the girl in his arms, where she rested without any of the objection she had showed to the Count's embrace. Miss Mièville laughed a little nervously as she looked at them, for they were in such sudden earnest as to be almost oblivious of her presence or of her own and Ella's dripping clothes. But it was noticeable—had anyone been there to notice—that she did not herself pay much attention to the heavy folds of her wet gown or soaking feet, but put her hand up stealthily to her head, from which the shady hat had been half knocked off by the laurel boughs. She set it straight nervously before she turned to the lovers.

"Come, Ella; we are both hopelessly wet, and you will catch cold," she said decidedly. "There is plenty of time to talk about it all afterwards, Mr. Truelove. Just now the best thing we can do is to go indoors and change our clothes."

"Yes, of course—yes," the young man agreed confusedly. But he still kept

his arm round Ella, who no doubt needed support; and in this fashion they returned to the hotel, where he relieved his excitement somewhat by ordering wine and hot coffee and other impossible remedies against a chill.

It was not Ella, however, who suffered from her immersion. Young blood quickly recuperates, even from an unexpected bath; but Miss Crichton-Mièville was really not a strong woman, and the sudden plunge into cold water up to her knees was a shock to her whole system. Perhaps, too, she was glad of an excuse to remain in her room—which was at least consistent with her recent care of herself—for she did not appear again that day, and when the excursion party came home in the later afternoon and heard of the adventure, one of the heroines of it was not present to be congratulated. The Count had quietly and unostentatiously taken himself and his luggage away from the Santa Luzia by means of mule transport, and it was understood that he was going back to the New Hotel. Anyhow, his game was up, as far as Ella was concerned, and after a lecture on the sinfulness of headaches and staying at home, Lady Soames kissed her niece and shook hands heartily with young Truelove, whose face took on a new radiance of hope.

Torrance had listened to the story without more expression than usual in his leathern face; but when it was all told he went and touched Nurse Ida on the arm.

"I wish you'd go and see how Miss Crichton-Mièville has come through this," he said. "I'm in for a sleepless night until I know."

Nurse Ida nodded, with a little mischievous smile at him. "Shall I tell her so?" she said. It struck her as no more than amusing to pretend a middle-aged romance with John B. Torrance as the hero.

But when she had penetrated into Miss Crichton-Mièville's room and talked to her she forgot to be amused. Miss Mièville was slightly feverish—probably as much from shock as from anything else—and would not admit anyone except the little nurse, who loy-

ally accepted the trust reposed in her and from that hour took charge of the case. It proved to be more serious than anyone had remotely dreamed, and after a day or two Nurse Ida sought Mr. Torrance.

"I want a doctor. Her temperature is one hundred and four, and I think she has pneumonia."

He had been hanging about the corridor for hours like a starved dog, and there was a look of beaten courage on his face that she did not expect.

"I'll go," he said briefly. "I wish I had a wheel—I'd be there in half the time it takes these mules!" Then he hesitated and half turned back. "I suppose she won't see me? Not for a minute?"

"No—she won't see anyone but me." The firm young lips closed loyally.

"Did you give her my message?"

"I gave her *all* your messages! Now are you going, Mr. Torrance, or shall I send another messenger?"

He went swiftly, and with his American method of "hustle" contrived to get himself and the mules down to Funchal in half the time it took them ordinarily. The same business habits ran a doctor to earth and convinced him of the necessity of his immediate attendance; and though the ascent of the mountain was inevitably slower than the descent, he was just in time—to write a death certificate.

Miss Mièville had died at sunset, almost before the visitors in the hotel had time to realize that she was seriously ill. The nurse came out of the sickroom with red eyes to meet Torrance and his long, blank face. It seemed as if all the expression had gone out of it, and yet something in the despondence of his figure made her confide in him as she could not in anyone else.

"It was heart failure—the fever was so rapid after the chill," she said in an odd, choked voice. "I thought I could save her; I tried to. Oh, and she was a good woman—she has been good to me!" He nodded, as if at an old story that he knew already, and she turned on him half fiercely. "Do you know what she

has done? She has left me half her money—she *would* write a codicil to her will this morning, and two of the hotel people witnessed it. I let her do it to satisfy her, but I never thought she would die—on my honor, I did not! She wanted to make me independent, because of something I once said to her. I was hard and ungrateful, and it hurt her—she was very gentle."

"Yes," he echoed, "she was very gentle."

The nurse dashed the bright tears from her eyes as the English doctor came out of the room and closed the door carefully behind him. When he had gone the nurse turned to Torrance a little hesitatingly.

"There was one curious thing about Miss Mièville," she said. "I don't know if I ought to tell you. Did you know that she wore a wig?"

He looked at her dully, as if such details mattered very little. "Many women do, don't they?" was all he said.

"Yes, but the odd thing is that it was not to make her look younger—it could not have been, for her own hair was quite brown! There was not a gray thread in it!"

He laid his heavy hand suddenly on her shoulder, as if abruptly roused. "Look here; you're not going to say that to anyone else!" he said. "Does the doctor know?"

"No—how could he? I had done everything for her long before he came. And—and I put away the wig. I am not going to let anybody else in the hotel see her—she did not wish it; but if you would like to I think she would not mind."

He nodded without speaking, and followed her as she led the way into the room, turning the key in the door behind them. Miss Mièville looked very peaceful, and the magician Death had smoothed away the last lines from her face as he has a way of doing. The disfiguring glasses were gone; the gray hair was gone; the heavy elderly gown and white lace were laid aside forever. There was only a slim woman lying on the bed, all in white, with her hands meekly

crossed on her breast. And the peaceful face almost smiled in its frame of soft brown hair.

“She told me she was forty—but she looks like a girl!” said the nurse, touching the soft hair lovingly.

Torrance spoke in the stillness of his heart, but not aloud:

“She was afraid that I might grow to care for her. She denied herself to an earthly lover. She disguised herself to me, and thought that her assumed age would prove a barrier; but there was one lover that she could not deny—Death.”

What he said aloud was: “She was very fond of almond blossom. I wish I could find a last spray for her; but it’s all over.”

“She has one—look!” The nurse touched the folded hands; and then he saw the faded little spray that he had given her a few nights before. “I found it placed so carefully in water that I

thought she valued it and would like to have it.”

He bent his head in grave assent, and turned to follow her from the room. Then through the open window he heard the faint chirping of the grasshoppers beginning their evening orchestra, the monotonous song that one hears in all hot climates; the sound awakened a connection in his brain, and reminded him of the very verse that had haunted Annie Mièville. A quotation from the Bible was the last thing Nurse Ida had expected from him, and she was startled to hear him suddenly speak in the words of the long dead preacher, slowly and with pauses between the beautiful phrases, as one who considers their wisdom:

“‘The almond tree shall flourish—and the grasshopper shall be a burden—and desire shall fail. Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.’”



## LOST SOLITUDE

By Wanda Petrunkevitch

THE wilderness is passing—low the wail,  
Great trees, wee, bright-eyed melodists that bleed  
Where monstrous cities, rising, spawn and feed  
On the dead loveliness of plain and vale;  
In clangor die unheard their voices frail,  
Where streams that iron taskmasters, fettered, lead,  
And the wind, its comrades seeking, pine and reed,  
Dust-stifled, on the stone ways faint and fail;  
While we who mourn lost wild and lonely height,  
The riven dream, the beauty that hath been,  
Saw pass, of late, 'tween sunset glow and star,  
An aeroplane, half joying in its flight,  
Half fearful lest one day these winged men  
The very heavens with war and tumult scar.



EVERYTHING you get for nothing costs you something.

# CHRISTMAS PROVERBS

By John Kendrick Bangs

**T**HE true test of a happy Christmas lies in one's capacity to be thankful for what one doesn't get.

In filling your best beloved's stocking, be careful not to put your foot in it.

It is more blessed to give than to receive the bills for what you have given.

A plum pudding in the hand is worth two in the vicinity of the vermiform appendix.

The girl who can stand under the mistletoe and won't, deserves her fate.

An inch too much today will make an acher tomorrow.

A red Christmas maketh a blue New Year.

Presents make the heart grow fonder.

A good Christmas needs no tree.

Money makes the care go.



**“WHAT** did he get for riding that wild colt?”  
“Three bucks.”



**“HASN’T** he piercing eyes?”  
“Piercing! He bores me to death.”



**M**AN is made of dust, and woman settles him.

# GRAND FOUR

By Marie Louise Van Saanen

**I**T was Christmas day in Paris, and Grand Four was wishing himself home.

Home, for him, was represented by a very tender, gently obstinate widowed mother living in Cleveland, Ohio, sending more than she could afford to her son in Paris, under the ambitious conviction that, once gloriously laden with medals and a diploma from the Beaux Arts, he would come sailing back to be the biggest architect in Cleveland, if not in America. Twice a week he received long letters from her assuring him that the entire final joy of her hitherto starved life depended on the reward he could give her for her faith and sacrifice.

Meanwhile Jason Brown, which was his real name, had been labeled "Grand Four" by his *atelier*. "Four," in French vernacular, means a failure. He had just managed to struggle through the exams of entrance into the Beaux Arts. Now he was vegetating in the Second Class, from which some day he hoped to reach the First Class and his diploma.

Being silent, taciturn and awkward, not adaptable to the facile, slangy atmosphere of his *atelier*, which was one of the cheapest in the Beaux Arts, he remained a stranger to his comrades, not even often tormented by them, never asked to work for them, as is the etiquette in the last rush of *concours*, and in consequence never helped in turn. His compatriots, good-natured enough fellows, taking their careers at the loping pace of those not in a hurry, failed to see reason why they should occupy themselves with him, for he never went to the Café des Deux Magots, their especial haunt or to the Café du Dôme on the Boulevard Montparnasse; he never

drank with them, or joined in any of the callow excitements of Anglo-Saxons turned free in a city like Paris. When there was a *concours*, while everyone else started in at the last moment and scrambled through more or less brilliantly, Jason Brown, as soon as he could, long before any of the rest of them, would set to work grimly and soberly, his rather weak mouth and chin temporarily square, his eyes red and strained from sleepless nights and his back aching from its tired bend over his commonplace series of sheets in the painfully thought-out *projet*.

It was true that in the Second Class he was better able to cope with the work than he ever would be in the First, for the former covers the technical part of architecture, the mathematical, constructive side of it, in which one needs less imagination than perseverance. Jason Brown, toiled patiently as he would at his imagination, could never summon other visions than those of the everyday earthly multitude of conscientious workmen. But, like many Americans, he could acquire technique, and this was what he was doing, thanks to no encouragement from either "Antoine," the *patron* of his *atelier*, or any of the young ones in it, or Dumond, the irascible, unjust and much hated professor at the Beaux Arts, who held in his stingy hand the key of the exam which passed one into the coveted First Class.

This particular Christmas day, for the first time in many weeks, Grand Four was feeling hopelessly discouraged. Usually he was too tenacious and not analytical enough to acknowledge discouragement. Perhaps now it was the inarticulate sentimentality of accumu-

lated loneliness on a holiday still traditional among a few of the old-fashioned, who claim the annual rights of a family, a tree, a dinner and a jovial good time. Jason Brown had known these things as they should be when his father, a simple, kindly man, was alive. Without them, all at once, he looked and felt forlorn, as he shambled up the Boulevard Raspail at midday, his tall, angular figure sagging at one padded shoulder of his cheap suit, his full, shapeless trousers flapping rhythm to his shuffling gait. His hands sought warmth in his pockets; his coffee-colored shock of wiry hair, stiff beneath an absurdly round, small felt hat—all of him, in fact, betrayed a type of American frequently seen in that quarter of Paris.

It was lunch time and he was hungry, so he gravitated toward a quiet little restaurant on the Boulevard Montparnasse, and there prepared to gratify the unquenchable necessities of an appetite. He ate without noticing any of the conventional attempts at Christmas decoration, creased red ribbons and cheap holly, which hung as obvious lures and deceptions to the homeless. It was a restaurant patronized by many Americans, in honor of whom the luncheon offered vaguely a national menu for the day. Jason was served turkey, but no mince pie. While he sipped a cup of bitter coffee, he leaned back in his chair and wondered with dismal wistfulness what he could do that afternoon. Of course the American colony was celebrating in its various and sharply defined cliques, but he did not belong to any of these clannish circles, and no invitations, in consequence, had been issued to him. He was therefore almost conspicuously lonely, as murmuring "*Bon jour*," to an absent-minded *patronne*, he made his way out after the coffee was finished, and stood in front of the restaurant, whistling out of tune, and looking up and down the Boulevard, as if he were expecting someone he knew to join him. The so often enforced consciousness of his tiny room on a sixth floor, facing a broken-jawed roof line and looking down upon a suppressed courtyard, did not cheer him with any illusions of home.

Suddenly he thought of the *atelier*. It was much larger than his room, perhaps a little warmer. No one else would be there on Christmas, he told himself grimly. He might ask the key from the *concierge*, go there and sit undisturbed in a place intimately associated with the patient grind of his years in Paris. He might sit and think over the drab existence of a problem stirring for the first time in his unanalytical mind. He hunched his shoulders higher and started off to the Boulevard Saint Michel. There all the noisy spirit of the Latin Quarter swarmed and flew, heedless of him. Today it slapped brutally at a latent revolt in his being—the revolt of one who never has been and never could be part of it. The carelessly improvised *baragues*, squatting mushrooms grown in a night, strung in front of the cafés, the penny displays of their wares, the itinerant newsboys shrieking their papers in hoarse voices, the pendulum swing of cheap Bohemianism, all these sounds which belonged less to Christmas than to an occasion of missing a day's routine, smote his ears ungratefully. He was relieved when he turned from the Boulevard, to the quieter tiny old winding street of Saint André des Arts, where the Atelier Antoine, hidden back on a courtyard, offered shelter of a kind to his forlornness.

The *concierge* was entertaining her mother and father and grandmother and sister and sister's husband and their children and as many other vague branches of an apparently endless family as could be crammed around the table in her dark, stifling *loge*. The air was heavy with cooking and cheap wine. The *concierge*, shiny of face, her short neck planted in the starch of a clean collar, her fingers important beneath the display of all her fussy semi-precious stone rings, hovered over a mysterious stove at the back of the room. She came forward reluctantly when Jason Brown knocked at the *loge* door and asked for the key of the *atelier*.

"There is someone already," she said, and regarded with suspicious eyes the awkward young man blocking her door-



way. The family also stopped eating and drinking to stare and listen.

"Oh, thank you, madame," stammered Grand Four, and backing away, closed the door. Then he stood still, hesitating and disappointed. Someone was before him, one of the merciless-tongued, keen-eyed young men with whom he could never be natural. He wondered which of them it was, dimly surprised that any except himself could wish to seek the *atelier* on a holiday. The names of a few of the men swept suggestively to his mind, but he rejected them as possibilities. It could not be Thatcher Graham, the American, who only came to the *atelier* when it was quite necessary, nor Maurice La Paule, known as the "Delightful Nonentity," the adored *atelier* jester, nor the earnest Paul Chaillot, who always went to the country over holidays, nor Jean Laurens, a future Prix de Rome, the most talented man in the *atelier*, and, for that matter, in the Beaux Arts, who did not need to work during the holidays.

There were three rooms to the *atelier*, a big central one and two side wings, one the pride of Antoine's, its library, the other a poorly lighted little room with only three or four tables; this was where Grand Four worked. It was therefore possible, he reasoned at last, even if there were someone else, still to arrange to be alone in one of the unoccupied rooms. He decided to risk slipping in unobserved.

The key was in the outside lock, as he had hoped it would be. He opened the door very silently and tiptoed into the main room. There seemed to be no one around. Both side doors were closed. As noiselessly as he knew how—and when he was alone he was less awkward—he crossed the big *atelier* without giving warning of his presence, and opened the door leading into his small workroom. It was empty, except for the long tables strewn with forgotten sheets of paper, broken bits of pencil, ink bottles, T squares and other architects' instruments left about with the carelessness of youth. On the wall were nailed a few torn posters of café concert fame, and on one strip of unoccupied space a

clever and cruel caricature of Grand Four, done in a jocular moment by the Delightful Nonentity. Grand Four closed the door after him, and alone in this tiny room, so untidy and neglected in its subservience to the rush and thoughtlessness of student life, he sat heavily on a high stool and leaned his elbows on his own table.

He was one of the many who, strain and push and pull as they will, may never claim the assurance and egoism of creative talent; he was, on the other hand, one of the rare few in this hopeless category who ever realized the futility of an attempt to cheat their destiny. He was a carthorse—he would never have wings.

During the dull, unimaginative course of his boyhood only the urgent ambitions of his mother had kept him active, for by himself he had never given birth to "ideas."

There occurred to him a not unfamiliar surrender of pride as he now sat alone on the high stool by his worktable and tried to measure all he had given to the furthering of a goal he could never reach. The future showed pitilessly like the past, a painful trudge through years of incapacity to accomplish intelligent things.

He did not question the fairness of fairy birth gifts which gave one man mediocrity, the other genius; but as mentally he denominated himself a mediocrity, the word seemed suddenly to sum up all he was or ever could be. The stamp of it was upon his forehead, in the patient unresponse of his eyes, the stoop of his shoulders, in his attack upon work to be ground from the reserve force of mere obstinate animal strength. The Beaux Arts gave to such men as he its machinery, the academic influence of its theories, the opportunity of a reputation, but it could not teach him talent. The unlearnable thing was at his feet, just as chance is always at one's feet ready to become glory if it be uplifted. He could not lift chance into the skies. He was a mediocrity. For one tragic flash, when mediocrity becomes God, he *saw* and *knew* that his life was only vital as one of the many in a great mass com-

posed of atoms. Would it ever be worth while to pretend to his mother that her privations and dreams had harvests to reap? His honesty was stern in questioning.

He raised his head and gazed about the room. The tables and paraphernalia of the *atelier* seemed all at once eloquent instruments of secretive inspiration beyond his reach. Try as he might, the vision of great buildings conceived from this youthful chrysalis could not rise clear and true of silhouette. He knew they were there, cities and country become city, but his inner eye could never spell them into line and stone. Yet America needed men of daring and originality; America was waiting for prophets; its cities needed the visible apotheosis of their power, the strong, virile hives of iron and brick which shelter the industrious dreams of men and women.

Perhaps it would be braver to acknowledge defeat of a mission and go back before the years of his study were over. If he went the *atelier* would not miss him, he thought wearily; no one in Paris would miss him.

At such a summing-up of failure a sudden dull resentment grew and fastened itself on a first tangible grievance. The *atelier*, the men, the *patron*, to whom he paid his poor little monthly dues for harsh criticism—none of them would miss him if he went. Even there alone he seemed to hear the laughter and bustle of students who did not accept him as one of their own kind. He started to his feet, bewildered by a strange mood of taut and suddenly discovered nerves. Sullen hatred of the place came to him. He started blindly for the door, wishing now to go, to seek the streets and noise and lights. But once in the big central room, he stopped and listened, wondering if the other man, whoever he was, had gone.

The door into the library, closed when he had arrived, was standing now slightly ajar. A faint sound came from the room behind the door, the sound of paper rustling and tearing. Grand Four stood very still as he heard it, and remembered things he had not troubled to think of before.

For some time past there had been a scandal brewing in the *atelier*. Acts of vandalism had been committed in the library. Valuable pages of reference had been cut from some of the most precious books. One or two volumes had disappeared outright. Slowly the loss of these daily consulted documents had become known. The librarian was distracted; the men whispered among themselves; discreet watch was set; but the thief could not be detected. Just before the holidays an important page from Lepautre was found missing. Then the murmurs grew louder. Something must be done. But Christmas was near, and the librarian and the *massier*, the chief of the *atelier*, counseled waiting until after the holidays.

Now Grand Four, without intending to spy or find out anything about the scandal which concerned him so little, had stumbled on the truth of the story. For he was certain, standing there near the door, that it was the thief rustling and tearing paper in the library. It had been the thief who had opened the door to find out if he were still alone. The closed door of the other room and Grand Four's silence had reassured him.

Then Grand Four felt a violent clutch of unholy joy at his heart. In the misery of his present rebellion, he was glad something had been taken belonging to this *atelier*, which had so coldly put him in his place, which had been the cause of self-condemnation—he was glad that those who had never paid just attention to him were being cheated by one of their lot, cleverer than they. He stood still, hardly knowing which way to move. He wanted to get out of the place quietly and let the thief alone. It was all none of his business, he told himself, and, rigid, continued listening.

There was the muffled sound of a big book closed, silence and another rustling of more pages turning.

Grand Four held his breath. The big room with its disordered array of tables, unfilled, shadeless lamps, posters and smudged caricatures on the once white walls, seemed to be listening, too. There was something commanding about its invisible ear. Its attention suggested

comradeship, trust of littered papers left trailing, unison of work betrayed, a spirit of sturdiness in endeavor and youth outraged. Everything honest and just in him rose rapidly to meet the mute influence of the room. For one brief instant he became part of it, one of the *atelier* men whose rights were being attacked. He waited no further. Striding forward, he reached the library door and flung it open.

Someone was bending over the table, a pocket knife in his hand, ripping out the pages of a book. At the noise in the doorway this someone raised his eyes, then, with the sudden preservative motion of the guilty, closed the book quickly and slid his hand with the pocket knife under the table edge.

"*Ah—toi!*" exclaimed Jean Laurens. The thief was Jean Laurens then—Jean Laurens, the future Prix de Rome. Grand Four's shoulders grew square beneath their padded width. His head thrust forward, jaw salient, he came near to the table.

"What were you doing?" he demanded in his clumsy French.

"And what affair is it of yours?" snapped the other, watchfulness and some relief in his eyes. Grand Four did not count as a man to be reckoned with.

"What's in your hand?"

"*Eh, bien—quoil!*" cried Jean Laurens. "There is impertinence! I read, I study; and you dare question me! Since when? *Fiche le camp, mon vieux.*"

But Grand Four lurched forward unexpectedly, being ill at ease with French and monosyllabic by habit, and preferring to argue the thing out in action. He seized the wrist of the hidden hand.

"*Ah, non!*" sputtered the Frenchman. "*Ah, non!*" and sprang to his feet, wrenching free his hand.

Then Grand Four muttered bad words in English and went for the hand again. They fought. The Frenchman was small, thin and hollow-chested from long hours of study, but his eyes blazed combatively and the hand which still held the knife did its best to jerk away.

Grand Four, once aroused, was strong. He fought with the muscles of his awkward body iron now beneath his slow

rising anger. They fought for a violent moment. The tables and chairs scraped against the bare floor; the thump and shuffle of their feet beat uneven rhythm to the sway of their bodies. Their heads twisted to one side, their arms coiled and clenched, their bodies like trees resisting a wind, they fought, grown primitive with the encounter, grown savage with the desire to vanquish. It ended as suddenly as it had begun. Grand Four hunched higher one shoulder, insisted on a favorable grip and pushed steadily downward. Jean Laurens slipped, fell and was on the floor; the American, kneeling beside him, tugged the knife at last from his hand.

A crippled page cut from a mutilated book had fallen near. Grand Four mechanically leaned over, picked it up and smoothed it—as he struggled to his feet.

"You're a nice one!" he remarked, still in English.

The Frenchman scrambled from the floor and stood glowering, ready to fight again. But Grand Four put the knife in his pocket, and deigning no other word, started for the door.

"Wait—wait; give me my knife," cried Jean Laurens. Grand Four shook his head.

"Thou, Grand Four—" blustered the future Prix de Rome, advancing a step; and with rumpled hair and worried eyes he began to gesticulate. "You are stronger than I—I shall no longer fight with you. But listen to me. What do you wish of me? What makes it to you that which I do? Give me my knife and I will forgive you for fighting with me like a brute."

Grand Four shook his head. "I guess not," he said.

"You know nothing," asserted the other, and his voice grew threatening. "It is a mistake to make of me an enemy. If you will forget today, I, Jean Laurens, will help you in your work, will make you gain the medals, will make it that you pass into the First Class. It is what you want—no? But if you tell lies to them, they will not believe you. It will be you who will have to leave the *atelier*. Do you understand?"

Grand Four surveyed Jean Laurens

gingerly, "I understand," he said, and did not give up the knife.

"Look you," went on the Frenchman; "I want my knife. You had better give it to me. You are not loved here, and I am. I have a career, a future. I am to be a big architect. I cannot afford to have you, Grand Four, tell lies about me."

"You know you're a thief," stated Grand Four in a disgusted voice.

Jean Laurens, flushed of face, threw open his arms in a gesture of surrender. "Well—to please you, yes. And then? You will not betray me, because you are no one, and you have no right in this affair. The books are cut. And then? I did need the books for reference. I am poor. I cannot buy them. I study from them at nights."

"Why don't you come here?" Grand Four made no further move to leave, but leaned against the wall by the door, his hands in his pockets.

"Because"—Jean Laurens hesitated—"because I have a little *amie*—Rosalie. She will not have me leave her at night. I work by her side while she sleeps. Then what would you?" He shrugged his shoulders. "The documents are of value to me always—when I shall have left the school."

"Umph!" grunted Jason Brown. His body, recently strained to unaccustomed exercise of brute power, had regained its more or less inefficient lines of clumsiness. He stood, shifting from one foot to another. Then Jean Laurens, with sudden Gallic play of despair, sank into a chair by the table, put his face in his hands and wept shamelessly. "My name, my future, my art!" he gasped, between the rise and fall of unmanly sobs.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Grand Four, "don't be a cry baby. What did you do it for?"

"You who have no art in your soul, you do not understand the love and need of owning such things, such documents and books, of the passion to advance at any cost, to own them—to steal, if in stealing one gains something! You do not know the itch in my fingers as I look at these beautiful things which should be mine by right of my talent."

"No, I don't," agreed Grand Four soberly.

Jean Laurens wept on. "And now it is in your hands, you who have never been of us, you who are not an artist. *Mon Dieu*, is there no pity for my career? I will not steal again, I promise you; but do not ruin me—do not." His thin shoulders and thin body were curved in a bend of despair. He had abandoned his threats, his attitude of the bully. He was afraid.

"Get up and stop that noise," ordered Grand Four. "I'll think it over."

"If you would—" Rising from his chair, Jean Laurens came forward appealingly. "Give me then my knife."

But the American shoved him aside, and without another word strode from the room, unheeding of wails and protests.

Down the stairs he went, and into the street, grown dark, leaving the *atelier* and the pitiful Jean Laurens far behind.

Crisp evening lights sparkled orange from the shadows, and the smell of winter dusk and damp lay fresh in the twilight. Grand Four walked down to the Seine. Once on the *quai*, he leaned against the parapet and stared at the gray river. In the distance Christmas sounds capered unavailingly; bells rang, their toll clinging to the mist; vapor rose from the secretive water. Not far away, like a tall ghost, draperies floating, rose Notre Dame.

Grand Four was thinking so hard that he did not notice the Seine, though he stared at it. He was thinking of Jean Laurens, the man he had so often envied, the man who had carried off first medals in the big Concours Rougevin and Chénard and Achille Leclère, whose name was the pride of his *atelier*—Jean Laurens, a central figure in the comrade spirit and unwritten *atelier* laws. This man was a thief, a savage destroyer of *atelier* property, a hypocrite. He, Grand Four, the *atelier* fool, had in his power, by a word, the destruction of a career; for, once judged guilty by his *atelier*, once chased from it in shame, he would be branded in the Beaux Arts and could hope for no mercy. Grand Four, thinking of all this, was moved to a melan-

choly such as he had never felt before. He was discovering the irony of things.

Whatever a beast this Jean Laurens could be in matter of morals, he was a great artist. Grand Four, alone by the Seine, engulfed and forgotten in this stranger city, alien to it and its gifts, wondered what he should do. His hand in his pocket felt the knife, the proof of Laurens's guilt. There were initials carved on that knife; all the *atelier* knew it as his knife.

Grand Four thought of the men who had neglected him, of the *patron's* cutting criticisms, of the decision, almost reached that afternoon, to leave the Beaux Arts, go home and confess failure to his mother. After all, was it any of his business what Jean Laurens did with the *atelier* property, or indeed what Jean Laurens could do with his future or with his soul, were he given a chance? Then, because he had never decided anything in a hurry, he decided to wait until after the holidays before taking action of any kind, and, frowning, he left the Seine and walked slowly toward his tiny room.

But it was several days after New Year's before he could go to the *atelier*. He had caught cold Christmas day and lay shivering and shaking with chills and fever, cared for by a quite maternal *concierge*. During that time he thought of nothing. When he could, he stumbled into his clothes and went to the *atelier*. There were very few there that morning. The Delightful Nonentity was banging the bedraggled piano, and the rest of them were howling in chorus:

*"Et je m'disais, la voyant si gentille,  
'C'est bien dommage qu'elle boite comme ça,  
la pauvre fille.'"*

They were an unruly lot, with the carelessness of recent vacation still humming wild songs in their young brains. They pounded their T squares on the tables in rhythm. Paul Chaillot, an earnest soul, sat astride a tall stool and whistled out of tune. Eddie Forrest shuffled a few clog steps as he stood bending over his work. Jean Laurens was not there.

No one paid any attention to Grand

Four as he entered. Passing the board upon which was pinned notices and unclaimed letters, he paused to look at a sign, conspicuous in size and evident importance. It read:

*Grande Reunion d'Anciens  
Ce Soir, 8.30, à l'atelier.*

The *massier*, a good young man, standing near with one of the older students, was talking in a low voice, but as Grand Four sought to pass them, he caught the words, "this evening"—"thief." Then the *massier* stepped forward and spoke to him.

"*Toi*, Grand Four, come tonight," he said. It seemed more a command than a suggestion.

"All right," said Grand Four, and wondered dully why the *massier* should care if he came to the reunion.

Whatever word had been sent around, it must have been a message of summons, for that evening no one was missing, and in the air of the *atelier*, dimly lighted by its smoky, ill kept lamps, hovered an atmosphere of only half repressed excitement. There was much noise, shoving of tables and chairs, an agitated coming and going, whistling, stamping of feet and knots of men in corners, whispering. Jean Laurens was present. He was flushed and overanimated, smoking cigarette after cigarette. He slid a startled look in the direction of Grand Four, who, ungainly, ill at ease, entered alone, and later, before the reunion began, managed to edge within whispering distance.

"Where have you been these days? I have hunted for you. Have you my knife?"

"Been sick," answered Grand Four laconically.

"You will tell nothing—nothing?" Laurens's voice was burdened with doubt and entreaty. "I will kill myself—I will—"

Grand Four looked at him a second. "I guess not," he drawled. "Perhaps not—this time." He did not add that, sorely perplexed with memories of school days and codes of honor learned as a boy, he revolted against telling tales on a fellow creature, and so discouraged,

sick with the thing, he had decided to allow Jean Laurens his chance, and he, Grand Four, was going away, going to give up the struggle to win a diploma.

"You will not be sorry," whispered Jean Laurens fervently.

Now the *massier* rose and made a few indifferent remarks on indifferent topics of interest to the welfare of the *atelier*. No one paid much attention to him. Then suddenly he stopped talking, rang a bell for silence and looked searchingly through the clouds of cheap tobacco smoke which floated low over the hunched figures of the men, some standing, leaning against the wall, others perched on the tables, others on high stools and chairs. There was instant quiet and attention. Clearing his throat, the *massier* began to talk.

He said that he was about to speak of a very delicate and grave matter which concerned so intimately the honor of the *atelier* that it could no longer be ignored. As they all knew, there had been several mysterious disappearances of valuable pages and books from the library. Even after the most discreet care and watchfulness, the depredations had continued. It had become a question of immediate necessity to trace the thief.

Before the holidays the librarian, a faithful comrade, had gone over each and every one of the books, taking note of those already tampered with, recording those missing. Also on leaving the *atelier* for the holidays, he, the *massier*, had assumed the disagreeable task of begging the *concierge* to observe each and every man who might ask for the key of the *atelier*.

At this, Grand Four, sitting alone in a corner, looked at Jean Laurens, who was fidgeting with a pencil, twirling it back and forth with his fingers.

Upon returning to the *atelier*, continued the *massier*, the librarian had verified the condition of the books. There were found missing two more pages from Lepautre, and stray leaves of ornamental value from another book. At this the entire assemblage groaned and hissed. Babel threatened. But the *massier* rang the bell again, and order

was restored. His voice became more solemn.

Remembering his caution to the *concierge*, he had assumed the painful duty of questioning her. She told him the names of two men—the only ones who had visited the *atelier* during the holidays. Strangely enough, it had been the same day, but the *concierge* could not swear to the hour nor be sure which one had arrived first or left last. As the librarian had discovered the recent vandalism the morning after New Year's day, he, the *massier*, and the librarian, too, were forced to conclude that it was one of those two men who had committed this act of savagery, and therefore in all probability also the former ones. It must be noted, he added, that the men did not come in nor go out together.

"Names—names!" shrieked the students, crowding forward around the *massier*.

Grand Four listened, only half understanding, still weak from his time in bed. What he *did* understand, watching the frenzy of the men, was that, in spite of himself, he might be implicated in the nasty story relating to Jean Laurens. His head ached and he wished he had not come to the reunion.

The *massier* slowly lifted a bit of paper and read aloud the names:

"Monsieur Jason Brown—and Monsieur Laurens."

There was a stunned instant when no one moved or spoke, then chaos. Everyone gesticulated and screamed and jostled everyone else. Jean Laurens, as if demented, rushed forward into the thick of the small mob, and vehemently started asserting absolute innocence. Grand Four had risen from his chair and stood quiet.

The *massier* rang his bell furiously, until silence fell again. Then Jean Laurens, disheveled, feverish-eyed, faced his comrades.

"This is absurd!" he cried. "I was in the *atelier* on Christmas day, it is true. I went to fetch a book of my own, which I had forgotten on my table. He was there, too." He pointed to Grand Four. "He will tell you that for me I did not



even so much as open the library door. What is this, to be spied upon by a *concierge* and accused of such vile things? Without doubt an outsider—perhaps the *concierge* herself—who knows?—stole the pages to sell them!"

The *massier* shook his head gravely. "Impossible. Each page in each book, has, you know, the stamp of the *atelier*, and may not be sold. Besides, of what use to any but architects could those pages be?" He turned to Grand Four.

"Monsieur, you were also there in the *atelier* on Christmas afternoon?"

Grand Four nodded.

"Ah, you see!" interrupted Jean Laurens. "We were there together. Neither of us could have—" He paused. Surrounded by a circle of his friends, he gained assurance. "It is absurd," he repeated.

"Gentlemen, I regret," said the *massier*, "there is no other explanation. The only two men who were in the *atelier* during the holidays were you two. The morning of the *rentrée* the librarian remarked the missing pages. Which of you on Christmas afternoon came first?"

"He did," said Jean Laurens, and cast a cunning look in the direction of Grand Four, who stood frowning and bewildered in his corner.

"Where was Monsieur Brown then?" questioned the *massier*.

"Here in this room. I came to find a book of my own, I tell you. I went at once after it was found."

"Monsieur Brown, what have you to say? When did you first see Monsieur Laurens?" asked the *massier*.

Grand Four was beginning to grasp that he, too, was accused as the possible thief, that in fact it lay between him and Jean Laurens which man was to be branded guilty of the business. He hesitated, hunting for words in the language not his own. And hesitating, he saw the men gather about their favorite, Jean Laurens, talking volubly. Even the few Americans, somewhat clannish, were crying for the Frenchman. Only the Delightful Nonentity and Eddie Forrest, who was really a fine enough fellow, came near him encouragingly and stood as if ranged on his side.

"Not Laurens—not Laurens!" hooted half the men.

"Give each a chance," yelled the Delightful Nonentity in the din, and Eddie Forrest whispered in English: "Speak out, old man, for God's sake!"

Slowly Grand Four put a hand in his pocket and felt for the knife, but did not draw it out.

"Come, monsieur," said the *massier* sharply.

But before Grand Four could find his voice, Jean Laurens was chattering again, reminding his friends of his successes, his work, his love of them all.

Then a great hurt grew in a new-found sensitive spot of Grand Four's heart. He felt the balance against him before he had spoken, felt the torrent of Jean Laurens's eloquence and Jean Laurens's treachery too strong for any resistance of his. It was his turn to speak and defend himself.

"I—I—" he stammered, and stopped short, miserably conscious of discouragement.

Low murmurs rose. The animosity was so great, and Jean Laurens seemed so victorious in his defiant attitude as the *atelier* pride, that Grand Four could not speak, and the hand on the knife did not move.

"Monsieur Brown, your comrade has assured us of his innocence. We are waiting for you to speak," commanded the *massier* for the last time.

Grand Four looked around him. The light was dim and the smoke thickened. He saw young faces turned to him, angry and suspicious; he saw the big tables littered with papers representing all the work and creative life, all the preparation for career, all the months of comradeship, all the brilliant future, which were not for him. "What's the use?" he mumbled suddenly in English, and without another word turned and started for the door, one shoulder higher than the other, his head thrust forward, his gait uneven.

When he reached the door, he paused, his head bowed now, one hand in his pocket. The other hand, fumbling aimlessly, touched his watch chain. On the chain hung as a charm the only medal he

had ever won, long ago, when he first went to school. He had always been secretly proud of this medal.

The noise was deafening. Cries were heard on every side.

"*Il a le trac—*"

"*Il fiche le camp—*"

"*Voleur—*"

The touch of the medal, as his fingers closed tightly around it, sent an unexpected violent message of energy and pride shooting through Grand Four's being. It all happened in a flash. The shock straightened his shoulders; the message of the poor little medal, won long ago, was one of self-respect, and primitive egoism snapped sharply into place, a quick fury to *be* and *struggle to be*, and above all a rage against injustice. Before he fully realized the change in himself, he had turned and faced them, turned to the big room which offered each one his life and work, turned with savage assurance. Because he had been on the verge of stupid retreat, because he had been about to renounce even the right of his mediocrity, the message of the little medal hit his weakness with more brutal force and meaning, clutched as a straw, became mighty in its significance.

"I won't go, after all," he thundered, and pointed a finger at Jean Laurens, who had grown white. "It's he—the thief—he who stole your papers and books. Think a moment. What would I do with them? I let him talk on to-night, thinking if I didn't tell on him he'd help me out, since he's so clever. He let you think it was me—well, it wasn't!"

He found French words, tumbling easily one after the other, and when the French word did not come he used an English one. They understood him, at any rate. He saw that by the consternation on their faces, and he laughed as he drew from his pocket the knife and held it up so that they might see it.

"I caught him in the library with this knife—see it? You know it's his. He was cutting out your pages. We fought and I got the knife. Then he cried like a baby and begged me not to tell. I'm no tale bearer, and—well, it wasn't much

my business, for all you've made me feel one of you. I kept the knife, that's all, and it's just as well, I guess. What would I do with your books? Would I need them as much as he? Look at him! Why doesn't he speak now? You all wanted it to be me—and I'd decided to quit the school anyhow, so I let things go. But I won't quit now. It's too unfair. I've got a right among you. I've got my part to do, even if it's bad. I've got my career, funny as it seems—just as we all have, we men; and I've got to fight for it. Now you can judge. Look at me and look at him; which of us is lying?"

Jean Laurens had moved away from his comrades and stood alone, still trying to talk, but weakly and with no conviction. His face was the color of chalk.

Suddenly the Delightful Nonentity stepped forward by Grand Four. "*Il a raison*," he cried at the top of his lungs. "He says well. I tell you, Laurens is the thief. I could not speak until he, Grand Four, had spoken, but now I remember—things. One day I came to the *atelier* and entered the library quickly. Jean Laurens was there, looking at a book. He started when I came in, and hid something. At the time I thought nothing, but since it has come back to me. Now I am sure. *He* is the thief."

There was a shocked silence. Grand Four caught the expression of men staring at him with faces which held resentment and dislike for what he had done. He had taken their Jean Laurens from them. By an act of justice he had deprived them of their *atelier* idol. They would never quite forgive him the truth of the scandal. He would be left to toil on among them, never of them. But Jean Laurens would have to go.

Then broke forth a medley of whistles and groans. Laurens, judged, shrank toward the door.

But Grand Four felt what he had never thought to feel, a strength within himself, a will, ruthless, to live and insist on his place in the world. He felt the primitive egoism of man in perpetual struggle against man, and he knew that life could not be mediocre for the man who fought.

# PETTICOATS—OR NONE

By Kate Trimble Sharber

“**A** MAN is a creature who makes frank acknowledgment of his legs.”

The statement was undeniable, therefore Libertia did not attempt to deny it. She did not even glance across the room at her aunt. She wielded an orange-wood stick and a bit of chamois skin with great nonchalance, instead. Libertia was a lady to her finger tips—especially her finger tips.

Her aunt studied her a moment through narrowed lids. She wished to see if her argument was telling, but Libertia's brow maintained a degree of secrecy almost masculine—almost mas-sonic.

“That's where the wrong comes in,” Aunt Pollie continued after a moment's pregnant silence—“in this lack of frankness. Whatever is entirely concealed or entirely revealed usually works no actual evil. But in this half-and-half business, this veiled suggestion, lies all the—”

“Charm?”

“*Harm!*” Aunt Pollie snapped the word viciously.

“It cries out to heaven,” she kept on, clicking her teeth together, spinster fashion, “the way ‘fashionable’ women dress now! No collars, no sleeves and now no—no *petticoats!* I don't see that the women of this day have Venus de Milo—”

“Skinned?”

Libertia's soft eyes looked up with casual inquiry. Aunt Pollie glared at her in wonder.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“Oh, that is just a latter-day expression which means to outdo. ‘Skinned’—outdone.”

“I see,” Aunt Pollie replied slowly. “I thought perhaps you referred to her apparel—in some way. She had only her skin, and you have very little more—today, with that new-fangled skirt. It will be a relief to me when women adopt trousers entirely and have done with this mad effort toward slimness.

Libertia polished on and said nothing. She found that it was seldom necessary for her to speak—people were usually content merely to look at her; but when she did open her lips, her enunciation and form of speech were as correct as her outward appearance.

“I dare say you didn't know I opened the box that Denis sent home to you yesterday,” her aunt continued, the memory of the occasion bringing a purple tinge of wrath to her face; “and I saw that—that *thing!*”

“You did?” Libertia looked interested.

“I'm rather worried over that garment,” she continued, looking away from her aunt's glinting eyes to the more pleasing view of her own perfect self in the all-embracing mirror close at hand.

“I should think you would be,” Aunt Pollie volunteered.

“I am. I don't know whether I should say ‘my trouser-skirt *is*’ or ‘my trouser-skirt *are*’! One never hears the masculine garment spoken of in the singular.”

There was the quick sound of an electric bell at this moment, and Libertia unfolded herself from her chair. She recognized the masterful touch which sent the bell a-buzzing.

“That's Charlie,” she said, rising and mounting her satin pumps, which towered in readiness close by. Then she

crossed the room with cautious steps, because she dared not cross it otherwise, and settled her head far up under the shadow of the rose-colored mountain which formed her hat.

She was a symphony. She knew as much about colors as she knew about form; and an imperfect combination made her almost shriek.

Aunt Pollie looked after her pityingly.

In the hall below Charles Hoover, Jr., came up to her and held out his hand with a smothered sigh of adoration.

"Libertia," he half groaned, for the sight of her perfections made him only the more wretched. She had never promised, absolutely, to marry him, for he had never been able to get up his courage to ask her. For this he had frequently pronounced himself a "devilish ass." "Libertia, I *know* you're the stunningest girl in this town!"

She smiled languidly.

"You like it?" she inquired, glancing down at the serpentine slenderness of her lithe young figure.

"Like it?" His eyes spoke quartos.

"I'm driving Highball," he explained, after a moment in which they had looked into each other's souls, each striving to read the secret of the other. "He needs exercise this afternoon; and, too, a motor is so—absorbing. I want to have a straightforward talk with you today, Libertia."

Mr. Hoover never knew whether it was the effect of his words or the rose-colored lining to her hat which caused the face of his beloved to deepen in color. The agony of uncertainty made his own color deepen.

The twain entered the high, shining vehicle, and Highball's master drew a smooth rein as he gave a faint though unmistakable "cluck" to his sleek steed. It was a matter of pride with Mr. Hoover that his horses always obeyed his slightest word, and also a matter of pride was the degree of slightness which these words bore. His "get up" was always gently spoken. His "whoa" more gently still. He was especially grateful for this Vere de Vere tone of his when driving his motor cars, for he never *could* remember that the starting

and stopping were matters of clutch and not of cluck; and foolish persons are likely to smile when they hear a man say "whoa" to an automobile.

The suburbs of the city were quickly left behind, and as the smooth road wound away between fields and strips of lonely woods, Mr. Hoover slackened his horse's pace, settled back in his seat, pushed his hat away from his dampened brow and otherwise gave signs of the onset of a spell of summer love making.

For three long miles Libertia had awaited these signs, fearing that Mr. Hoover might hear her heart palpitating against her expensive stays, which laced on the side and gave her the most profoundly envied back in her set.

Was it this smooth, flat back which had aroused such a storm of passion in the breast of Charles Hoover, Jr.? He did not know. He frequently asked himself half-savagely, half-despairingly, what the devil it was that made him love Libertia so. Sometimes he had even lain awake at night to dwell upon her beauty and—her beauty and *what*? Oh, well, hang it all, he didn't care! She had beauty enough to make up for all the other attributes which old people and bores always stress so. She *looked* entrancing—and said nothing; what more could a man desire in a wife? Besides, she *must* possess a profound mind to be able to achieve the effects of dress which were hers. Mr. Hoover hated dowdy women. He hated "sensible" women, even, with their vaunted low heels and big waists—that general *hausfrau* appearance.

He looked at his companion. Yes, he loved her. From the crown of the rose-colored confection on her head to the soft shimmer of her high-heeled satin pumps he loved Libertia! And he would know his fate this day!

Now Libertia had seen more men than one slacken a horse's pace, settle back in a carriage seat and push a straw hat from a dampened forehead; and in spite of the profound mind which Mr. Hoover took for granted, there was a tinge of coquetry in her nature. She felt an inclination to put Charlie off. True, he had an awful lot of money, but there

could be but slight danger in a brief delay. He might even love her better if she made him wait until their homeward drive. Anyway, there would be less time for that silly love making which was always tiresome to her intellect and upsetting to her raiment.

She puckered her brow as she sought about in her mind for a means of diverting Charlie. Finally the very idea she was seeking came to her.

"Did you bring something to eat?" she inquired hopefully.

Mr. Hoover was plainly disconcerted for a moment, but for a moment only. Then he smothered his impetuous desire and drew forth from somewhere the usual box, wrapped with heavy white paper and tied with a silver cord.

"Let's eat a lot of it so we'll be awfully thirsty by the time we get to the spring," she suggested, removing the top and disclosing to view four prim rows of alluring sweets. "It always seems such a pity not to drink lots of such fine mineral water as this is."

Mr. Hoover politely consented; and in this way he was deterred from asking her hand in marriage.

As the pair drew into the cool shade of the trees which surrounded the spring, Mr. Hoover jumped to the ground for the purpose of bringing a drink of water to his lady fair, but once again his purpose was baffled. Libertia's thirst was destined to torment her for many a long hour to come.

Mr. Hoover discovered, as he jumped to the ground and stopped for a moment's caress, bestowed upon Highball's glowing side, that there was a serious break in the horse's harness. Quite a dangerous break, but Mr. Hoover knew how to mend it. It was only a question of two neat holes, bored with the point of his pocket knife, and a bit of stout twine. That would hold the piece together until they could get back to town. Still, Charlie avowed that he would have to keep his eye upon the doubtful place every moment of their homeward drive; and at his words Libertia felt a sinking of her heart. She had done the wrong thing. She repented her of her coquetry.

The knife which Mr. Hoover drew from his pocket was a particularly evil-looking implement—long and new and gleaming. Libertia gave a slight shudder as its keen blade flashed a blinding shaft of light into her velvety eyes.

"Be careful—Charlie," she warned, then shuddered once more.

Mr. Hoover smiled at her fears. A man always enjoys having a woman tell him to be careful. It conveys a sense of his own heroism—and dearness.

By way of showing her his recklessness, as well as the great masculine muscles which lay knotted beneath the sleeve of his violet-striped shirt, he bared his arm to the elbow.

At this instant Libertia's fairy god-mother overslept.

A horsefly chose this critical hour to come and alight upon Highball's shiny back. Highball reared. Mr. Hoover jumped. The wicked knife slipped.

In far less time than it takes to chronicle it, there was a small but determined-looking jet of ruddy blood spurting from a wound just beneath Mr. Hoover's up-rolled violet sleeve.

Crimson and violet! It was a shocking combination, and Libertia fairly screamed when she saw it. Then she descended from the vehicle. One might say almost that she *condescended*, for she clearly considered it the thing to do, yet the doing gave her pain.

"Charlie!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Charlie!"

Mr. Hoover's fingers were vainly trying to pinch together the severed relations between his muscles and blood vessels. He looked up at her with pale appeal.

She stood looking at him—looking. Merely that and nothing more. It lasted quite a while.

"I need—help," he finally stammered, paler than before.

"I know it," she answered bravely; "but what ought one to do? I don't seem to know."

"The bleeding will have to be stopped."

"Of course! But *how*? I'll run up to that house on the hill and call someone."

"That house is nearly a mile away; I'll bleed to death," he suggested darkly.

Libertia's face puckered and her chin might have been observed to quiver, if anyone had been present who was looking out for quivering chins.

"Oh, Charlie! Please *don't!*" she insisted. "I'll run somewhere and get somebody."

She turned from the discomforting sight quickly and started back down the dusty, sunlit road. Her progress was slow, owing to the immense energy she must expend at every step to keep her pumps from falling by the wayside. She neither glided like a swan nor darted like a gazelle. She simply *dug*.

Like many people who dig for what they want in this life, she finally came upon the object of her quest. She found a young woman who looked both capable and sensible—and later Libertia discovered that she was beautiful as well, if one cares for that style which has no *style*.

The capable-looking woman was picking blackberries, but when Libertia's efforts at locomotion brought her close enough for an appeal for help to be made, the other woman looked as instantly interested as if a bargain sale had been announced in her presence.

"Someone hurt?" she inquired, springing halfway across the dusty road; and Libertia noticed that she wore shoes based upon a solid rubber foundation. They looked professional but quite comfortable. Libertia fancied that the person might be a trained nurse.

"Cut—at the spring," Libertia raised her voice to call after the figure in simple white linen, which had already darted away on a quick run. Then, feeling herself less necessary to Mr. Hoover's power of living, she made her way back to the scene of the accident at a more leisurely, though not at a more graceful, gait. She was some time in returning, and Mr. Hoover, who looked away for a moment from his new aid, whom by this time he was regarding in the light of a savior, discerned from afar off his near-betrothed, making toward him with anxious but shuffling steps.

"Gad! How she *squirms!*" he breathed with a low moan, which instantly brought a look of sympathy to the face bending above him.

"Did I hurt you?" the young woman asked, in a voice which sounded to Mr. Hoover more like a caress than the pressure of her fingers around his wounded arm.

"No—not *you!*" he assured her, and their eyes met with a smile.

"Will *you* hold the edges of the wound together—this way—while I stir around and find something that can be used for bandages?" she asked Libertia in a businesslike tone as that goddess moved within earshot.

"Of course," Libertia answered a trifle loftily, as she noted the strange woman's fingers around Charlie's naked arm. "But where are you going to find bandages?"

For answer the young woman moved away quickly into the shadow of a bowlder which stood like a sentinel over the gushing spring.

She was gone only a very brief time, but the interval seemed long to Libertia, for Charlie was looking strangely preoccupied, eying the bowlder wistfully; and her careening journey down the road a short while before had disarranged her coiffure, causing half a dozen stray hairs to tickle her nose. Her situation was madding.

The Other Woman, who by this time deserves the deference of capitals, came out from behind the bowlder triumphantly. She bore in her hands a circular garment of snowy softness. She seized Mr. Hoover's knife and sawed through the double-stitched band at the top of the garment. Then she tore the bit of apparel to ribbons.

"This will stop the bleeding until the sutures can be taken," she said, waving Libertia aside as she would a piece of débris. Then she bound up Mr. Hoover's wounds, talking to him the while in a voice which Libertia vowed inwardly was cooing.

"You still look a little pale," she said softly, as she finished her task and began washing her hands in the stream. "Can your—your—"

"Friend," Mr. Hoover supplied, seeing that the Other Woman was looking at Libertia questioningly.

"Can your friend drive you up to that



house on the hill there? It's my father's home, and my emergency bag is up there. I can give you a little stimulant, then fix your wound as it should be fixed."

"Are you a doctor?" Mr. Hoover asked, incredulity only adding to the admiration in his voice.

The Other Woman nodded her head.

"Dr. Alice Haywood—of Baltimore. I'm home now for a month's vacation. But can your friend drive this horse up the hill?"

Dr. Haywood turned to Libertia, who turned to Mr. Hoover, who turned to Highball. An immediate sense of futility passed through the group.

"I'm afraid Highball would be too much for a lady to attempt, even for so short a distance," Mr. Hoover ejaculated quickly.

"I can drive him," the doctor answered, catching her patient by the uninjured arm and helping him into the vehicle without more ado. Then, turning again to Libertia, she added carelessly: "You'll not mind the walk, of course—that little stretch."

Three-quarters of an hour later Libertia toiled up the winding path which led to the entrance of the farmhouse. Everything about the place seemed asleep. The old gate creaked drowsily upon its hinges as she opened it; a soft-coated little calf tinkled his bell at her soothingly as she entered the yard; a bevy of early swallows circled over her head, their wings flapping a lullaby. The sense of quiet peacefulness acted as a short-lived balm to the girl's feelings.

Without taking any steps to make her presence known, Libertia seated herself on the edge of the veranda. She felt that she had taken far too many steps already.

She had enjoyed this haven for possibly two and one-half minutes when the sound of human voices broke upon her ear. The voices were quite close, and Mr. Hoover's was one of them.

"I say that you *have* saved my life!"

The deep, masculine accents seemed to be insisting upon the statement as if there had been some dispute.

"And you know what always happens

in books when someone saves a fellow's life."

"Nonsense!" another voice answered, soft and low, but to Libertia's ears it seemed as cruel as the hiss of a serpent. "Why won't you hush long enough for me to tell you the necessary precautions you must take? Sepsis is—"

"Oh, bother sepsis!" Mr. Hoover interrupted skeptically; then, with a tenderness not unknown to Libertia's ears, he continued: "That's blood poison, isn't it? Does it affect the heart? If so, I must have it already, for my heart's been cutting queer capers this last hour."

"Sepsis is—" the doctor began again, trying to make her voice sound professional; but an unprofessional smile was hovering around her lips, and there was a flush upon her face.

Libertia saw it all. She got up hastily and walked in at the front door. The doctor broke off suddenly in her lecture on the dread disease. Libertia felt a poison in her own blood. Mr. Hoover gave a distinct shiver, accompanied by a flush which might have meant a septic chill. It was a pathological moment.

Then Dr. Haywood began to feel the stirrings of hospitality. She found a chair for Libertia and questioned her about her walk. She explained that the wound had been authoritatively repaired, and that Mr. Hoover was under the influence of a stimulant. Then ensued another series of instructions as to the care which should be taken of the wounded member. Mr. Hoover seemed to be the only one who was really enjoying the occasion; yet he was not at his ease.

After half an hour of this triangular anguish, Libertia suggested that Mr. Hoover might do as he saw fit, but *she* was going home. Would Dr. Haywood be good enough to let her telephone for a cab?

Dr. Haywood volunteered to do the telephoning. She quitted the room, leaving Mr. Hoover and his former love together; but there was a mystic sense of changed relations between the two. A strained silence lasted until the comely young medico returned with the assurance of an early cab. Then Mr. Hoover,

of course, made his preparations for leaving with Libertia. The preparations consisted of having the doctor feel his pulse again, put her hands on his forehead to see if he had fever, give him another dose of the stimulant and promise to let him visit her professionally on the morrow.

"Gad! Isn't she a *woman!*" Mr. Hoover finally burst out in ecstasy, after the first mile of their homeward drive had been sped over in an uncertain silence. The stimulant was taking effect, and Mr. Hoover *had* to talk. Yet he met with small encouragement.

"Gad!" he said again, somewhere between the third and fourth mile, after waiting in vain for Libertia to speak. "I believe my chances are good, Libertia! Of course you're such an *old friend* that I feel I can tell you about it. Did you notice how she looked—kind o' encouraging?"

"I don't suppose she's afraid of losing her patient," Libertia replied in cold-storage accents.

"Hanged if she *ever* loses me!" Charlie answered with rapture. "She saved my life! And say—did you notice those little curling locks at the back of her neck?"

"No," responded Libertia truthfully.

Then there was another quiet spell.

When they had quite reached the curb in front of Libertia's house, and Mr. Hoover had told the chauffeur *not*

to shut off the engine, Libertia stepped daintily from the fender of the car to the sidewalk. She stood there for a moment in the full bloom of her beauty, erect, very slim—faultless.

Charlie looked at her—and the beauty smote him as of yore. She was so very perfect—when she was standing still.

She said something kind and hopeful about his accident, waved him a bravely cheerful little adieu, then turned, or swayed, halfway around. She was the personification of grace.

Charlie looked at her and was nearly lost.

"Libertia!" he called.

She faced him again. His features were working with emotion. A passionate struggle was going on within him. Then he looked at his wounded arm and recalled himself—just in time. Libertia *was* lovely, but the Other Woman *had* saved him.

"Libertia," he cried, leaning far out over the side of the car and speaking in low tones of despair she had never heard from him before, "Libertia, why couldn't it have been *you* who tore up *your* petticoat for bandages?"

She looked at him for a moment with a despair equal to his own. Then she glanced at the awful slimness of her nether self. But her velvety eyes met his in speechless misery. No words would come to her. There was a mournful silence.



"THE Browns spend so much money. Why don't they economize?"  
"They're not rich enough."



IT'S usually when a man speaks without thinking that he says what he thinks.

# THE PLAINT OF EVE

By George Sylvester Viereck

“**M**AN’S mate was I in Paradise,  
Since of the fruit we twain did eat,  
Through the slow toiling days, his slave.  
Because I asked for truth, God gave  
All the world’s anguish and the grave.  
But being merciful and wise,  
He bade His angel bathe mine eyes  
With the salt dew of sorrow. Sweet  
Had been the dew of Paradise.”

*Yet through the immemorial years  
Has she not healed us with her tears?*

“Albeit upon my lips I wore  
A smile, my heart was ever sore.  
Because I heard the Serpent hiss,  
Therefore I suffered patiently;  
But now I ask for bread, and ye  
Give me a stone or worse—a kiss!”

*Shall not the stone rebound on us?  
Shall not the kiss prove venomous?*

“The Son of Man was Mary’s Son;  
Have I not borne the child in pain?  
But no atonement dearly won  
Can turn the ancient loss to gain.  
My sighs were mingled with His breaths,  
Yet though I died a thousand deaths,  
A thousand times a thousandfold,  
With Him, my Babe upon the Cross,  
My bloody sweats are never told,  
And still the world’s gain is my loss.”

*Has she not suffered, has not died,  
With every creature crucified?*

“The loving light of Mary’s eyes  
Within my bosom never dies.  
The learned Faust, for all his pride,  
Was saved by Gretchen—glorified—  
To God his master thrice denied.

## THE SMART SET

Love's smallest holy offices,  
 When have I shirked them, even these?  
 From the gray dawn when time began  
 To the Crimean battlefield,  
 By every wounded soldier's side,  
 With cool and soothing hands I kneeled."

*She is the Good Samaritan  
 Upon life's every battlefield.*

- "The secret Book of Beauty was  
 Unlocked through me to Phidias.  
 Rossetti's dreams and Raphael's,  
 And all their blessed damozels,  
 And all men's visions live in me.  
 The shadow queens of Maeterlinck,  
 Clothed with my soft flesh, cross the brink  
 Of utter unreality.  
 The leader of my boyish band  
 I rule in Neverneverland.  
 Rautendelein and Juliet,  
 Who shall my wistful smile forget?"

*Hers is the sweetest voice in France,  
 And hers the sob that, like a lance,  
 Has pierced the heart of Italy.*

- "With stylus, brush and angelot,  
 I seize life's pulses, fierce and hot.  
 In Greece, a suzerain of song,  
 The swallow was my singing mate.  
 My lyric sisters still prolong  
 My strain more strange than sea or fate.  
 Though Shakespeare's Sonnets, sweet as wine,  
 Were not more 'sugared' than were mine,  
 Ye who with myrtle crown my brow,  
 Withhold the laurel even now."

*The world's intolerable scorn  
 Still falls to every woman born!*

- "Strong to inspire, strong to please,  
 My love was unto Pericles.  
 The Corsican, the demigod  
 Whose feet upon the nations trod,  
 Shrank from my wit as from a rod.  
 The number and its secret train  
 Eluded not my restless brain.  
 Beyond the ken of man I saw,  
 With Colon's eyes, America.

Into the heart of mystery,  
Of light and earth I plunged, to me  
The atom bared its perfect plot."

*What gifts have we that she has not?*

"Was I not lord of life and death  
In Egypt and in Nineveh?  
Clothed with Saint Stephen's majesty,  
My arm dealt justice mightily.  
Men that beheld me caught their breath  
With awe. I was Elizabeth.  
I was the Maid of God. Mine was  
The throne of all the Russias.  
What was my guerdon, mine to take?  
A crown of slander and the stake."

*How shall we comfort her, how ease  
The pang of thousand centuries?*

"Back from my aspiration hurled,  
I was the harlot of the world.  
The leveled walls of Troy confess  
My devastating loveliness.  
Upon my bosom burns a scar  
Eternal as the sexes are.  
I was Prince Borgia's concubine,  
Phryne I was, and Messaline,  
And Circe, who turned men to swine."

*But shall they be forgotten, then,  
Whom she has turned from swine to men?*

"New creeds unto the world I gave,  
But my own self I could not save.  
For all mankind one Christ has sighed  
Upon the rood, but hourly  
Is every woman crucified!  
The iron stake of destiny  
Is plunged into my living side.  
To Him that died upon the Tree  
Love held out trembling hands to lend  
Its reverential ministry,  
And then came Death, the kindest friend:  
Shall my long road to Calvary,  
And man's injustice, have no end?"

*O sons of mothers, shall the pain  
Of all childbearing be in vain?  
Shall we drive nails, to wound her thus,  
Into the hands that fondled us?*

# TOUCH

By Terrell Love Holliday

**T**OUCH is the greatest of the five senses. It is the mainstay of emergency, the unfailing resource of the perpetually impecunious. Many a man would be unable to live—as easily as he has been accustomed to—if he could not “make a touch.”

A touchdown wins the football game, and a touched-up complexion is often the first step in winning a man.

The touching novel becomes one of the six best sellers, and the retouched negative produces a beautiful picture from a homely woman's photograph.

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin”—which explains the hitherto unsolved problem—why we have so many undesirable relatives.

His hand touching Hers—before marriage—causes an electric thrill to pass through the twain; and his hand touching the bottom of his purse—after marriage—causes a short circuit and a burned-out fuse.

Every portion of the body and mind is susceptible to touch.

When touched in the heart, we rush into matrimony; if “touched in the head,” we are rushed to a lunatic asylum. Touched on the pocket nerve, we either give up or close up, accordingly as we are “easy marks” or “tightwads.” When our feelings are touched we weep; when our corns are touched, we swear.

A touch on the arm, by the police, means that we are under duress; a touch on the cheek, by Felice—our better half—means that we are under caress. In both cases we submit and pay our fines.

Touched on the lips, we look resigned—if it is our wife; and happy—if it is some other fellow's wife.

The appeal of the foaming schooner touches the beggar's thirst; and the touching appeal of the beggar enables the schooner and the thirst to get in touch with each other.

Curiously do the comic and pathetic touches intermingle. There is a light touch of comedy in woman's efforts to keep up with the styles; and a dark touch of pathos in man's struggle to keep up with the bills of woman, engaged as aforesaid.

With most of us life is touch and go, and we have to go pretty fast to escape a touch of sorrow.



**M**ISS WRY—I have a picture in my mind of my future husband.  
Miss GUY—I bet it will never be developed.



**T**HE reason there are always two sides to a story is because the other fellow just won't stick to the truth.



# THE BLUE AND SILVER GOWN

By Ethel Sigsbee Small

BETTINA RIDLEY entered her apartment and stood looking about her. Somehow it seemed unfamiliar—that crowded little nest she had left only two hours ago; so many thoughts of livelier scenes had crossed her mind since then.

There was the customary smell of stale cooking, mingled—there was no denying it—with the odor of garments in the drying process. Bertha's blocks as usual, littered the hallway. In the parlor the colored cook, seated at the piano, was picking out the first bars of "School Days" with an absorption that prevented her observing the entrance of her mistress or the absence of the baby, who, supposedly in her charge, was now silently and ecstatically rummaging the refrigerator in the kitchen.

Even the sight of her own familiarly shabby figure in the glass above the hall table could not disturb Bettina's sense of well-being today nor take from her that feeling of unreality in her surroundings. The eyes below the home-trimmed hat shone with an abstracted light of which the cook, startled into a racking discord, was quick to take advantage:

"Jest 'musing baby," she apologized. "That boy certainly do love music!" And then, perceiving the absence of the music lover, she wisely ran to fetch him without further explanation.

Bettina crossed to her bedroom. There was a geranium on the window sill, and the one ray of sun which promptly at four entered the apartment shone upon it. She focused her eyes there unconsciously, a smile hovering about her lips.

"Mamma! Mamma!" came Bertha's excited voice, and the little girl flung

into the room and threw her arms about her mother's neck. Bettina kissed her all the more lovingly that she had forgotten her a moment before. The baby, too, must stagger up, his face shiningly rid of the cream cheese he had looted, to receive his accustomed homage. Then they fluttered out, and Bettina's mind again held only that unexpected incident which had colored all her world to-day.

At night her husband, noticing her fresh blouse and pretty tie, told her she looked "perky," which pleased and at the same time made her ashamed of herself. She *had* let go dreadfully of late—dressing sacques were so easy! Then as Hilary ate his soup with a good nature which was characteristic of him—it being poor stuff—she kept asking herself if she should mention the little incident of the day—her meeting with Geoffrey Arden; and each time, for some reason known only to her subconscious self, she decided in the negative. The reason became plain next morning when a messenger brought her a note. After all, had she hoped for a sequel?

DEAR MISS BETTINA (or Mrs. Bettina? Or just Bettina!)

It was so good to see you yesterday that I forgot in my delight several thousand things I wanted to say. You see, I am in town only until tomorrow noon, so tonight is unquestionably the time for a little dinner—which was one of the thousand things. You'll surely let me have that pleasure, won't you? I believe you said your husband was busy in the evenings, otherwise I should be very glad to have him, too.

If you are going to take pity on Reuben in New York, drop me a word by the messenger saying you will meet me at the Waldorf at eight, in the little parlor on Thirty-third Street.

I'm crazy to talk over all the dear people, particularly your mother; and will you kindly

be prepared to explain to me what you mean by growing prettier?

UNCLE GEOFFREY.

Mrs. Ridley was twenty-four. She had married at nineteen. In the interval her life had been a confusing jumble of babies, housekeeping and accounts, none of which she had more than known existed before. She was an indulgent mother, a poor housekeeper and a devoted if moody wife. When she smiled she was pretty, but unfortunately smiles were growing all too rare. It had become a habit with her of late to be plunged into what to her husband were inexplicable fits of gloom, caused—had he known it—by the sight of some lacy article of feminine attire in a shop window perhaps, or of a pretty girl wearing violets bowled down Broadway in a hansom. After all, she was not quite selfish; a baby wabbling under a fluffy French bonnet or a little girl with an ermine muff could produce much the same sensations. "Only, they are children," she would think, gazing at her own two—anything's possible for them; while I—"well, I'll never be any younger or prettier." Now as she read the note she showed her dimples.

Uncle Geoffrey! He had tried to make her call him that when she was little. It somehow put the whole thing on a fraternal plane that was soothing, to say the least. It put the finishing touch on her determination to accept his invitation. She scribbled a note and dispatched it, then sat down on her unmade bed to think.

Of course Hilary couldn't go. He had accepted this extra work and must stick to it—heaven knew, they needed the money. Long before eight he would be back at the office. Of course she supposed she would tell him.

She would give Sally her old pink blouse for sitting up with the children. This brought her to the question of what she should wear, and her brow clouded. After reviewing the pitifully meager list of possibilities, her mind flew futilely to a creation she had seen on a model at Brondell's. Without an effort she saw herself in that gown. Its shining lengths defined the slim curves of her girlish

body; the blue and silver of the bodice brought out the gray-blue of her eyes. She knew every inch of it, from the gentians embroidered on the bosom to the chiffon and silver at the hem. Its price—she had been foolish enough to ask it—was one hundred dollars.

She sat perfectly still some minutes thinking of this gown; then she took down her green voile and perhaps for the dozenth time basted some fresh lace in the collar.

To the superficial or unobservant observer little Mrs. Ridley in her green voile, sitting demurely in the small parlor on Thirty-third Street, was not worth a second glance. Yet there was a light in her blue eyes—striving in vain to look unimpressed—which the cerise satin lady with the old-gold puffs, the target for every roving eye, could not match at all; and Bettina's color was furiously her own—she was all too burningly conscious of it. How provincial of her to be early! She lolled back in careful imitation of the lady with the old-gold puffs. Then her heart leaped up alarmingly as Geoffrey Arden entered the room and came toward her.

He thought: "Very sweet and pretty and home made and out of date."

She thought: "What a pity he's so bald! I'd no idea his stomach— Why, he must be fifty!"

Then he sat down beside her and told her how delighted and honored he was.

Geoffrey Arden was a cosmopolitan. Born in the small town which also boasted Mrs. Ridley, he had spent only his boyhood there and later made occasional visits to his people, which included calls upon Bettina's family. Bettina herself in those early days was almost outside his recollections. A small flaxen-haired person wavered uncertainly across his mental vision when he concentrated. He had an impression of sticky fingers and a whining voice. He had seen her only once since then. After one of his journeyings through Europe he had dropped in on his neighbors, and found a thin, rather haughty girl in the drawing-room, who swept out on the plea of "calling mother" and did not

return. He had really been surprised when she had recognized him on Broadway after five years. His memory for faces had stood him in good stead. He knew few people in New York and she had been elate enough to make it interesting. He had never met her husband, and did not care to.

As Bettina Ridley sat at the small table, so immaculately different from her own careless board, with the scent of flowers in her nostrils, music throbbing somewhere, myriad lights reflected in her eyes, she told herself that now she was happy. Of course there were drawbacks—one was the green voile, but even that looked somehow different in the softened light. She looked about her in a sort of happy daze—at the well-dressed women, the busy waiters and the world outside the windows where moved kaleidoscopic flashes of automobiles and cabs.

The first sip of her cocktail was like a sweet, sharp pang of pleasure. It seemed the expression of all she wanted, of all she saw and was feeling. She had felt a little shy before; now she was able to return her host's sallies demurely and meet the eyes of the other women without betraying her sense of inferiority in her own.

This then was New York—New York, where she had lived five years. This was what people did while she was sitting alone in her stuffy little Harlem parlor reading the evening paper and calling in mechanically to Bertha to "be a good girl and go to sleep!" These women—they were the ones who wore the lacy garments! Fragrant, soft-skinned creatures—they were the ones for whom the violets were grown!

"Somebody," said a voice at her side, "somebody doesn't notice me at all." It was the tone of a spoiled child. It struck Bettina as being irresistibly funny. She laughed with an abandon of dimples that made several people look in her direction.

"I was thinking," she apologized, suddenly quieting.

"Don't you know you mustn't think in New York? You must eat and talk to me."

After that, certainly, Geoffrey had no cause to complain. Her tongue rattled away with a glibness as surprising to her as it was amusing to him. All manner of drolleries, little reflections, came tumbling off with delicious lack of effort. And Geoffrey was a good listener. Sympathetic, always understanding, he was a most delightful companion in spite of his baldness. And she was really almost glad now for this affliction of his. It saved her from feeling any pangs of conscience. Why, he was old enough to be her father!

She had not "told Hilary." After all, men were so queer, she had sagely reflected—so quick to suspect things of being not quite right. And now, as she sipped her champagne and contrasted Geoffrey's substantial countenance with the youthful image that looked from her mirror each morning, she told herself she had chosen the better course. A kindly middle-aged gentleman who was a sort of uncle—it *was* all right, so why have troubled Hilary with the idea that it might not be? She did hope Bertha's life would be always like this.

"That young woman over there is Miss Nathalie Sears," Geoffrey was saying. "She is considered a beauty, and you are expected to stare at her."

At a table to their right sat a girl. There was the softness of line that goes with youth, a certain sinuous slenderness, clear eyes and fresh lips, but apart from these there was nothing unusual about her. Yet she compelled the eyes. Bettina was fascinated.

"It's her complexion. No; it's her hair. No; it's all of her," she murmured.

"You've left out one important item; it's her dress," said Uncle Geoffrey. He looked at Bettina a little. "You are as pretty as that girl," he said.

Bettina's color surged. He had touched at what lay smoldering in her heart.

"If I had that dress, you mean," she said, a little breathless. "Of course I know I'm not—but if I had that dress—I *do* think it's half clothes. There's one dress—I've seen it in a window—"

She launched into a eulogy of the blue

and silver gown. In that dress, she told him, she really felt she would be pretty. Her voice thrilled with earnestness. This green voile had no character—it didn't *help* any. But a dress like that was a marvel.

"There are blue gentians embroidered on it," she finished lamely, her eloquence sped.

"They would match your eyes," said Uncle Geoffrey. She almost felt tears rising. How perfectly he understood!

"And it costs?"

It was like dropping from the clouds. She gave a little hard laugh and leaned back in her chair. "One hundred dollars!"

He felt something was expected of him, so he said, "Goodness!"

"I dare say some women do pay that for a dress," she pouted in self-defense. "Anyway, it's worth it," she added defiantly.

Uncle Geoffrey signaled to the waiter to fill her glass.

"I like green voile, myself," he said. But he said it absently.

The rest of the adventure resolved itself into a series of impressions rendered more or less vague by reason of a certain dizziness of the head which remained with Bettina the entire evening: a taxicab—her first; the theater, where the green voile looked shamelessly shabby between acts; an invitation to supper, which she refused, admiring her strength of character as she did so; another taxi—a rather sleepy ride of it, and at last—home, the apartment wearing a strange night face looking coldly down on her.

At the stairs she turned to thank him and bid him good night, but he insisted upon seeing her to her own door. So they went on together, her companion puffing a little after the first flight.

The house was as quiet as a tomb, each tier a replica of the others, even to the milk bottles set outside the doors. Bettina tried to talk a little, but Geoffrey seemed absent-minded—were the stairs proving too much for him? She was glad when her own door and milk bottles came into view.

"I've had such a good time," she murmured, putting out her hand. He

took it in his own warm, rather fat one.

"It's been like old times seeing you, child," he said. Then he drew a letter from his breast pocket. "Here's something I want you to read if you will. Open it when you're by yourself. Good night—and good-bye. I'm leaving tomorrow."

A little mystified, she took the letter and he opened the door with her latch-key. The hall light was burning dimly, and the cook, her head buried in her arms, sat asleep at a table. "Good night," they both breathed, and he left her.

As she had expected, Hilary had not returned. "Wake up, Sally, and go home," she said, bending over the cook. Then, as the woman started up groaning, she went on into her bedroom and closed the door.

Her first impulse was to look into the glass and do little futile things to her hair; her second to examine the letter.

It seemed to be an old letter. The stamp was canceled, and beside the inscription "Mr. Geoffrey Arden" there was some scribbled memoranda. It was unsealed and very thin. She slipped in two fingers and drew out—a hundred-dollar bill.

There was nothing else. Feverishly Bettina tore into the envelope, searching for a letter. There was no written word. She stood staring at the bank note, her heart beating fast. Then she went to the door and locked it.

What did he mean by it? What could he think of her? A hot wave of shame broke over her. She threw open the window and let the cold air blow upon her. Did he dare think he could give her money—her, Bettina Ridley—as if she were a pauper? It was dreadful! Had she done anything, said anything, to make him think— The blue and silver dress, that was it! It was to buy the blue and silver dress. She drew a long breath at having solved, so far at least, the mystery of it all. She looked at the bill again—this time in sheer curiosity. It was crisp and new. It could buy the blue and silver dress. Then the hot waves of humiliation engulfed her again.

How dreadful of him! What had he thought of her?

She sat down on the bed and tried to call up before her Geoffrey Arden's face, trying to read behind it. He *had* been kind—and perfectly gentlemanly. He was so old, too. Couldn't it have been—wasn't it merely a generous action, if a mistaken one? Perhaps he had thought that their previous friendship, the intimacy of their families, made the gift possible. Her train of thought came to an abrupt halt as she remembered that her mother's name had not been mentioned during the entire evening.

Well, even so, she felt sure now it had been a generous impulse, an unthinking attempt to make somebody happy. In the light of this revelation she told herself she need not feel ashamed.

She got up and began to undress. Yes, she felt sure now he had meant to be kind. A little gush of gratitude warmed her. She would thank him when she returned the money—tell him she appreciated his kind impulse; but of course it would be utterly impossible—

*Would it?* She tried to stifle this thought, aghast at herself. Unconsciously her eyes turned to the door as if to make sure it was still locked. Then she allowed her thoughts to enter the forbidden pathway—or rather did they not race in themselves, dragging her, unwilling, after? To possess the blue and silver gown!

Her face in the mirror drew her eyes. She looked in amazement at her blue eyes, black with excitement and brilliant, at her flushed cheeks and red parted lips. Why, she was beautiful! The green dress, dropping from her shoulders, left them smooth and white. The thought of herself in the blue and silver dress made her almost dizzy. Was not a gown like that *her right*? Had he not perhaps felt it so? Why should she not accept it, now that he had made it possible?

But it is not so easy to turn the thought currents of a lifetime, to change the channel which habit and training begin at birth and before birth in the lives before us. Long after her husband

had returned and was asleep Bettina's thoughts wrestled with one another—the old currents against the new. And not until one side was conqueror did sleep come.

It seemed as if fate was determined to make things easy when the next day Hilary announced his intention of going away for a week. News of this sort was generally the signal for tears, but today Bettina was unexpectedly philosophic. She agreed with him that they could not afford to lose a single opportunity that meant "more money." Indeed, she had a hard time to keep the lilt from her voice as she spoke. With the night her doubts and terrors had vanished. She felt superlatively happy. Hilary, too, felt a load lifted. Bettina, he reflected, was really growing up.

She went with him to the station, where she bade him good-bye bravely, and thence hurried to the shopping district, entering one of the largest and busiest shops.

"The reduced goods—over there," said the saleswoman, with a glance at her. "Oh! That imported dress that was in the window? Certainly, certainly. That gown would certainly look grand on you. I'll tell you something—it's my favorite in the store."

They tried it on her in a little room that held nothing but a platform and a mirror. In the cold, white light the dress seemed brighter and her own face whiter than had seemed possible. She reflected that this was caused by her wakeful night. The dress did not fit quite as she had seen it in her dreams. There was a voluminousness about the bodice which the wax model had quite filled. The gentians hung dejected and limp.

"A little padding," suggested the girl.

"I must have it tomorrow," said Bettina. She did not know why she must have it then, but she felt that she must.

"We'll make it a special order," said the clerk magnanimously, as Bettina handed her the hundred-dollar bill. She was surprised at being given so much money at this time; a deposit was all she had expected. "Two more for the alterations," she suggested sweetly, and

Bettina handed her two of Hilary's hard-earned dollars.

It was odd, but this last expenditure depressed her. This was real money. The hundred-dollar bill she regarded not so much as money as a passport to happiness, a ticket to fairyland, a magical bit of paper which a generous shopgirl would take in exchange for a blue and silver gown. But poor Hilary's money—

A first faint premonition of impending calamity smote her. She stood a moment staring at the money in the girl's hand. Then she went out quietly.

She wore it first on the evening of her husband's return. He let himself in gently, in the manner of a man who has long been subordinated to babies. Bettina did not, as usual, run to meet him. She stood regally in the parlor—a shining blue vision.

The pallor which seemed out of place in such a boyish face warmed into color as Hilary caught her to him.

"And such a *pretty* wife!" he murmured, his lips at her ear. "Isn't this something new, dear?" He caressed the gown with awed masculine fingers.

"It's a smart wife who can make new clothes out of old ones," laughed Bettina. She patted his cheek and moved away, all her delight in his return swallowed up in nervous apprehension. If only he wouldn't stare so!

"The material was some I had put away," she said breathily, taking up the evening paper. "Wasn't that Boston fire dreadful?"

Hilary was still staring.

"Bettina!" he said. "How beautiful you are!"

Was that all? She breathed again and dimpled happily.

"I think I had forgotten how beautiful you were," he said. He had come home tired and worried, dreading yet longing to pour out a tale of disappointed hopes. Now, awed by her beauty, he put it by.

"Wouldn't you like to go to the theater?" he suggested. "That dress is too pretty to waste on just me." Bettina, listening shrewdly for undercurrents of meaning in his tone, found none.

"It would be fun!" she exclaimed eag-

erly, so eagerly that Hilary relinquished his last thought of telling his dismal tale.

"Then we'll go," he said heartily, and this time Bettina did not even listen for undercurrents.

"I certainly should have an evening wrap," she said, her bright face clouding as they went out the door.

"Make one," said Hilary confidently.

"Much time I have for sewing," Bettina flashed back with familiar petulance.

"You made that dress," said Hilary; "and it's a beauty."

"Yes, yes—I can if I try. I always do quite a lot when the baby takes his nap."

In the subway station she caught maddeningly small glimpses of herself in the tiny mirrors of penny-in-the-slot machines. Returning from one of these visions, her eyes fell on Hilary's overcoat, which seemed for the first time to have a decided greenish tinge.

"You certainly do not take much trouble fixing up, Hilary," she said sharply. He started, straightening his shoulders.

"I thought I looked just as usual. Well, we dress-circle folks don't have to look like orchestra folks—fortunately," he added with whimsical emphasis.

"Indeed I'm not going to sit in the dress circle," said Bettina, the blood mounting to her head. This time he felt an impulse to tell her of his bad luck, but the train was rushing in and Bettina had already moved toward it. Once inside, of course, all conversation subsided.

In the lobby of the theater she stopped his first mention of the word "balcony." "The orchestra or nothing," she said flatly, and Hilary, looking at her pretty, willful little face, felt again that love for her—a sort of awed worship—which had characterized their courtship days. But this time was added to it the burden of responsibility.

Still he bought the seats and walked consciously down to the third row from the stage. Bettina, trailing behind him, felt only ease, born of blue draperies. She enjoyed the play, but she enjoyed her silken knees more, and the little glints of silver at her wrists made



the gentians flutter. Hilary plunged into the play with an enjoyment which Bettina might have thought pathetic if she had not in her new role of *grande dame* considered it a little vulgar. When he laughed he let his shoulders hit against the back of the seat, and a man in the same row leaned forward to look at him. By the end of the second act, when Hilary began to cough, Bettina was feeling distinctly superior. She suggested rather curtly that he go out and buy some throat lozenges, and Hilary acted upon her suggestion.

So she sat alone, her head well up, and fancied everyone was looking at her. Yet it was not all fancy. A woman surveyed her dress and called another woman's attention to it. She caught the word "lovely"—was she herself perhaps included in that word? A delicious excitement mingled with her blood, thrilling her through and through. It seemed now as if she had always been charming and well dressed. She felt sorry for the little woman in the shirtwaist who sat directly in front of her. It seemed quite impossible she could ever have looked like that. She told herself she never could again. At that moment her mental attitude was one of prayer—that she might be always as beautiful as now. And another prayer followed, quite naturally, the other: that she might never see Geoffrey Arden's face again. Then, looking up, she saw him quite near her, in a box.

He was looking at her—had perhaps been looking at her for some moments. Now, as their eyes met, a little light flickering in his was the only sign of recognition. He waited—and somewhat tremulously she nodded, instantly returning to her program for composure. He had acknowledged her greeting with his unsmiling but wholly courteous salute, and was once more talking to the woman beside him.

Bettina read an advertisement over and over, her pose one of intense concentration. Then, in spite of herself, she let her eyes stray back to the box. Florid, round, man of the world writ large upon him, he sat chatting lazily

with his companion. Bettina turned her eyes on her.

She was a large blonde woman in a black gown that revealed an almost startling whiteness of arms and shoulders. Her breast rose and fell like something alive that was too closely bound—the black draperies half disclosing it. These black draperies were flecked here and there with flashing points of jet. It was a handsome gown. Against her will Bettina caught herself wondering if he had paid for it. She strove to smother the thought, but it was there; and coupled with that woman it was maddening. It seemed to class them together—herself and that blonde creature in flashing black. A sick feeling came over her. She felt herself turning pale.

The lights sank and Hilary slid past her to his seat. In the darkness she felt his hand seek hers. In some compunction she was returning his pressure when she felt something hard and sticky in her fingers.

"They're nice; try one," he whispered, his own coughdrop rattling against his teeth.

"No!" said Bettina fiercely. She let the coughdrop roll to the floor and sat up stiffly, turning her eyes to the stage. But the incident served as a bracer.

It was over at last, and they were one of the slow-moving mass leaving the theater. In the lobby a man pressed between Bettina and Hilary. A woman following, Bettina fell still further behind. At that instant she felt a slight pressure at her shoulder.

"It is charming," said a voice. She half turned and a man's breath fanned her cheek.

"And much prettier when one is near it," said Uncle Geoffrey.

She tried to smile, and at the same time pressed forward to regain the distance between herself and Hilary. Just then her husband missed her and stood still, waiting.

"When may I see you?" said the voice behind her, very low.

Between a fear that Hilary might somehow understand, and that the woman in black was somewhere behind her listening, Bettina was in panic.

"I can't say," she murmured, turning a hot cheek in Geoffrey's direction.

"I'll telephone," came the quick, confident answer.

She slipped in before a woman who had paused to gather up her skirts and had Hilary's arm now, but not before she had caught a glimpse of a red, determined face from which two overbright eyes looked steadily.

Deaf to Hilary's, "You can't knock 'em down, you know, Bets," she only pressed ahead the faster.

Until the protecting hood of the subway station covered them her only thought was flight. But once within the train the whole sickening army was upon her. If she could only pay him back! If only she could return that money and never, never see again that warm, red face! She was ready for anything—even confession—if it meant giving her back her pride.

After all, that seemed the only thing to do. Hilary loved her so. He would understand and forgive her. Somehow, some way, he would manage to give her the hundred dollars; she could send it to Geoffrey—and then—then she could wear her dress serenely, face the world—even the woman in black—with proud eyes.

She looked at the rough shoulder of Hilary's overcoat near her eyes, then up at his profile. It looked thoughtful, even a little sad, perhaps, but not stern. He had never been stern. Anyway, she must have a hundred dollars.

"Hilary," she said. They were walking along now through the cold night air, side by side.

He did not at first seem to hear her. Then he turned his face to her without a smile.

"Bettina," he said, "I want to tell you something. I didn't make good on this trip. Barnes isn't satisfied with my work. They're making all sorts of changes in the office, and—well, they don't need me any longer. I've another job in view. It'll do as a starter. It won't pay much, but—"

She felt herself suddenly turned to stone, yet she kept walking on and on. Hilary's voice droned away meaninglessly, explaining, excusing.

"We'll have to cut down on everything—take a smaller flat and let Sally go. No sprees like this one—no sprees of any kind. It's going to be hard on you, girly, but in the end we'll pull up."

She suddenly laughed aloud, her voice musicless and shrill on the silent air.

"Why, Bettina!"

"Nothing—that expression 'pull up'—it struck me as funny. I wonder how it would be if I didn't try—if I just let go?"

She stood still, staring off into the night, a reckless and unlovely expression on her small set face. Then suddenly her shoulders drooped. She seemed in a moment to grow smaller and older, a middle-aged version of herself.

"I'll try, Hilary," she said. "And in the end—after we've both scrimped and slaved and given our souls and bodies to it—don't you suppose in the end it would be possible for us to save a little money—say a hundred dollars, perhaps?"



"WHAT ever became of Dobson? Didn't he study medicine?"  
 "Yes; but he doesn't seem to be making a practice of it."



ALSO in the matter of a kiss, two heads are better than one.

# LITANY OF THE POOR RELATION

By Ann Mazzanovich and Grace Duffie Boylan

THE "gift horse" comes up for the December dental examination with a bad gint in his eye. He is jaded and galled and his sides are scarred with spurs. He is tired of being looked in the mouth.

Love was a light jockey. But he has been thrown. And Greed is a hard rider. The oats of reflection are mixed with myrrh.

The equine claims only horse sense—but all that he can make out of the situation is that everybody expects Christmas presents, but nobody wants them; everybody bestows them, but nobody is pleased.

The world seems an Exchange for the Unwanted.

The "gift horse" nickers nonchalantly; it is no concern of his. Such is the fashion. And Custom is tax collector.

But he wonders what has become of the generous, all-around holiday spirit of that season when love bridged every gulf between the rich and the poor—when all humanity warmed hands at the fires of life—when the "black sheep" returned to the fold, certain of forgiveness and welcome—when the candle shone in the window for "little Em'ly," no matter how far she had wandered away.

Whatever jockey mounts him, the gift horse is aware that the old-fashioned Christmas is still kept in many and many a home beneath the Star, and "the more the merrier" is even yet the welcome to many a patriarchal board among the homelier people. Neighborly kindness still prevails wherever there may be found real houses with back stoops—those exchange places of confidence and

cooking recipes, the emergency bureaus of everyday life.

Over the back fences of Friendly Village mysterious things are passed on Christmas Eve—mittens and kittens, doll babies and mince pies. And there are seen the tracks of Kris Kringle himself—tracks that betray the huge fur-trimmed boots that crunched the snow as the burly saint tumbled from yard to yard. And in this place, and in such as this, there is still, even in the heart of the very young, a desire to give, which is the true spirit of the all-giving tide.

But that is in the disappearing village.

It is different in town. Those mighty, ever moving glaciers of steel and stone known as "apartment houses" have crushed down and swept away the verdure and the vision of the land. And the question of the parable, "Who is my neighbor?" is left unanswered.

The janitor makes no introductions.

And it is in the big town one wakens at the Christmas carol:

God rest ye, merry gentlemen;  
May nothing you dismay—

wondering if that includes the bill collector who is bound to catch him—for Arabella's necklace is of matched pearls and her furs are Russian sables.

Remember Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas day—

But his gifts were frankincense and myrrh—which, being interpreted, mean love and sacrifice.

But what is one to do?

Adam, who typifies Everyman, is in the Clutch of Custom. He is well inclined. But he is informed that Charity begins at home. And somebody always

hides her mantle to keep it in the family. It is the only well worn garment that is not sent away—in the box to the Poor Relation.

If the above mentioned Clutch might be released, Adam and his wife Arabella would inaugurate a fine system of elimination which would effectually transpose the ancient order: And to those who had *not* should be given, and from those who *had* should be taken away.

But the Clutch holds!

Consider the Christmas box that was sent to Sister Susan—Susan of the brave eyes—her jewels, like Cornelia's, boys and girls. Sometimes a thought of her comes to Adam like a breeze across a rose garden. His littlest sister. She used to wear a ribbon in her hair.

Economy, made necessary by Arabella's sables, was possible when remembering Susan.

Retrenchment follows along the lines of least resistance. And the Litany of the Poor Relation is not audibly intoned.

Inapt, indeed, is such a litany in the outpouring tide of song on Christmas morn:

For all ugly, useful gifts—  
For flannel petticoats, thick nightgowns,  
For sad-colored shoulder shawls,  
St. Nicholas make them truly thankful.

What if they did dream of baubles, perfumes, fans? These things are best for them.

For the suits to be made over for the children,  
For dish towels and kitchen aprons,  
For cotton handkerchiefs,  
St. Nicholas make them truly thankful.

It was just like that boy Jim to covet an etcher's proof when he needed overalls! Poor folks are impractical.

For the cheap necktie,  
For the buttonless hand-me-downs,  
For the woolen socks,  
St. Nicholas make them truly thankful.

Susan's longing for a talked-of new book showed she was literary. That

holiday edition of Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt" that she got, instead, was more in keeping with her own circumstances.

Suitability is the watchword!

Susan's daughter Martha, maidenly, musical, weary with much serving, had been promised a course at the Conservatory. Arabella had even thought of furs for her.

But for the celluloid manicure set,  
The thimble and the rubber comb,  
St. Nicholas make her truly thankful.

For, because of the Clutch, these are the judgments of Adam and Arabella.

The balances must be preserved.

If daughter Natalie gets a necklace, Martha can't have a muff.

If Arabella's bridge playing friend up the avenue is going to present her with that gold purse (as the butler told her maid below stairs—and these things come straight) for value received Arabella must pay. So Martha must do with mittens. They're just as warm.

Merry Christmas, Mattie!

To people in ordinary circumstances Christmas, because of the Clutch, has become the most trying season of the year.

A light purse makes a heavy heart.

Croesus throws his gantlet in Humility's face.

There are so many things that Love would give. And, being denied, the imps of envy and bitterness find entrance into the chambers of the heart. There are so many things that Wealth could give, and being withheld, the Christmas Angel shuts away the vision of the Star!

So it happens that when Pandora's box is opened in Susan's parlor on Christmas day in the morning—Hope is the first out!

Hope, forever springing in the human heart and annually quitting the Christmas box.

Nimble Hope—*auf wiedersehen!*



# THE BIGGEST CORNER ON EARTH

By H. H. Bashford

**I**T was in April, with a capital of five million, founded thirty years ago upon a summer's wages in New Brunswick, built up on dry goods in Toronto and Winnipeg, extended in real estate and doubled in cotton, that Joe Blaydes came to Chicago and began to buy wheat.

There seemed, on the face of it, to be no special reason why he should do this. One would have said, from a superficial knowledge of the question, that for a childless widower of simple tastes, well on in years, without relations and having no visible friends, his present fortune should have sufficed; and more, that the long chain of failures, culminating in the downfall and disappearance, seven years before, of his own lifelong rival, Bob Pringle, should have warned him to keep his hands off wheat. But in April he came, and with wheat at sixty began quietly to make his purchases.

For a little while, for three or four months, so unobtrusive were his methods that even the inner ring was unaware of a newcomer in the market, or that behind the well known brokers whom he employed was one of the keenest brains in all America. Nor was there any sensational jump in price, but just the gentle rise that might have been expected in view of a known scarcity and the general prospect of somewhat lighter crops.

Thus in June the price was sixty-eight, rising gradually to seventy-five during July; and it was not until the end of August that there came any presage of the world-shaking advances in store. Then, quite suddenly on an August afternoon, the price ran up to a dollar twenty-five; and the jobbers and smaller

dealers, growing anxious, began at last to probe about for reasons, to suspect some larger design than the mere fluctuations of a normal demand and supply and to discover at last that there was one Joe Blaydes, well known across the border but as yet a stranger to the Middle West, sitting tight behind his brokers and buying wheat till further notice. By September, reviewing their contracts, they began, with pale cheeks, to be sensible that in the absence of a miracle they were going to be found about as unpleasantly short as any dealers within memory. And by October, hands up, they were already coming in to him, cursing him in their hearts and crying for mercy with their lips.

By November, even old Brickdale, toughest of the long time wheat men, began for the first time in his life to feel the pinch, and to find himself, in the person of this grim old Canadian, up against the toughest proposition that he had yet been called upon to face. And still the price rose; and still Old Joe, as they had learned to call him, with his credit standing like a rock, and his cash wheat in its tens of millions turned over as collateral to his banks, took his punishment like a Sullivan, and came up smiling for more. Unchallenged for a decade, and unbeaten for a generation, Brickdale found himself facing the freeze-up with seven million bushels still to be delivered, and old Blaydes stating blandly but firmly that he expected to be served.

Long ago, long before this, the little men had caved in, gone under and accepted their losses or their ruin with as good a grace as might be, while behind them the whole continent, and the great world beyond, paid double for its flour

and nearly treble for its bread, in a kind of ignorant resentment, but with a dull patience of necessity. But Brickdale was not a little man, and, like Armour before him, he smashed his way through the ice of the Great Lakes, scouring the wheat plains on both sides of the border, and pouring, through the November and Christmas snows, the long streams of his promised wheat into Old Joe's apparently bottomless granaries.

Thus, as between the two of them, spring came and found the battle drawn, with Joe Blaydes still smiling his inscrutable smile and the price of wheat still rising with the thermometer mercury; while you would have said, to look at him, that only now had this sardonic old humorist begun really to feel his feet, to feel the world of his contempt turning a little beneath his tread and crying out for the food that kept it crawling. And so, with his hands in his pockets and his gray hair unruffled on his head, he began methodically to lay his hands on the May options.

It would seem then as if there was but one man upon this planet to whom presently all humanity must prostrate itself for the permission to eat and work, and upon terms of his own dictation. And it was then, toward the end of the month, that there sauntered quietly into Old Joe's sanctum that raw-boned, keen-eyed farm boy whom he recognized to have been his own youth.

Lifting his eyes from his desk, he looked at it—for he permitted nothing to surprise him—with a kind of curious interest, half amusement and half dislike, as it sat there at ease upon a corner of the table, swinging an overalled leg and gazing inquiringly into his face.

"Hello, old man!" it said to him, and he could even see it chewing a contemplative straw, as it ran its clear, perceptive eyes up and down his person from his forehead to his boots. There came into the room, too, a sudden breath of New Brunswick air, warm and resinous, full of the morning, sappy and triumphant, while behind the bannock-fed boy there seemed to flit now and then the figure of a girl, bareheaded and in kilted skirts, and her brown feet wet with dew.

She might even have turned for a moment and laughed at him over her shoulder.

"Well, old man," said the boy—he was always disrespectful—"how goes it?"

Old Joe lit a cigar, and squinted through the blue smoke at the face of the intruder.

"M'm," he said slowly; "I guess it goes."

"No answer," snapped the youth, unabashed by the cigar. "I was askin' you *how*?"

Then the telephone bell rang, and Old Joe, picking up the receiver, bent his fine head a little to listen and reply, but with his eyes still resting on the boy.

"Yes . . . . Well, take it all . . . . No, not a bit . . . . No, not a bushel . . . . Well, it'll go higher . . . . Yes, certain."

He hung up the receiver.

"And if you *had* sold?" said the boy.

"I should have cleared ten million."

The boy frowned a little, and his eyes narrowed.

"Well," he asked, "isn't that enough?"

"Not if I can make it more."

"Well, of course," said the boy lightly, "it's *your* game, you know."

"How d'you mean?" asked Blaydes.

"This dollar racket."

"But it was yours, too," said Blaydes.

The boy shook his head. "Not as you're playin' it now," he said.

Blaydes leaned forward a little and laid a hand upon the boy's shoulder, although it met, as he had foreseen, with no physical resistance.

"But you started it," he said.

The boy shook his head again. "Not as you're playin' it now," he repeated.

"Then *she*—"

But the boy's cheeks flamed scarlet.

"How *dare* you?" he cried.

Then he dropped to a half-sulky apology.

"Well," he said again, "haven't you made enough?"

"But if I wait," explained Blaydes, "I'll maybe clear fifteen, or twenty, or thirty—"

The boy nodded.



"Or forty, or fifty, or a hundred—an' what then?"

"Have you forgotten," said Blaydes, "that greasy little roll of ten-dollar bills—ten of them?"

The boy's eyes flashed.

"Never," he said, "an' you know why."

And Old Joe winced a little, even as that boy there had winced when the girl, bending down, had kissed those dollar bills and bade them bring him luck.

"Well, then," he said, "don't you see that I could buy you up exactly one million times?"

"Ah," said the boy gravely, "but then I'm not for sale, you know"; and when the telephone bell rang again, he had disappeared from sight.

Answering it, Old Joe got up and went over to the window, looking down upon the street where the noontide papers blazed two-dollar wheat.

"That's what a big man can do," he thought, and then glanced quickly behind him in case the boy had overheard.

But of course he hadn't. For there had never been a boy—only the thought sewn irrelevantly into his musings, that the boy had not been for sale. Well, of course he hadn't. He had gone—and a good riddance, too—a self-opinionated hobbledohoy, but big, sir, in his own way, big, by gum, and don't you forget it! And his grim eyes gleamed as if he could see them in the flesh, all the little men in all the world, the little men that he had outstripped with that easy, long-limbed stride of his, the little men that had stood up to him and been knocked down, the little men that had crawled to him and been crushed, the little men that, giving their eyes to be like him, snarled at him from safe corners and paid treble for their bread. For that was what the fates had given to this boy—strength.

And lo, taking it in his two hands, here he was, straddling the world. Not to be beaten, even by old Bob Pringle, he had gone steadily from bigness to bigness. In five years he had built and stocked his own store in Toronto, bought out the old farmer whose choreboy he had been, and turned the New Brunswick home-

stead into a summer house for his girl. And by now, if she had lived, he could have given her a palace in every capital. But she had died; and going back, he had built, instead, the biggest store in Toronto, and ten years later, in Winnipeg, the biggest store in Canada. Afterward he had held up cotton. And now, where Hutch and Leiter and even old Bob Pringle had failed, he held in his two hands the biggest corner in wheat that the world had ever known—with the millions, at every tick of the clock, growing steadily beneath his feet. Yes, he had made good—*made good*.

"Made what?" asked the boy. And there he was again, leaning beside him out of the window, his gray eyes roaming meditatively over the crowds below.

"Got what *you* wanted," said Blaydes.

"What was that?" asked the boy.

"Power."

"Well," said the boy, "what can you do?"

"Buy everything that's for sale," said Blaydes.

The boy laughed a little, turning from the window, with the sunset in his untidy brown hair.

"And what's that?" he asked.

"If you were as old as I am," said Blaydes slowly, "you'd know the world too well to ask me that."

"Which world?" asked the boy.

## II

It was a week after this that a professor from Harvard, wandering westward through the States, stopped suddenly on the long platform and laid a hand on his companion's arm. In a sense it was all new to him, this hurried, interlacing traffic, the screaming of engines, the very tricks of speech that assailed his ears from the confused medley of human sounds, and above and beyond them all, like the drone of a titanic bagpipe, the great roar of Chicago. But here was something different, the embodiment of a new emotion, unexpected and bizarre, intent and silent and unconscious of the clamor.

His companion, chattering at large,

cut short his speech, glanced for a moment at the professor's keen, instructed eyes, and then turned his own toward the little group of men that they were examining. More familiar than the professor with the city's types, he had already thrown a careless glance at them—a little body, as it appeared, of normal Chicago traders, storemen, bummers and perhaps a clerk or two—gathered expectantly about a private saloon on the long eastbound express. But now, as he looked at them a second time, he began to see that the professor's interest had perhaps been justified. For, while no doubt they were everyday citizens, he could see, on a closer scrutiny, that they were hardly citizens in an everyday mood, and that they were becoming, too, a slow focus of infection. People were being attracted to them by ones and twos. Some left them again. But most stayed. And those that stayed seemed to fall under the same spell, to become still with the same peculiar stillness.

Poised there about some unseen pivot, the group was growing gradually into a crowd, not ragged or inharmonious, but welded, orderly and decorous. And sensible of some indefinite magnetism, the professor and his friend found themselves drawing nearer to it, becoming part of it, and yet, at the same time, held back by an almost uneasy reluctance from inquiring about its meaning—as though suddenly they had been compelled, against their own better judgment, to become fellow worshipers in a ritual where a question would be sacrilege. With a sense of almost physical pain, the professor became aware, too, of some odd, mesmeric power that was insinuating itself, as it were, between his brain and his will, something born of this crowd in which he stood, some fruit of its extraordinary stillness, its tenacious, unfretful patience. There was a kind of impersonal intellect in it, too, a studied negligence of all but one unseen object, that at first was almost quaint, and then something more. Thus a porter, carrying a couple of leather portfolios to the empty carriage, found a lane in the crowd that melted before him

like butter, and down which he returned with a beaming and ignorant countenance. And it was only when the little negro attendant paused momentarily on the footboard that the professor caught his first benumbing insight into its real significance. For here, and for the briefest moment, there was focused and reflected back to him the reaction of all these straining human eyes upon a comprehending intelligence—an intelligence that had once seen a white man's crowd outside a jail in Tennessee—many-brained, but with a solitary purpose, white hot, and crouched to kill.

Then, as though from some outer void in which the common happenings of life had become indefinitely remote, there came a tiny shout, so small that at first it seemed both meaningless and grotesque. But it was repeated, not once or twice but many times, and with such a shrill insistence that very slowly this giant turned itself about—turned itself about, and then, with a cry so fierce and unforgettable that the professor could only pray God that he might never again hear such another, swung headlong across the station.

But it was no longer a giant. With its center forsaken, the force that made this crowd one for a single end had become dissipated, distributing itself blindly along the length of another, distant train, already moving slowly from its platform. For yet once more had they been defeated, every single man of them. And when, in after years, the professor would remember this scene, there would always rise before him, above the forest of shaking fists and fiery upturned eyes, one grim face, seen through a broken Pullman window, steady and satirical, and with perhaps the unhappiest smiling lips that he had ever seen.

He gripped his companion's arm again.

"Who is it?" he asked. "Who is that man?"

"Why, Blaydes," said his companion shortly—"Old Joe; an' I reckon he's done 'em again."

But out in the street where the boys were selling the papers it was as though,

with a dramatic foresight, the curtain had been suddenly lifted upon the last act of the drama. For here, from every news sheet in the gutter, stared up at them the tidings that the price of wheat had broken by fifty cents in as many seconds; and that, beneath a flood of grain that no man could withstand, the great corner, like an idol with feet of clay, had tottered to its fall. The professor's companion bought a paper.

"By George!" he said at last. "And he must have known it all the time."

The professor nodded.

"And more," he said.

"Eh?" said his companion, still poring over the fresh print. "How do you mean?"

"He's been to the end of all things," said the professor—"and looked over the edge."

### III

It was inexplicable—not to the papers, so wise after the event, describing how, when the whole visible supply had seemed to have been cornered, there burst out afresh, from a hundred unsuspected private granaries, those small streams that had converged to overwhelm him. But to his secretaries, his brokers, who had followed the whole adventure from the inside, it was entirely inexplicable. For here was no young amateur, ignorant of the right moment to sell, but a shrewd old fellow grown suddenly so deliberately careless that you would have thought him to be building nothing more important than some childish house of cards, story by story toward an inevitable collapse, and even a little impatient because it stood up so long.

Thus, with a profit of ten million, they had besought him to be contented. "Look here," he said to them—and lo, by tomorrow they had become fifteen and the next day twenty. They came to him again. But he only smiled and shook his head.

"I reckon," he said, "this is the greatest show in dollar making that you fellows are likely to see. Look here—" And by the end of the week the twenty

had become thirty. And still he went on buying with a price that rose to blood heat, and in the face of the June fields throughout all the world smiling the biggest crops of memory. They could only gasp now, waiting for the end, that came during the midsummer night, when the sweepings of every bin from Russia to the Argentine still poured into his grasp, when the banks at last refused to extend his credit and he had perforce to disgorge upon a price that went dropping like a pricked balloon. Afterward he would chuckle sometimes to remember this—how it was the little men, after all, who had flipped over his house of cards. But to those about him it was inexplicable; and if somebody had cared for him, it would have been almost heartbreaking. Yet there it was—while the boy who could have told them the secret was for no eyes but two to see.

"Gad," he said, as the train began to move from the station, "how those fellows hate you!"

But the old man never stirred, his hands still thrust into his pockets, his great shoulders hunched and his eyes still gleaming through the broken Pullman window. There was to come a time to him when no man should seem little. But just now they seemed less than ever—shaking their puny fists from the little departing life in which he had fought them for their dollar bills, and slipping away from him now forever, over the edge of all things and into the nothingness beyond.

Warned by his secretary of the crowd at the station, he had canceled his east-bound ticket and boarded a train for the north. And now, seating himself at a table, he brought back with an effort the splendid machinery of his brain to the immediate task of clearing up his position. For, though of the larger moralities he was entirely oblivious, in the smaller he had always prided himself on his honesty, and nobody in his whole career had ever written off Joe Blaydes as a bad debt.

And thus it was that through the long hours row upon row of figures flowed firmly from his pen, until at last, as they rolled into St. Paul, his way, for the mo-

ment at any rate, had become ticketed so clearly before him that a week later the news flashed out from Winnipeg to the world at large that every man in his employ and every creditor on his books would be paid in full, while an elderly man in a rough serge suit took a private car—his last luxury—for the old New Brunswick homestead. But it was an odd journey nevertheless; and he smiled a little to observe the glances thrown at him, as now and then he wandered through the train, pitying or resentful or righteously rebuking. And it was not until the second night that there again swung over the footboard and into his own saloon the raw-boned visitor of Chicago.

"Well, old man," he said, "as you were, eh? As you were?"

But Joe Blaydes shook his head. For it seemed to him now, in the little mirror above the corridor door, that he had grown suddenly old and useless. And he never saw the boy again.

For, opening the door with his gnarled old hand, he stepped out, not into the corridor, but into the dark; plunged down, as it were, himself into nothingness; pitched over and rolled and pitched again, with a furnace flaming round his brain and his ears struck deaf with its roar.

#### IV

AND then presently, as though from some nightmare chaos, little sounds began to form, to take definite shape and substance, to ripple like a stream through his returning understanding, to become an actual stream close by, real—as real as anything that he had heard in all his life. Timid for a moment of opening his eyes, he began slowly to move his hands and arms; and they were his own, though very stiff, and they were brushing through real, wet grass.

"Then I am alive," he thought, and with an odd return of memory recalled how he had once said that before, years ago, when, as a boy, he had fallen from an orchard tree and lain for a few minutes stunned upon the grass.

He must have lain longer than that

now, however, for he could see, looking up, a great depth of sky above him, opal and still cold, perhaps, but with the veils of night disappearing from before it. He sat up, giddy at first and with an aching head, and saw that his hands were torn, and that he had fallen from the railway embankment into a half-dry morass beside a small but rapid stream. A second earlier and he would have fallen from the trestle bridge into the water itself, foaming down there over its rocks and shale. Very slowly he stood up and stretched his arms; and for a moment, as he did so, the world darkened about him. Then, recovering himself quickly, he took a deep breath of air so rich and tonic that it seemed to explore and invigorate the remotest crevices of his being, so that he found himself standing, erect and clear-brained, and even as though, by something more than an accident, he had stumbled suddenly into a new earth and under a new heaven.

Looking about him, he saw now that he was standing upon the clear margin of forest through which long ago the railway pioneers had driven their track, and that beside the stream a path led away through the luxuriant underbrush into the great timber beyond. Fringed with the virginal, sapling stems of the silver birches, jeweled here and there with the crinkled wild rose leaves of the young budding maples, it towered behind them all, a vast and solemn background, ranging before him to north and east and west like some cosmic temple, its dim aisles reaching away into half-luminous, mystic sanctuaries and the sky above it already faint with gold.

Kneeling down, he bathed his face and his hands, and drank deep of the ice cold water. To the south, on his left hand, must lie, he knew, the great lake that the railway skirted, while up and down the track would be stations where he might obtain food and rest. But it was neither food that he wanted then nor physical rest. And he struck, instead, toward the forest, following the little trail beside the stream and coming presently into the shade of the big trees—that shade in which, for all the strip

of dawn that he had just been crossing, it seemed to him that he was destined to finish his life. But it was part of his creed not to grumble at destiny. And this was the penalty, no doubt, of his too hasty vision—of looking, in the full maturity of his powers, over the end of all things and into the nothingness beyond.

And it was then that there came to him—not real, surely, and yet, was it?—a gay voice, ringing and confident.

"Why, Joe!" it cried. "Why, Joe, old man!"

And then, lifting his eyes, he saw that the path on which he was walking had bent round to the right, and that beyond him, under an arch of trees, lay a little clearing, half of it green already with an upspringing crop, and the rest a garden planted round a shanty. Facing south, the windows of this had already caught the sunlight, while from its chimney rose a blue column of smoke, frail and still.

And here upon the path, brawny and bearded and with a brown hand held out to greet him, stood old Bob Pringle—old Bob, whom he had bested in courtship, but who had beaten him in real estate, whom he had overtaken in dry goods, but who had got ahead of him in cotton, whom he had outreached at a second attempt, but who had thence plunged into the pit and afterward disappeared from it all. Step by step through life they had fought each other in an odd, deliberate struggle for supremacy. And for a moment, with the market instinct still moving within him, Old Joe became suddenly on guard. But he took the extended hand and was drawn lustily into the clearing.

"Well, I guessed," said Bob, "that you'd be comin' along some time." He grinned a little. "You were always a good second," he added.

Old Joe eyed him narrowly. Except for a layer of sunbrown, he had scarcely altered. And yet he was different, though it was hard to tell how. Then a girl came out of the shanty, Bob Pringle's daughter, bareheaded and smiling. Ten years ago he had seen her coming home from school in a landaulet down

Broadway. He held out his hand a little awkwardly.

"I reckon you've grown up," he said. And then in a flash it occurred to him that, by an odd coincidence, it was just this that described old Bob himself. It was the serenity of him, the sense of *arrival*, that he hadn't been able to define.

"You've altered, too, you know," he said, as the girl went back again to prepare their breakfast. Bob smiled.

"That's because I'm in on something big," he said.

The shadows deepened a little about Old Joe's lined face.

"If you knew," he said, "how I loathe that word!"

"No, you don't," said Bob; "not really. It's because you can't find anything big *enough*."

Then the old flame, the will to live, leaped up again in his eyes.

"By God," he said slowly, "I believe you're right! But there isn't anything. I've seen plumb through, I tell you. An' I know."

"No, you haven't," smiled Bob. "You've been turnin' in your sleep, that's all."

"How d'you mean?" asked Joe.

"Tell me," said Bob; "what set you out makin' dollars?"

Joe thought for a minute. And then at last the great word creaked out of its rusty old cupboard.

"Why, love," he said.

"An' the dollars you've made since?"

"They make me sick."

"Would you give sixty millions of 'em to be able to shine *her* boots?"

"More."

"An' is there a man in the universe who'd do it for you on the same terms?"

"None."

"Then what's the Big Thing?"

"But you can't corner love," said Old Joe.

"It's been done."

"By one man?"

"And he didn't go broke?"

"He went broke," said Bob slowly, "but not till afterward. An' the corner's still bein' built up—by a syndicate. An' all the world is short."

There crept into Joe Blaydes's face a new expression—beaten, doubting and immeasurably hungry.

"Tell me," he said: "are you *in* on this thing?"

Bob bowed his head.

"Because," he said, "there's nothing else—big enough—to be worth while."

It was then that the girl, coming to

the shanty door, began to call them in to breakfast. They turned toward her—the two old men—and toward the full sun that had risen now above the pine-tops.

"Tell me," said Old Joe, "this Man—who was he?"

"A carpenter," said Bob, "of Nazareth."



## THE LOST PRINCESS

By Richard Arthur

ONCE, my heart's Princess, on a morn of May,  
 Together you and I fled far away  
 Beyond the hills,  
 Into a world of flowers and birds and bees,  
 Of moss and fern fronds and high-towering trees  
 And brooks and rills.

We came unto a stream of goodly strength  
 O'er which a fallen pine had stretch'd its length,  
 Then—to explore  
 What venture might be on the farther strand—  
 You wish'd to cross; and so I took your hand  
 To guide you o'er.

Midway across the stream we chanced to stay  
 To watch the water coursing on its way.  
 You closer drew;  
 I look'd into your eyes and saw the light  
 Of maiden love dawn in their depths—a sight  
 To thrill me through!

Impassion'd words surged to my lips—but they  
 Were never utter'd, Princess; for away  
 The hills, the dell,  
 The bridge, the flowers, the birds, the trees and you  
 Slipp'd from my touch and vanish'd from my view—  
 As in I fell!

# "ONE CALLED GRASS WIDOW"

By Thomas Samson Miller

HE came into the trading station at sundown. He left his sandals on the veranda, and advancing, gave the salute of Sokoto—open palms to show that he came in friendship, and then touching of finger tips to turban, breasts and heart, signifying, "My head, my soul and my body at your service."

He was a gray-polled, tripe-wrinkled, sun-baked aged remnant of a man, his bernouse lapping in folds about his attenuated body, his pinpoint black pupils piercing me with question and glancing away to the brass lamp and ledgers with suspicion of "white man's magic." He asked for the "letter book." Instantly I knew him for the *galadima*, or prime minister, of a petty sultan of a small desert tribe beyond the bushmen of the Moon Mountains, who sent down every third moon twenty tusks to establish his son's credit with the trading company.

But let the transcript of the Prince's letter, which I give verbatim in its curious Biblical English, explain the *galadima's* quest and fantastic hopes. The Prince had let me make the copy when he had gone down the Niger about three months previously. The letter is the *galadima's* instructions to his royal pupil when he went on his strange quest to the lands of the whites.

At the Court of Mohammed Boro, Sultan of Candia, in the  
Valley of the Upper Niger.

TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS MAHOMET ALI,  
Prince of Candia:

Allah be with thee, my son—for son thou art of my wisdom, and son of thy people, who call thee in their prayers; listen to these my last instructions as thou goest forth to the lands of the

whites. First, I would have thee know that in the beginning Allah did fashion the world or ever he made the sun, moon and stars—though there be those ignorant ones at thy father's court who do hold contrariwise; but were it not folly to build the fire and make the light ere ever the house were built? Enough; wise men know He made earth first, and then did fashion man, of two colors, whereof one was black and one was white.

And before these two men, fathers of us all, He did place a calabash and a book, saying first to the black man, "Choose." Now the black man did choose of the calabash, whereby he did get all the good things of this world—the sunlit lands where fruit grows abundantly and beasts multiply and there is plenty in all the land. And to the white man fell the book, whereby he got knowledge, whereby he is become lord over the black; and of what use is the black man's plenty if he hath not knowledge? The whites have a power that fashioneth instruments of war, whereby our valor comes to naught; by their magic do they prevail, ever coming nearer to Candia, so that it perchanceth they shall take thy country and thy throne from thee, and thy people shall be as their slaves. All this thou knowest.

Now learn of the hope thy people find in thee for their deliverance from this magic. When I, *galadima* to thy royal sire, saw thee taking thy first kick—and vigorous it was—and did note thy fair skin, which is the whiteness of thy mother, the beautiful Circassian maid sent to thy father by his friend Emir El Afdiz, I did see in this fairness of thy skin and the straightness of this nose and



thinness of thy lips, which are as the whites, the merciful work of Allah, and that He did listen to our prayers for deliverance from the coming of the whites; for in thee did I see one who would go down to the lands of the whites and learn of those mysterious powers gotten from that book in the beginning. To fit thee for this great work I journeyed down to the Gold Coast, where the white prophets hold forth on their faith, and sat at the feet of one called Missionary, who instructed me in his Book of Wisdom, which to the whites is as the Koran to the Faithful. Now thou knowest I have instructed thee in the tongue and the learning of the whites in this book, so that when thou dost adventure into their countries thou mayest be learned in their tongue and their law—which is to give thy coat to him that hath none, to call all men brothers and to share thy table freely with the hungry; and it is not a bad law.

And that thou shalt journey as befits thy rank, I have covenanted with the white man trader, by which I pay him twenty ivories every third moon, so that when thou comest to the place called Old Calabar thou shalt get a magic book called Letter of Credit, whereby all that thou desirest in the land of the whites shall be thine.

One word more: Behold, thou art young and fair, and it may be that thy mother's grace and thy father's strength and carriage and the majesty that is thine through the blood of an hundred sultans will bring thee to much favor with woman, for woman, be she white, black or brown, is full of wiles and temptation. Take care lest thou give her offense, for she is cunning in revenge.

Go, son, bring home this magic power to thy people, for the whites creep subtly over our lands; thy people do they conquer and thy country do they despoil, and the Faithful stand dismayed. Write me fully each moon how thou farest. Farewell. Allah be with you!

AHMET KOLO.

Such the letter of Ahmet Kolo. Two weeks ago the mail canoe had brought in a long envelope, addressed to the

*galadima* in a round schoolboy hand; and I must confess to a troublesome curiosity to know its contents. I had an excitable anticipation of what might lie in the path of the unsophisticated handsome barbarian who was journeying to the "lands of the whites" with the abstract platitudes of the Christian faith for his guide of conduct. Suppose he took off his coat on Broadway and gave it to the nearest tramp, or stopped to give his pretty if laborious salute to the washerwoman at her tub, or asked the newsboy to dine at the hotel grill!

The *galadima* clawed the letter eagerly, and turned it over in his black palms, seeking the mystery of its fastening. Then he fixed a pair of huge goathorn spectacles to his nose, and carefully, fearfully poked a finger under the envelope flap, but eventually gave it to me, with a request that I open and read for him—a request I obeyed with cheerful alacrity. Oh, poor Mahomet Ali, Prince of Candia!

S. S. Warragoona,  
on the Big Water.

To AHMET KOLO,

Galadima and Wise Counsellor,

At the Court of my Father,

Sultan Mohammed Boro:

Oh, Ahmet Kolo, Allah be with you! This is to give thee my strange adventures when I was come to the end of the Big River, even to the sea, at the place called Old Calabar, where I did put off my bernouse, my turban and my sandals for the hat and clothes of the white man, whereof my neck is yoked in stiff armor called collar, and my legs are undisguised; but I suffer for my people and complain not.

There embarked I in canoe ship, which is like unto many houses one upon the other, and which rolled with many motions. Ah, dost remember how on thy journey to Timbuctoo thou didst essay to ride the camel, and did in thy stomach suffer many pains because of its rolling motion? So suffered I. Then came the ship to beautiful isles, by name Grand Canaries, where the orange and banana grow abundantly. Here came many whites into the canoe ship,

and many were females, and of their hair no two were alike, but each unto its own color. Also they came in great haste, for the whites have no dignity of movement, but strive always one with the other each to be first, and it is a fetich with them. Now was I astounded to see a female, the like unto which have I never imagined; yea, she was handmaiden to Mahomet, of a surety. And it came about that as she came upon the vessel she raised her eyes, which were as the blue flowers that twine about the columns of the outer court of my father's house. Nor did her eyes drop, as with our maidens, but she let them dwell on me. Then she passed into the bowels of the ship, and it was as if chill night had fallen on crimson sundown. Oh, Allah made all—He made all of a kind; male and female made He them. As my heart did thus uplift, the canoe ship made much noise; there was a rushing of slaves and the voice of one in authority, and the vessel moved over the waters, though no man paddled. Now it was nigh to night, and mystic lights appeared; the lights are called electric, and the white man makes light at will. Then I descended into the ship, even to the court of the females; and this is not accounted unseemly among the whites. There saw I her of the wonderful hair and the eyes that speak; and her hair was—ah, dost remember the meshed gold pools on the big lake when the sun rides high noon in Candia? And in her ears were rings of great price, even like to the bushmen of the Moon Mountains, but in her nose was no ring. Yet were her fingers radiant with jewels, and about her neck were diamonds, which were like to the morning dew on the lotus. Now she directed her eyes on me with a strange power which speaketh, though her tongue moveth not, for they did call me unto her, and I did go, though her raiment made me ashamed; for it is a fetich among the whites that the women cover not the upper body when the supper hour is come. Nevertheless she was fair. A great ferment filled all my being. Now I write no more this night, for a palsy hath me; her smile pursueth

me. I write no more, save to say that she be called Grass Widow, which I comprehend not at all, but shall surely come to a knowledge thereof in all good time.

Allah be with thee!

MAHOMET ALL.

Then followed a series of letters written from day to day on the voyage.

CANOE SHIP,

Place called High Sea,

which hath neither beginning nor end, but fills all the world between place called Sunrise and place called Sundown.

OH, GALADIMA:

Allah guard thee! When the muezzin calleth the Faithful to prayer in Candia, utter thou a prayer for thy son, for Grass Widow is come to great power over me, so that I sleep not by night nor eat by day. Hearken. I did leave thee in my last epistle where I sat beside her in the court of the females. She had speech with me, and her voice is as the cooing of the doves that fly about the inner court; her breath is the mimosa-scented breeze, and about her body was pomatum of wonderful aroma. Her neck is as polished ivory. And when slave steward called us to eat I sat by her side, and we did eat in one another's faces, for it is not accounted ill among the whites to see the workings of others' mouths. Now I, being not accustomed to the strange instruments by which the whites do convey food unto their mouths, blundered many times—yea, salt did I spill and knife did I drop, whereat Grass Widow feared strange evil. Indeed, the whites have more witchcraft than the bushmen, though thou hast told me that Missionary speaketh against superstition. I think me Missionary was untruthful; much I see that is not as he saith it should be. And when the eating was done, the white woman spake softly to me, bidding me follow her to deck, and I did so joyfully, though nowise constrained to do so but by the power of her eyes. Now there is a custom among the whites that when the night is come the aged go to their cabin boxes, but those on whom the

years lie lightly, both male and female, get them unto dark corners into furniture called steamer chairs. Now Grass Widow did find such corner, and did breathe upon me and speak me fair. Said she: "I did read in the ship's book wherein thou art set down as prince. Art thou of a surety a prince?" And I answered: "Yea, prince am I; Mahomet Ali, son of an hundred sultans, and Prince of Candia." Whereat she said: "Oh, spare my head!" But I had no thought to do her harm and did reassure her, whereupon she said she spake in mirth, and we enjoyed much speech, wherein I learned many strange things. Boldly did she tell me she was wife, and that her husband was Dollar Lord, with much authority in his country. Now was I afraid, but she did tell me it is not accounted shameful for Grass Widow to be familiar with stranger. Now I know that Grass Widow is a female who is wholly free, traveling where she listeth, and the like to which we have not in our country. And her voice was low and pleasing to my ears, and she had much laughter, so that when the good night salute came there was no sleep in my eyes, but I did walk the deck, whereupon those in dark corners did revile me with opprobrious name, Butinsky.

Now when morning was come, my fever did impel me to seek Grass Widow, and I came on her at the far end of the ship, where is magic power called Propeller, which putteth the water in commotion like the slaves washing by the river. With her was one, a she-slave called Maid, to whom she commandeth, "Do this," or "Bring that"—"Go," or "Come"; and always she addeth "Hasten," so that I marveled that the woman fell not of weariness by the way; indeed, the whites do drive their slaves with much ferocity, and it is not, as Missionary saith, that all are as brothers. Ah, dost remember the babble of the slaves where they lie under the baobabs by the market? Now the she-slave had by her a dog of exceeding smallness and hair of much length—did wash, comb and dry it even as a Candia mother doth her babe—and unto Grass Widow the dog

is babe. Marvel not! Of a truth is this so; I lie not—am I not Mahomet Ali, Prince of Candia? But I hear thee ask: Hath not white woman a babe for her affections? Learn then, O Galadima, it is not proper for white woman of rank to have babe. This I understandeth not; yet will I come to a knowledge thereof in all good time. Now Grass Widow commanded the slave maid, "Go; and take Pet with you"; and then she gave me that look that draweth me to her side, and I sat there, and we were alone, and I rejoiced.

Oh, Ahmet Kolo, couldst thou but know the joy and wonder of voyage on ship—the mystery of the big water; and thou couldst take the palace barge, and by strange power driven, sail the domed infinitudes of Candia's morning sky, in sliding, gliding, noiseless motion, then wouldst thou know voyage by ship. My heart was full of gladness; and then Grass Widow spake, saying: "O Prince of Candia, son of an hundred sultans, hast thou no word for thine hand-maiden?" And she uttered the laugh which maddeneth me, and her laugh did seduce me to laughter also, and then I did think me of certain words in the whites' Book of Wisdom, and spake them softly to her:

"Stay me with flagons,  
Comfort me with love:  
For I am sick of love.  
His left hand is under my head,  
And his right doth embrace me..."

Now her eyes dwelt on me most strangely, and her mirth increased, so that her body was all a-tremble; great passion came over me, and I knew not what was like to happen; but just then came one of the slave seamen and roughly bade us begone from ship end. Now I was angered that a slave should thus affront me, and raised my hand to smite him, but Grass Widow stayed me, and with her eyes cooled my anger and drew me away. She sighed for my passion, saying softly, "Poor boy!" But I undeceived her, saying that I was come to man's estate these many moons since, was captain of cavalry and was accounted bold with the emirs in war, which thou knowest was not vain boasting.

Again she laughed—in that fashion that maddeneth me. Then I made bold to take her in my arms—though whereof I cannot today comprehend; but I did covet to take her in my arms. However, she did avoid me; of a subtle quickness was she, and she fled from me. I write no more this night.

MAHOMET ALI.

P. S.—Yet must I add that the strange power of the whites hath not yet been revealed to me, yet some powers have I discovered, and they are named Steam, Winch, Electric.

CANOE SHIP

On Sea of Vastness

O GALADIMA AND COUNSELLOR:

Now the days at sea are long, and though we do move ever toward the sunset, I see clearly that we are deceived and that the sun doth set as distant tomorrow as today; nay, I knew nor time nor space until this voyage. I marvel me. Does the land of the whites lie in yonder western gold, or shall we pass through that flaming world to a Great White Beyond? And I am troubled, for the heavens by night are not as the heavens of Candia; nay, I am lost to find the familiar stars. Yet do I perceive that the water has a continuity, even unto the River of the Slaves, which the whites do call the Niger, and I am comforted to know that there is the way to mine country.

O Ahmet Kolo, strange things have happened to me, whereof I am no longer desirous to Grass Widow; yea, of her have I had sufficiency, and this is the way of it: When she did last escape my arms there came to me a white female of astonishing ugliness, who of her own free will would have speech with me. Now she gave unto Grass Widow a new name, and it was Peroxide Blonde, and yet another name was Flirt; and in this wise spake she: "Art thou not a prince and good quarry? Will not yon Dollar Lord name thee Affinity, cast thee for damages and give thee Grass Widow for wife?" Now was I troubled in spirit, and did seek of the ugly one to know how wife could have two husbands, when thou knowest that Missionary said it

was unlawful for wife to take more than one husband or husband more than one wife. Now did I learn that thou understandest Missionary not aright: that it is truly not lawful to have more than one wife at a time—that thou takest not a second until thou partest from the first, nor a third until the second be put from thee. And this is the manner of it: when a lord tireth of his wife he seeketh one in authority called Divorce, who separateth them; and when the woman hath spent all her lord's money in gay raiment, she also seeketh Divorce and is free again to marry whom she listeth. Now when I learned this I was afraid and sought to avoid Grass Widow. But when the night was come she cast her evil spell on me, so that I no longer sought to avoid her, but finding her in steamer chair under boat davit, there did I fall into great trouble.

She was at my side, and all the night was filled with magic power and great exultation was in my soul. The sea struck fire—yea, marvel, water was afire—by name phosphorus. Over the world lay hush and starlight. Anon some monster raised itself from the deep; from inside the ship came queer noises—music of an instrument called violin which worketh passion in the heart. Now I sat by Grass Widow, and she did exercise me in the kiss salute of the whites. In my arms I held Grass Widow, and I did salute her with the kiss salute—yea, a thousand times, until the breath was gone from my body, and she called one word, which was, "Help!" Now arose a great commotion; men came running from all ways. A slave seaman did roughly take my arm, and one clad in gold—and he was one of authority—spake angry words to me. Then came the female of astonishing ugliness and spake words in my favor, whereupon the whites' anger changed to laughter; and it is a way with the whites, who have no dignity of countenance but do change as children. But when I looked round me Grass Widow was gone. All night I sought her and found her not. All night did Lookout sing prayer, "All's well." But when morning came, I found her where male and female congregate to

eat. Then did I go up to her and salute her the kiss salute, as she had taught it to me. But she was angered, and did smite my cheek—yea, woman hath smitten the cheek of Mahomet Ali! Then she rose up to face me, and it was like the rage of the leopardess when my assagai speared her side. Again she made to smite me, and there was much laughter and some hissed "Barbarian!" Now was I enraged, and did take her by the hair to shake her for the open shame she put upon me, when, lo, the hair came away in my hand, and it was dead hair, and of two colors. Now was the laughter great. But I did not laugh,

but bethought me of a saying which is common among the whites regarding that which glittereth like gold but may perchance be other. Now when Grass Widow heard the laughter she fled to her own habitation. Then came a slave steward and called, "Land!" and all ran to the deck. So laid I first eyes on the white man's country, and it was called New York.

O Ahmet Kolo, thou seest I am learned in the ways of white woman. But of her power have I not yet discovered.

MAHOMET ALI,  
Prince of Candia.



## ENVY

By Louis Untermeyer

THE willow and the river  
Ripple with silver speech,  
And one refrain forever  
They murmur each to each.

"Brook with the silver gravel,  
Would that your lot were mine—  
To wander free, to travel  
Where greener valleys shine—  
Strange ventures, fresh revealings  
And, at the end—the sea!  
Brook with your turns and wheelings,  
How rich your life must be!"

"Tree with the golden rustling,  
Would that I were so blessed,  
To cease this stumbling, jostling,  
This feverish unrest!  
I join the ocean's riot;  
You stand song-filled—and free!  
Tree with your peace and quiet,  
How rich your life must be!"

*The willow and the river  
Ripple with silver speech,  
And one refrain forever  
They murmur each to each.*

# THE JEMIMA HYPOTHESIS

By Brian Hooker

LET it be understood from the outset that I may claim no credit for the revelation which is to follow. The Jemima Hypothesis, like the Sulphitic Theory, is no mere product of the intelligence, wrought with voluntary labor, whereof one may say: "I made it, and it is mine." Such matters abide beyond the veil of time in the bosom of Truth; and it matters nothing when or through whom they are first made manifest among men. I am not even a discoverer: Columbus, it is true, neither made nor sought America; yet he was seeking for something, and I was not. Shall a reed of the river take pride in its accidental selection for the lips of Pan? Go to, orgulous vegetable! Thine only merit shall be thy very hollowness, wherethrough the god's music may blow clear!

But in order to convey the nature of this revelation, I must hark back over the pedestrian pathways of the mind; Pan's breath must become through me a sound audible to the long ears of intellect. Consider, therefore, I pray you, for a moment, the psychology of the mutual. Whenever two or three are gathered together each mind will contain somewhat which has no existence in the other minds—certain thoughts, emotions, reminiscences or what not, personal and peculiar to that individual. With this we have nothing to do. Now of what is common to these associated minds—the physical surroundings, the momentary subject of thought, mutual agreements of memory or emotion—a certain portion will ordinarily be expressed by speech, look or gesture. This also is beside our investigation. That which remains—the unexpressed mutuality—whatever exists

uncommunicated, implicit, in the consciousness of two or more people at once—that is Jemima. Suppose, for example, that you and I stand upon a windy cliff, watching a red sun, cloud-panoplied, sink under the sea. Perhaps the scene reminds me of "*The Téméraire*," and you of "*The Ancient Mariner*"; of these individualities Jemima takes no cognizance. Perhaps—forgive me—we discuss the dinner hour, or the red orb's presage of hot weather; with these overt and expressed ideas Jemima has no concern. But it is Jemima who feels the salt sting of the wind, beholds the stunning fury of color and senses all that might and mystery and bloom which for the moment lives alike in both of us inexpressible or unexpressed. Or, to evaporate the idea into a diagram, suppose a circle to represent the whole field of your consciousness, and another partly superimposed circle the whole field of my consciousness, at a given moment. The coincident portion of the circles will then represent what mentation we have in common.

A portion of this may be said to represent what we have said, or otherwise communicated. The remaining portion represents the consciousness of Jemima. Or, again, Jemima may be algebraically formulated as the Highest Common Factor of the unexpressed.

Jemima is therefore an induced protean personality, common, at a given moment, to any number of people, fluctuating continually as the coincidence of minds becomes more or less, or as part of that coincidence discharges into expression. Where no two persons have any consciousness in common, Jemima is not; nor is she where all communal

consciousness is perfectly expressed; but these extremes are so rare that she is practically omnipresent. And it must be evident, upon consideration, that Jemima is very truly a Person; for she has every attribute of human personality except sameness and the physical body. She is, of course, in possession of the senses, for sensation is frequently common to several at once. In the silent examination room, where communication is a crime, Jemima thinks; may Hermes grant her understanding! In breathless moments upon the diamond or the gridiron, in the wordless crises of love and war, Jemima passionately wills. While small boys hurry home damp-haired from the inhibited swim or bloated with unseasonable fruit, but bravely reticent of their uneasiness, Jemima forebodes. Does an old song rearouse forgotten moonbeams in a hundred hearts? Jemima remembers. Is a multitude gathered in the pregnant hush of the cathedral, or before some greatness of nature or of art? Jemima worships. And for the unconscionable jest, for the bereavement whereto there may be no allusion, Jemima laughs or grieves. Personal? Nay, greatly a person is Jemima, intense and catholic in her humanity, goddess of mutual understanding, and avatar of the unspoken and the unspeakable.

Now certain aspects of the Jemimal nature are so frequent and so ponderous in their influence upon human affairs as to demand special attention; and of these perhaps the most familiar is her sense of humor. How often will some person present a spectacle of unconscious absurdity which the assembly may not overtly appreciate! In the presence of the dog in church, of the rustic at the Opera, how swiftly and how terribly Jemima swoops from the sublime to the ridiculous! How she hovers about the Podsnaps and the Veneerings, and follows the Bromide like an impeccable Nemesis to the internal convulsion of their courteous friends! And when at some punctilious dinner table the predestined wretch has emitted one of those verbal torpedoes known in the vernacular as a "break," behold how the

company sit voiceless, listening in grave agony to the ticking of the clockwork within the bomb, daring not even to gaze on each other with a wild surmise; while in the circumambient astral Jemima writhes and roars, holding her huge sides, an incubus of immeasurable mirth. In vain the hostess makes hurried allusion to the weather, invokes the angel of the commonplace. The tension gathers, the awful vision swells, until, amid internal earthquakes and diaphragmatic quiverings, some artless girl lifts her head and honks like a taxicab—and then the shameful cataclysm! In such aspects Jemima operates as a sort of spiritual consensor or leyden jar: charged, as it were, to an increasing pressure as the communal emotion intensifies. Or to speak more precisely, Jemima represents a charge of negative emotion induced by the positive emotion of those present. And as the charge increases, her induced potential rises correspondingly, until the strength of the insulator becomes inadequate to the strain. Then the tension snaps, the emotion gains utterance and the potential is discharged. Thus, in metaphysics as in physics, reaction is equal to action. And it is this reactive pressure of Jemima upon the individuals who communally induce her which makes potent her influence upon humanity. For she exerts her whole force upon each individual, thus multiplying many times his original impulse. You or I alone, for example, would find no excruciating humor in the sight of a dolorous pup flea hunting in a place of worship; yet if we behold the same in company with hundreds like us, we shall hardly contain ourselves. Jemima reacts upon each of her participants with a force equal to the combined psychic energy of them all.

Closely related, and of even greater result, is her influence upon the affairs of the heart. For another natural law in her spiritual world is this: that her field of consciousness varies inversely as the square of the number of inductors. Among the multitude she is a simple creature of elementality; while between two only she may become highly and intimately complex. She is the time and



the place and the opportunity, the doubt and the association, the lover and the loved. Nay, in guise of a mutual timidity, Jemima is the one really efficient chaperon. "Set a thousand guards upon her, Love will find a way." But if Jemima hesitates, the Archer may break his bow; it is all over, and nothing more will come of it than the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin. This, however, is rare. For Jemima is a terrible sentimentalist; in our shamefast and commonsensical age, indeed, she holds almost a monopoly of sentiment. She melts under the mellow languor of moonlight, maddens with the breath of slumberous blossoms after rain and sighs an answer to the wistful summer sea. She thrills with imaginary hope, or is made solicitous by many memories. Hers are the hammock and the straw ride, the cosy corner and the woodland walk, the dim conservatory odorous with strange bloom whither dance melodies from the distant hall swoon wandering, the frail canoe motionless under midnight leaves; hers no less are the firemen's ball, the Eucalyptus Pleasure Club, the ice cream parlor, the amusement park, the sitting room, chromo-hung and horrible with embroidery—for Jemima transcends all social differences; hers, too, are the aleatory impulse, the surge of youth, the absurdity of tenderness, the vision of blissful domesticity. She is the true Aphrodite, purple-throned, implacable, crowned with propinquity and girdled with environment, in whose lap the young Eros is nourished until his wings be grown. She is charioted upon the throbbing of hearts, drawn by doves of our imagining. What is mistletoe but a charm to invoke her—a charm, alas, too often void and ineffectual? Oh, Jemima, Jemima, how many matrimones are committed in thy name!

In the lesser field of politics and government, Jemima is altogether supreme. It is not enough to say that she influences all governments; she is the only government which was, is or ever shall be among men. Kings and Senates, the weight of custom and of law, the dread power of police and of army, all are but the outward evidences of her: expressing

her they are irresistible; against her they are futile. The autocrat utters his decree; but if it be not countersigned by Jemima, what shall give it force? Let her pronounce the veto, and his judges wink, his legions melt from their allegiance and his people flame into resistless revolution. The divine right of kings is but in being her interpreters; they hold their realms of her their suzerain. For the changes of history are only Jemima changing her mind from acquiescence to apathy, from apathy to decision: the Bastille fell when Jemima's caution turned to wrath; the Declaration was signed because Jemima felt her oats. As to democracy, we who dwell under a rule so called know best that it is a myth. We confess that the people do not rule; we suspect even the power of the politicians. Let us realize the truth: Jemima rules. The ballot is but a clumsy appeal to her decision, precisely as the toss of a coin clumsily appeals to Providence; the machinery of the canvass, clean and corrupt, the convocation of legislatures, the institution of the jury—what are all these but invocations conjuring Jemima to arise? The majority want an inheritance tax, but they have not got it; the oligarchs desire rebates, but they have lost them. Who shall say how much the majority want what they want, or determine the tensile strength of oligarchical wires? Who shall restrain the rage of Prohibitionist and Suffragette? Jemima.

Or do you cling to the dithering superstition that man acts according to his reason? Come with me to a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary in your ancestral village of Squeatogue. Mrs. Winterbottom is nominated for president by her sister-in-law, Miss Topfall. Will she make a good one? Well, she has a nice house. The majority would prefer Mrs. Thistleburn, or even Miss Pruyn, but then why doesn't somebody— All in favor will please manifest by saying "Aye"; contrary minds, "No." It is a vote. It is moved and seconded that the proceeds of the annual sale be given as usual to the Little Helpers of Borneo. Does the society know anything about the L. H. B.? Hush; you'll know when

you're older. Do they care? Ask your father, dear. Mrs. Hough proposes to recushion the pews and let the L. H. B. have the surplus. Does she make that a motion? Why, she just wonders what the members feel about it. Mrs. Mayhem says that it isn't the cushions so much, but the doors really ought to be painted. Miss Inchbold says the lock on the cellar door had better be fixed at the same time. Mrs. Plumb moves an amendment: let's do what needs to be done to our own church first. Is that seconded? Well, but will there be anything left over? Wasn't the cellar door—And you know, really, those cushions—Shall we vote? Is this on the amendment? Which amendment? All those in favor—Contrary minds, "No." It is a vote. Say, what was the motion, anyway? And the L. H. B. wins out as before. Jemima hath spoken. And if it were the directorate of United States Steel, the faculty of Our Great University, or Congress itself, the proceedings would be essentially the same. *Ave Jemima Imperatrix Rei Publicæ!*

With the proceedings of science Jemima has generally little to do, for they are almost always either individual or else immediately communicated. True, her presence may be clearly traced in the great scientific movements and shifts of common knowledge, as in the acceptance of Copernican astronomy and the spread of Darwinism; but these are properly events of history. Of art and literature, however, she is the unquestionable mistress. All art is merely an appeal to her. In the case of music, drama and oratory, whose appeal is to a simultaneous crowd, this is perfectly evident. Jemima decides directly and immediately their success or failure. The author of a recent volume, "*La Psychologie des Foules*," shows an unmistakable conception of Jemima in this aspect. For his thesis is that the crowd has a unified communal psychology distinct from the individual minds of its members; and his characterization of this crowd soul is acutely in accord with Jemima's Law of Variable Content, as stated above—although he fails to comprehend the Law of Jemimal Reaction,

and is quite oblivious of Jemima as induced by two or three. "*Julius Cæsar*" and the "*Anabasis*" furnish fine studies of the multiplex Jemima; and it is she, of course, whom the malignant William beautifully represents as turning the scale of tragedy in the banquet scene in "*Macbeth*." The presidency of Jemima over those arts which address the individual, though less obvious, is no less absolute. For the fame of a poem, a painting or a statue is merely the persistent induction of Jemima who admires; and her reactive influence appears in the tribute paid to famous works of art by persons who have never seen them. She is the universal patroness, and every artist is committed to her keeping. It is no wonder, therefore, that she is continually recognized in the arts, by representation or by allusion. The Greek chorus makes her *particeps dramatis*. Maeterlinck's "*Les Aveugles*" is simply a dramatization of Jemima. Note Tennyson's

And thought leaped forth to wed with thought  
Ere thought could wed itself to speech,

and this from Rossetti, which is perhaps the subtlest Jemima study in English:

A little while a little love  
May yet be ours *who have not said*  
*The word it makes our eyes afraid*  
To know that each is thinking of.

In the visual arts we have Rembrandt's "*Anatomist*," and more strikingly Raphael's "*Transfiguration*," where the multitude gaze awfully upon the dæmoniac boy; while Rossetti's "*How They Met Themselves*" is an attempt to paint Jemima bodily. But the great embodiment of Jemima in art, the supreme conception of her as a visible figure, is, of course, the Sphinx. The colossal dimensions, the unmistakable symbolism of portraying her as compact of several natures, the majestic and terrible reticence that fathoms all yet answers none, the awful consciousness of that eternal smile, that still superb unrealizing stare—these present the vision of Jemima with a connotation so definite and so sublime that we can but wonder why the key to the riddle has not long ago been recognized.

# THE WOOD

By K. L. Montgomery

**R**ANDOLPH VAN BUREN tried to abstract his mind from the incongruity of wearing evening dress in broad hot sunshine, and to realize his own wedding.

In the room filled with flowers and guests, he glanced at the bride, pre-eminent as much by her tall grace and russet hair as by her bridal trappings among the sixteen maids of honor around. For two days the formalities of church and state had been in progress, marrying Asta, Princess von Hohenlichtern zu Fünfschlossen, to Randolph Van Buren, of Chicago, or, as a cynical subconsciousness in him persisted, marrying rank to millions—Chicago, young, crude and luxurious, to Austro-Hungary, old, ruined and at heart superbly contemptuous.

Through the air, narcotic with blossoms and scented women, he found himself endeavoring to analyze the attraction, which from the moment of meeting had drawn his soul to the girl there beside him. His glance took in the splendor of her hair and the whiteness of her skin; it swept the modeling of her arms and the long green eyes in which a smile elusive and sweet eternally lurked. It was that smile which throughout Asta's many moods had lured him on, with its secret provocation, its suggestion that he was standing on a forgotten threshold, beyond which lay a kingdom once familiar to his feet.

The sunshine, seeking its own among the diamonds, the beads of the champagne glasses and the waves of the bride's hair, suddenly flashed on the glint of drawn swords. A surf of shouts roused the young man to the consciousness that Asta von Hohenlichtern had

been transmuted into Asta Van Buren, his wife!

With the healths to the pair, the rooms broke into motion. The head of the bride's family had lent a hunting lodge somewhere on the Transylvanian marshes for the honeymoon; Asta was only awaiting the completion of her first handkissing as a married woman to assume traveling dress. Her husband had been the earliest to press his lips to the hand surrendered to him as royally, as indifferently, as to the hundred and one others; even with the thought vexing him, her smile rested on him, with its sweet secret hint. Later, among the mountains and waterfalls and smell of wet woods, the barrier would be surely withdrawn from that threshold.

The nerves which the tape tickers, with their news of atmospheric conditions in Wall Street, failed to stir, were chafed by the leavetakings at the station—more handkissing, flowers enough for a royal funeral, congratulations to himself flavored by the subtle condescension of those to whose level the millionaire had only, could only have, been lifted by a golden pedestal.

"This out-at-elbows nobility would put Saint Peter or Shakespeare or Washington himself below the salt, because they couldn't show thirty-two quarterings!" he reflected.

The train began to move, amid the bows of gold-laced officials, the farewells of the Hohenlichtern tribe, mostly standing with heels drawn together and hands at the salute. Asta, waving a film of lace, kept place at the saloon window, till the last high well born cousin had become indistinct; then she turned to Randolph. Throwing herself on the

cushions, she held out her hand to him.

"Give me a cigarette—one of those Turkish ones."

The train, sliding on over endless *puzzles*, went steadily into the unknown. Asta had unclasped the *ninon* cloak, its trimmings a Paquin triumph; the westering sunlight struck red on her uncovered throat and bosom.

"We shall get to Prince's Pleasure so late that I shall have no time to dress," she explained. "Ouf! How tired I am! The next time I am married it certainly shall be by telegraph!"

Her tone was everyday, even to brutality, a signal, intentional or otherwise, for the husband to keep hands off. The young man, in his corner, watched her dainty blowing of smoke rings, her attitude of insolent oblivion, with a slow secret anger growing under his impassive clean shaven face. Her lids were down; the promise in her eyes could no longer lie to him.

The express stopped at last at the point whence the honeymooners were to cast loose from civilization. A special order had been received to bring the great D train to a halt, at a place hardly more than a tollgate to the woods and mountains beyond. Princess Asta surveyed the primitive wooden station as she descended.

"Our great-uncle declares steam to be the motive power of democracy," she said. "Up to the present he has succeeded in keeping it at least sixteen miles from Prince's Pleasure, but let's hope he will have given orders for something to meet us!"

Randolph permitted himself the sardonic reflection that the princely great-uncle's stables were presumably as empty as the family pockets.

The train, clanking in its couplings, had disappeared before Asta turned back from a colloquy with the stationmaster.

"How impossible of you never to have learnt even German! I thought business people always had to, to make their bargains!" she said pettishly. "I hate speaking English!"

Randolph suppressed a retort.

"It hasn't been English with that

man, has it? I judged it was Hungarian."

"Naturally it was; they speak nothing else here. He tells me a thing on wheels has been sent for from the post-house; probably for the last century it has been used only by the hens laying their eggs in it! If this is what the Prince calls keeping a corner for romance, it's no wonder he prefers being puss out of the corner in Vienna!"

Randolph was aware of a sensation of pleasure. Through the sunlight a coach was lurching slowly toward them, a clumsy structure in red and gold, crazily swinging on leathern straps. For a moment he had an impression of powdered curls and fair faces between the curtains, of a page boy nursing his sword on the high steps, of lackeys in gay liveries balancing amid the carvings behind; in its blistered paint and tarnished gildings the thing had all the pathos of a survival.

"It might be the very coach in which the prince and princess drive away to be happy ever after!" he exclaimed impulsively. "I guess it's going to take us straight to fairyland."

In a plain woman, the Princess's shrug would have stood for black bad temper.

"Pray that it mayn't be a long journey!" she responded, laying her arm in its long wrinkled glove within her husband's hand. Had he been one of the lackeys who long ago had assisted great ladies in and out, the gesture could not have shown less consciousness of his personality.

The coach lumbered off along the road making for the woods. It was autumn and the trees were brown; the red and gold of the coach waned amid the vermillion and orange to right and left. Up among the trees came a sound of dashing waters; the sunlight was spiced with a hundred woodland scents. The coach rolled over a field of cloth of gold, the air ambient with the clear yellow of leaves floating slowly down.

Under the redolent warmth and the dogged creak of the wheels Asta's petulance had subsided; her stricture on the Hohenlichtern great-uncle, the coach's innocence of springs, the road, the level sunshine, the loneliness leading

into desolation, ceased to be fired forth like minute guns. Upright on the seat, which did not conduce to ease, Randolph looked off into the recesses of the painted woods, mysterious and seductive as today's bride had yesterday shown herself to him.

Through the creak of the coach wheels the young man became aware of a music somewhere at hand. Broken at first like the notes of the birds hushed to sleep by the rustle of oncoming dusk, it resolved itself into a fluting faint and fantastic, gay with a sob or sad with a laugh through its poignant melody. The coach was leaving the light behind; the reds and tawnies of the wood showed faded as the blazonry of banners hung under the clerestories of some dim cathedral. Randolph, trying to catch a glimpse of the mysterious musician, dreamed for an instant that, on the carved coach pole where the lackeys in their day had perched, a figure swung with ivy wreaths twining about shaggy limbs, blowing the flute music still sounding in his ears. The next moment the turn of the wheels had brought a knotty tree stem into fuller view, ivy partially veiling its ruin.

Randolph's movement had disturbed the woman at his side. Her hair glimmered in the fainting light as she sighed:

"Love of mine, do you remember the morning we plucked the wild cherry blossom together?"

Randolph's heart knocked against his ribs. The anger smoldering in him suddenly flared up against himself, brute and hog that he was, to have misjudged the girl, whose tender whisper thrilled, flooded, rapt him into inconceivable ecstasy. Asta's loyalty put his to shame, since he could not remember that morning enshrined by her in memory among the spring days in Marienbad where they had first met.

"I remember—nothing but your smile!"

She laughed, a coo, her cheek touching his dark head.

"You said you would always love me, and when I vowed my own beauty was my rival, since it was that you loved and not me, you swore that, branded, faded,

dead, I should always be the one woman for you!"

The man listened to the voice to which his destiny seemed tuned, and felt impatient of the fluting, sweet and wild, around. To him it was coming to be as if he had often sat by Asta in the old coach, known the lovely curve of head and shoulder, to which his cheek had slipped, spoken words interrupted by caresses. Only then surely the wood had stood in silver mist of blossoming branches, the brown paths drifted with flower snow of cherry and pear, the distance delicate with young green, not vague with mystery blue and wavering, against which his thought recoiled baffled. But was it the autumn vapors? Was it not rather the argent notes quickening the air with music which benumbed his senses, making his soul stumble and grope amid familiar things, as a gray pilgrim, after a lifetime of absence, might return to wander bewildered through the halls of his boyhood?

"My star—you must have a new name on our wedding day—Star of Good Luck—"

She broke in with playful reproach.

"A new name—but that is very old! You called me that the night I came to you down the balcony stair; a star you said had stooped to earth."

The flute song, mounting like wine to his brain, seemed to force words from him.

"Your foot was bleeding—"

"A scratch only, from the rough stonework. You kissed the foot and said it nestled like a bird in your hand."

"Your hair"—it shone faintly in the forest gloom—"was loose on your shoulders and wet with dew!"

"From the trees we wandered beneath. You twisted it round your wrist, said you kissed your golden fetters."

"You fled from me at last."

"Because the bullfinches warned that dawn was upon us. You held me back from climbing the gray stair till I had sworn on a rosary of kisses to meet you again in the wood."

A jangled intolerable sweetness clove through Randolph's fibers. Through the

forest lights were glimmering; a crack of the driver's whip rent the silence, in which the piping had died. The coach had brought the irregular outlines of a building into sight.

"Prince's Pleasure at last!" The voice, the golden murmur of which was still in his ears, sounded again. "Our honeymoon opens badly with this penance pilgrimage; I must be black and blue with the jolting. Pray, Randolph, the next time you want a cushion don't choose my shoulder—you ought to know by this time I can't bear to be touched!"

The young man, looking intently into the dusk, thought that such a figure, lithe and shaggy, as he had fancied on the coachpole, was now flitting in front with an odd dancing step. As the coach stopped, a fragment of melody, or an awakening wind, sighed back from the shadows into which the shadow had plunged.

"Is it an old custom, or what?"

"Is what an old custom?"

"The music. Playing us home, I presume?"

Asta yawned daintily.

"I heard nothing but the creak of the coach wheels. Tomorrow you must send to Vienna or Buda-Pesth for an auto to take us away from here; I will never suffer in that bone shaking headache factory again. Ah"—the same cooing laugh with which she had recalled the spring day crowned with cherry blossom, floated out—"there's some good in being a princess, after all, since a dollar king would never have looked at me otherwise! Now I'm rich, I shall begin to be glad I was born. Money is the cream of life; the milk is poor thin stuff without it!"

Randolph, helping the bride from the coach, hardly heard her. The unaccountable sense of familiarity was again about him, passing between the few old servants drawn up to greet the stranger guests; he involuntarily interrupted the steward's ceremonious welcome.

"Take care; there's a step broken away round the corner!"

"Are your eyes fitted with X rays that you can see through stonework?" laughed the Princess. "The steward was

just explaining that it has been thus for a hundred years; nothing is ever mended at Prince's Pleasure. It is fortunate I brought no maid; she would probably have dismissed me at sight of such an old nest. Everything, I believe, is ready for us in what they call the Peacock Room; which is it, I wonder?"

"Here, to the right." Randolph stepped forward with certainty. He opened a door where a wood fire filled a room with a leaping dance of shadows, and a supper table was laid for two.

"One would say that you had been here in your dreams," Princess Asta remarked. "I have never before slept in the cradle of my race, though my mother's old nurse used to tell me all the legend lore of the Hohenlichters, down to another beautiful Asta"—her look was coquetry's self—"stabbed by her father as she stole back one dawn from meeting a lover in the wood."

A pain, like the thrill of an old wound, gripped Van Buren's heart, drawing him beyond his wife's voice. Once more that strange sense of awakening memory was upon him, this time searing him with a nameless anguish, before which thought dropped away. The wood outside the gray hunting lodge seemed no longer either white with bloom nor splendid with autumn; it was rather stark with tragedy.

The dual consciousness did not reconcile itself even before the reality of supper. Trout fresh from the mountain brooks, pheasant stewed with grapes, herb omelette, a cobwebbed flask of Tokay concentrating a century's sunshine, the savory simple meal restored Asta to complacency; across the old pewter dishes of autumn fruit she laughed and talked in her epigrammatic twentieth century way. By the light of fire and candles, Van Buren, eating without tasting, searched her face for some trace of the tenderness which had vibrated through her in the gloaming. As the night wore on he fancied an embarrassment in her lucent eyes.

The embarrassment was plainer when the pair rose from the table at last. The beautiful hand which had fondled his hair in the coach was held to him.



"I am so bruised and stiff from that caravan, my only chance of sleep is to shut myself up at once—you don't mind, Randolph?"

The smile for a moment on the man's sensitive lips was akin to that touching them when Van Buren in Chicago found himself confronted by a bankrupt debtor.

"Certainly not. Good night."

Opening the door for her, he watched her white grace move up a shadow-tenanted gallery. He knew in himself the room into which she would come, the faded tapestry of its hangings lit here and there by the moonlight through the window with a balcony stair descending therefrom. He felt no inclination to follow, almost relief, indeed. The thought of the wood lured him; among its surprises of moonlight clearing or beckoning path he would recall the sweetness of his dream of a honeymoon.

The world, swinging with the stars, stirred a light wind that ran and returned about the wood as Van Buren stepped into the moonlight, instinct somehow with the silence of a mirror. Down the valley a fox barked; the dogs in the yard sent a counter-challenge back, but the atmosphere of sleep gradually overpowered the ringing echoes. Only the wind and the man seemed awake as Van Buren wandered across grass on which the autumn dews glistened rough as frost.

From the trees on which the western side of the house looked down there stole a sound. Delicate and light, hardly more than a rustle of falling leaves or the tinkle of the courtyard fountain, it came up the hillside, then, nearer, clearer, a rhythm to which the leaves might dance. Nearer and clearer—a mad, sweet piping, wakening spring frolic under the autumn moon, bringing a man's dreams alive about him, setting hidden enchantments free in the sleeping wood.

She was coming to him!

On the steps winding from the balcony of the window, dark like its fellows, Van Buren saw Asta descending. She had wrapped herself in fur, which had been among the wedding presents, but

as she reached him it fell back from the white wonder of her arms. Their clasp, warm and passionate, was about him as their lips met.

"At last, dear love, at last! I have come again to you!"

The troubled gleam of memory had faded from the man's soul. It was as though, after a bygone agony of craving, full satisfaction was his, the present moment of reunion crowning him to his kingdom. Since the world was made surely no night had been like this, filled with the music about them, interpreting silence, enriching speech, making them forget everything but one another.

The music dropped at last. With the birds sounding *reveille* in the branches, Randolph stood to watch his wife climbing the gray stair slowly, as though reluctant to leave him, even in the light-filled dawn. She looked back once.

The day was blue and gold when the bridegroom, dizzy with happiness, came out on a terrace where chocolate had been served in the morning sunshine. Leaning against one of the weatherworn sandstone figures placed at intervals along the terrace edge, his wife looked down into the treetops here twenty feet below; her red gold hair glittered against what Randolph passingly glimpsed as a satyr, with a flute in his uplifted hand.

"My darling!"

The girl, for a moment against his breast, released herself.

"Have you really one ancestor, Randolph, and was he a bear, that your approach should be signalized by a hug?" She smoothed out the pale green silk muslin with its painted garlands of sweet peas. "Let us leave kisses to lovers in novels or the lower walks of life."

The marks of shaving on Randolph's jaw stood out blue on his slow pallor. The witchery of the night fell from him under the sweet, cruel tones; his manhood revolted from the insolence of possession apparently emboldening the woman with his wedding ring to indemnify herself for her bewildering, beguiling tricks of tenderness. Randolph's was not the temper to be propitiated for public slights by private kindnesses; the husband with whom Asta deemed it se-



cure to indulge every passing change of mood told himself grimly that the Van Buren honeymoon might undergo an eclipse of an unforeseen nature.

Without looking at him, his bride probably saw danger signals. She rose from the table, leaving a purple-black fig half eaten.

"If you have finished, shall we go over the house? There's little to see, I believe, but faded tapestry cobwebs, and dust, dust everywhere, down to the chapel, where the old Hohenlichterns have been extinguished under their gravestones. Shall we summon the steward to take us to the Grand Tour?"

"No need; we can get to the chapel through the cloisters."

With again a faint surprise clouding the long green eyes, she followed the man leading with swift accustomed steps. A vine, reddened with the first frosts of autumn, draped the spandrels of the gray walk through which Van Buren moved unhesitatingly; the shadows of its leaves wrote hieroglyphics on the stones here and there marked with half-worn armorial bearings. The wall opposite the vine-hung pillars had fared better in weather and centuries, its sculptures clearer cut, its frescoes holding their colors.

Still under that haunting sense of familiarity, Van Buren came to a stand. The wall for the width of a man's outstretched arms had broken into a mist of green, deadened, broken in gaps by crumbling plaster, but revealing distinctly enough some dead and gone artist's intention to portray a wood with flowering branches. Against them a figure, virginally gracious in its lines, in spite of lichen stains and a crack like a wound across its bosom, showed among the fluttering shadows of the outside world *the face of Asta herself*.

Even in the fading of its tints, there was no mistaking the wonderful hair, the smile which the artist had had the

trick of capturing for his painting. Yet, as Van Buren gazed, as a man stills heart hunger for a countenance again present with him, doubt stole upon him. Was it Asta—the presence—who had struck a henceforth reverberating chord of memory in the scarlet coach, who had been his through the marvelous hours of his wedding night? Was it Asta—but assuredly it was the woman whose face had been painted in a bygone century, when these crumbling frescoes were fresh?

The voice of the girl beside him crashed through his whirling thoughts.

"Ah, there she is—the Asta von Hohenlichtern whose story I told you last night! *Na*, I don't find her so beautiful—though our great-uncle has a miniature of her, and swears I am her image!" She looked closer at the fresco. "There, can you make out the wood spirit whose special favor she was supposed to enjoy? Old tales tell how his fluting used to herald her through the woods, but after her death he never piped again."

Randolph Van Buren stood tense. All at once he knew that once again the wood had heard the mystic flute; he knew the fascination with which the woman married to him yesterday had drawn him; he understood his own sense of a return to the scene in which a forgotten self in him had once come to his romance. By some strange clair-audience, the ancestress submerged in the descendant who had inherited her mortal likeness, had been enabled to make herself apparent to him through a summer night—to keep the vow stilled centuries back upon her lips by her own lifeblood.

"Randolph, are you deaf? I am shivering here. Let us go back into the sunshine."

Randolph Van Buren turned, contemplating his Princess, the, modern Asta. Fetter—or link?



# ONE THING AND ANOTHER

By Harold Susman

**A**LFRED HAMILTON HARVEY was a good-looking young man. He was big and strong. His hair was black, and his eyes were gray. At college he hadn't studied much, but he had exercised a lot. He had been popular with the boys and with the girls.

Then he was taken into his father's stock brokerage firm on Wall Street, and he made good. He lived well and he dressed well. He belonged to a couple of sporty clubs, and he knew a lot of lively people.

And then he met Mary Reed. She was a pretty little thing, with dark-brown hair and dark-blue eyes. The type that had generally appealed to Harvey had been the pert and piquante. But Mary was exactly the opposite. She was quiet and wistful. There was something almost sad in her expression, and there was something almost plaintive in her voice.

Well, Harvey went to see Mary, and he took her out and he fell in love with her. She was so little and so frail and so feminine. And she fell in love with him. He was so big and so strong and so virile. He proposed to her, and she accepted him. Her parents were pleased. His parents were satisfied. And so they were married.

They went to Europe for their honeymoon. The Reeds had not had any money, and Mary had never traveled. She loved all that she saw. But she loved her husband best of all.

Once, when they were in England, she confided to him that she had written a little poem. He laughed. He didn't even ask her to let him see it. So she didn't.

Again, when they were in France, she confided to him that she had written another little poem. He laughed. But this time he asked her to read it to him. She did. And he laughed all over again. It had meant something to her. In fact, it had meant a great deal. But it didn't mean much to him. In fact, it meant nothing at all.

So Mary never read any more poems to her husband. But she kept on writing them. She couldn't help it. She kept thinking of things. And her thoughts kept taking poetic form.

At last, when they had been married for about six months, Mary told her husband that, just by chance, and half in fun, she had sent some of her verses to one of the magazines, and that they had been accepted and were going to be published.

Then Mary went on to say that the editor of the magazine had asked to see more of her poems, and that she had let him, and that he had offered to bring them out in book form for her, but she wanted to know what Alfred thought about it. Alfred didn't know what to think. So he laughed. He didn't know what to say. So he said, "All right."

And thus it was settled. Mary told the editor. And he saw to the publishing of the book. Mary was delighted. Harvey forgot all about it.

In due course a collection of poems called "Little Lyrics," accredited to Mary Reed Harvey, was brought out. They were at once recognized by most of the critics as "the real thing." They were even labeled by some of the critics as "the *very* real thing." They were written about and they were talked about. Interviewers called on Mary.

Her picture appeared in the papers. She awoke to find herself famous.

But Harvey mistook fame for notoriety. He was teased and tantalized by his friends on Wall Street. He was called "Mr. Mary Reed Harvey." He was referred to as the "husband of the poetess." And he was assailed with, "I love my wife, but oh, you Little Lyrics!"

And Alfred Hamilton Harvey, big, strong, virile Alfred Hamilton Harvey, who at college hadn't studied much but who had exercised a lot, and who had made good in his father's stock brokerage firm on Wall Street, didn't enjoy his friends' jokes, and didn't enjoy his wife's poems, and didn't like the interviews, and didn't approve of the book. And he told his wife so. He told her that he wanted her to stop seeing the reporters, and to stop writing for the magazines, and, in fact, to drop the whole thing, or, as he put it, to "cut it out." It wasn't the thing, and he didn't like it and he wouldn't have it, and that was all there was to it.

So Mary said, "Very well." And she declined to see the interviewers, and she sent regrets to the editors who had asked for poems, and she informed her publishers that she would not entertain their proposition, nor any proposition, in regard to a second book. There would never be any second book. She had "cut it out." Mary Reed Harvey was of the past. Mrs. Alfred Hamilton Harvey was of the present—and of the future.

## II

ETHEL DE VERE DUDLEY was a peculiar young woman. She was the daughter of a man who was very wealthy, and of a woman who was very fashionable. But she didn't care for dinners and dances and receptions and card parties. She was only interested in art and artists.

She had taken drawing lessons and painting lessons. She had tried water color and pastel and oil. But at last she had realized that she was not to be a creator. She was to be an appreciator.

So she gave up her own studies and took to enabling others to study instead.

It was thus that she met Aubrey Craven. He was very poor. He had a little studio up four flights of stairs in a ramshackle old building. And there he painted portraits. He had painted one of a model who was fair. And he had painted one of a model who was dark.

Ethel Dudley had been told that Craven's work was full of promise. And it seemed to her that the promise was being fulfilled. All that he needed was encouragement in order to obtain recognition. It was in her power to encourage him. And she knew it. And so did he.

When she came to his studio she wore a long clinging gown of dark-green crepon and a quaint turban of dark-green velvet, surmounted by a tall green aigrette. Around her neck, in her ears and on her fingers were great emeralds in curious settings.

She herself was very slight and very pale. Her hair was reddish, and her eyes were greenish. She was decidedly strange looking, and undoubtedly artistic.

Aubrey Craven wore a pair of black corduroy trousers, a soft white shirt and a flowing black scarf. He had light-brown hair and pale-blue eyes. His lips were full. His chin was weak.

Well, Ethel Dudley had her portrait painted by Aubrey Craven. She had had her portrait painted twice before. And most people preferred either of the others to Craven's. But Ethel disagreed with them. She paid him well. And she got other people to pose for him. And she got other people to pay him well also.

Then she secured a studio for him and arranged an exhibition for him. And then she fell in love with him. When he realized this, he asked her to marry him, and she consented. His parents were delighted. But her parents were furious. Nevertheless, the heiress and the artist were married.

They went to Europe for their honeymoon. They toured in her automobile. She loved traveling through Italy and Spain. He preferred dallying in London

and Paris. She reveled in the art galleries and cathedrals. He enjoyed the theaters and restaurants.

His black corduroy trousers, his soft white shirt and his flowing black scarf were thrown away. They were replaced by two trunkfuls of faultless clothes and immaculate haberdashery. Craven blossomed forth in a morning coat, a dress suit and a silk hat for the first time in his life. He adopted an eyeglass. And he assumed an English accent.

These changes came about so gradually that his wife scarcely noticed them. But she began to realize things when he begged her not to remind him of "shop." He declined an invitation to visit a noted painter in order to accept an invitation to visit a titled nobody. And then his wife saw that he was barely civil to her friends the artists, and that he was extremely civil to her friends the aristocrats.

He had come to hate the studios. And he had come to love the *salons*. Where his wife spoke of this or that picture or painter, he spoke of this or that lord or lady. She went into ecstasies when she found a Raphael or a Velasquez. He went into ecstasies when he met a duke or a duchess.

And then he remonstrated with her about her clothes. It was very artistic and all that to have one dress modeled after a Reynolds and another dress modeled after a Gainsborough, but really it wasn't the style and it wasn't the thing. And besides, it made her look eccentric and it made him feel uncomfortable. Ethel was surprised and hurt.

After they had been abroad for nine months, they returned to New York. Ethel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Dudley, came to the steamer to meet them. Mr. Dudley was shocked at the change in his daughter. She looked thinner and paler than ever. But Mrs. Dudley was delighted at the change in her son-in-law. He had discarded all traces of the "artistic temperament" and had become "a perfect gentleman."

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Craven went to live in the magnificent house that had been prepared for them on Fifth Avenue,

overlooking Central Park. Mrs. Craven liked the color schemes, the rugs and the tapestries. Mr. Craven liked the butlers, the footmen and the pages. In fact, he liked it all. He loved it. He wallowed in it.

The Cravens were entertained by the Dudleys, and by the Dudleys' friends. In return they entertained, and kept on entertaining. And at last Ethel said to her husband: "What about the studio?"

"What studio?" said Aubrey.

"Yours," said Ethel. "When are you going to get one?"

"Never," said Aubrey.

"But where are you going to paint?" said Ethel.

"I am never going to paint," said Aubrey. "Why should I? When it was necessary for me to do something, I painted pictures. It was the only thing that I knew how to do. But it is no longer necessary for me to do anything. So why should I paint? I don't want to. And I don't intend to."

"Aubrey!" cried Ethel.

"Why do you always try to humiliate me?" said Aubrey. "Why do you always want to hold me down? I want to get away from—Art! I want to get into—Society! There you have it, and now you know it!"

Ethel didn't say a word. She couldn't. There was a great lump in her throat.

After a brilliant ball had been given by the Aubrey Cravens, at which Aubrey had led the cotillion with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Cornelius Dudley, that lady, resplendent in a cloth-of-gold gown and a tiara and a stomacher of diamonds, had said to him: "Aubrey, you are a dear, and I love you! Really, you are more like a son to me than Ethel is like a daughter!"

And Aubrey, who had supplied the newspapers with descriptions of the favors and the names of the guests, beamed back upon Mrs. Dudley and squeezed her arm affectionately.

But Ethel was in her room, crying as though her heart would break.

# THE SANDWICH MAN

By Anita Fitch

**H**IS boards tell of a feast  
With wine and Christmas roast;  
The scarecrow thing that walks between  
Appears the banquet's ghost.

The Paradis is *gai*,  
Sieur Gagner a delight;  
For fifty sous they buy the soul  
That drags the sign tonight!

O Café Paradis,  
Though he is far from old,  
Your sandwich man has lost his grip;  
'Tis *Noël*, and so cold.

Dear feather-headed guests,  
Turn all the fun about;  
Chuck Christmas somehow to the Thing  
With heart so down and out.

Sieur Gagner, clever chef,  
I pray you, if you can,  
Serve up a *plat* of hope tonight  
Unto the sandwich man.

His boards tell of the feast;  
Between are trembling legs,  
Two purple hands, a deadened eye,  
Torn coat—life's utter dregs!



“**A**LICE has a very poor figure. She has no waist, and so she doesn't yearn for clothes.”

“I see. It's a case of waist not, want not.”



**I**F you want to see the worst of a man, try to get the best of him.

# TRANSITION

By Rita Weiman

THE day after his return from the Coast Harden entered his office with a satisfying sense of homecoming. The greeting of associates, the welcome extended by clerks and stenographer, down to the tentative grin of the office boy, supplied a want his vacant bachelor apartment had failed to fill. On all sides familiar rows of law books, ponderous, heavy with their weight of knowledge, were like old friends lined up against the wall. Above his desk, framed, hung a glittering order conferred recently for services rendered one of the smaller kingdoms of the Orient. Collings, his senior partner, had done some strong wirepulling in his behalf.

He drew up a desk chair and methodically approached a heap of correspondence. The first communication related to his appointment as receiver in a fat bankruptcy case. Collings again. Assuredly, it was Machiavelian policy always to be allied with men of influence. Harden smiled. He felt fit, mentally, physically, a factor once more in the affairs of men. The pile of letters diminished, some torn into carefully minute bits, others laid aside for reference. With calculating curiosity he looked down on his hands at work. Eight months before they had moved nervously, with an impatience that irritated him. Now, as they unlocked and opened a drawer of the desk, he triumphed in their coolness.

Everything had been arranged with care preparatory to departure. But in one corner, as though flung hastily, lay a crumpled envelope. Harden spread it out before him. Instantly his brows came together. He pushed the thing away. The letters of the name and

address flamed up at him as if written with red ink. The empty envelope, whose contents had been ruthlessly destroyed months before, had held a note, a plea that he see the writer once before going away.

Harden's lips came together in a stern line. The reminder was unpleasant. He had terminated the affair, had thrust it behind the veil of the past—a past singularly free from entanglements. And now this envelope, tossed empty into a drawer—forgotten—held memories that raised ghost hands to his throat.

He turned deliberately to a letter from an enterprising clipping bureau. Inclosed with an advertisement were some dozen press notices that mentioned his name among those of men who represented not wealth alone, but achievement. The set line of his mouth relaxed. He leaned back comfortably. Harden might well contemplate the steady rise to power that determination allied to ability had accomplished. At thirty-eight he could afford to be ambitious, not for monetary gain but to find himself honored among men. The road stretched straight and clean before him. A little diplomacy, the deft handling of schemes, and above all, to visualize clearly the goal ahead, a mind unharassed by the demands of so-called love.

Half an hour later he frowned from a card his office boy brought in to the envelope still lying on his desk. A long moment he sat twisting the oblong bit in his fingers—the first sign of indecision that day had witnessed.

He had approached perilously near the edge of a precipice and had had the courage to turn back. Was there any

reason why he should face now what he'd escaped eight months before? He weighed the necessity of a private interview here against the possibility of unexpected encounter elsewhere. Suddenly his office boy tipped the scales.

"The lady says it's very important, sir, and she won't keep you long."

Harden gave a short nod. While he waited he picked up the offending envelope, tore it across, tossed it into a basket as he had its contents, unanswered. When the boy reappeared Harden's glance barely touched the young woman who stepped from the corridor darkness into the frame of the doorway. With a casual word that he was not to be disturbed, he rose and cautiously closed the door as she entered.

She stopped, stood facing him in silence. Only the closest observer would have noted the twist of emotion that caught her lips. Harden was the first to look away.

"Won't you sit down, Theo?" He picked up an onyx-handled paper knife and, attention on it, watched her slip into the armchair beside his desk.

Her movements had always been a delight. Young, supple, buoyant, free of all effort, they possessed a quality, negative at best, that particularly pleased Harden's fastidious taste. He could never recall her ill at ease, even in awkward moments. Now the wide chair upholstered in green leather seemed adapted to emphasize her girl's figure, the long lines of her smart tailored suit.

"I've brought myself to this," she began slowly, "not because I wanted to see you—not even because I've the right to demand an explanation—"

"I should have given you that in due time," Harden interrupted, knowing that he lied. "When I went away I was in no condition—"

"You!" The word came low, tense. It swayed her whole body forward. "You can take a woman's life into your hands—and break it with a word—then talk about *your* condition as the result. What do you suppose I've endured? What do you think these past months have been to me? Will you look at me

—please?" It was in the nature of a command.

Harden brought his eyes to her. Theo's had been the brilliant beauty of the woman of brains. Assurance had marked the firm chin, the direct glance of the long gray eyes. Cool laughter had played about the chiseled lips as white sunlight on marble. Exquisitely poised and proud, men found her fascinating, called her cold.

There were shadows now under the drooping eyelids. Her mouth had grown softer, with a tremble not always controlled. But the russet-crowned head still held itself high on a throat full yet slim. Only the fingers of suffering had crept over her face with a touch of magic, leaving it more beautiful.

"I realized I couldn't give you the kind of love you required." Harden's tone, dry, conventional, was calculated to ward off possible hysterics. He toyed carelessly with the knife in his hand.

"Yet in the beginning," she spoke hurriedly, "that was how you won mine. When you came to me without any attempt at the game the rest were playing, I was glad of all I could give in return. I'd held myself aloof from men—you knew it."

Slowly Harden's eyes were raised to hers. Yes, he had known that instinctively the first time he kissed her.

"Theo, you're a mere girl"—he plunged into speech, hastily shaking off the recollection—"beginning life—with all of it before you. I loved you—wanted you to be happy. Wasn't it kinder when I found I couldn't meet your demands—"

"You made no effort to meet them," she broke in, a sudden violence in her voice. "At first—oh, yes! But the instant you were sure of me, every request I made annoyed you—every desire that did not fit in comfortably with yours met with unconditional, impatient refusal. Even my love became irksome. And when finally I rebelled, you sent me a curt telegram to say you were leaving town at once, that I should make no attempt to see you. Why, you didn't even answer my note begging you to give a reason, some excuse for what you



were doing! You broke with me, the woman you were going to marry, as abruptly as if I'd been a creature—" She stopped short. For the first time her eyes left his. It was only an instant. They came back presently, filmed but still bravely direct. Harden's were veiled.

"I don't recall," he observed quietly, "that there was any definite—engagement."

As though the knife he held had been plunged into her breast, she stiffened, then shrank into a corner of the chair. A breath of quivering silence. The words came at last, barely audible.

"No; you spoke of marriage—were even impatient to make it an early date—but as to a formal proposal, you're right. You took care not to commit yourself. You were—very discreet." Her lips curved into lines that were not soft; she drew herself up, hands gripped hard to the arms of the chair. "Spare me, please, the humiliation of going over it again. I—I've lived through the torture of it all so many times."

"You've brought this on yourself. I was anxious to avoid it." Harden found himself struggling to retain composure. "You'd have been wiser not to come here today."

"Don't mistake my reason for coming. I had to let you know—there is someone who must be told of the—the affair between us. I shouldn't have thought of consulting, of even telling you, if he weren't a friend"—she started up suddenly, turned her attention to the commanding line of law books, to the glittering order on the wall—"an associate of yours," she added under her breath.

The knife slid from his hand to the desk with a protesting clatter. Harden stepped forward quickly and faced the girl. "Do you mean to say, Theo"—his teeth bit into her name with a sharp click—"that you're looking for petty revenge in maligning me? Don't you realize that if the story gets out it can reflect only on you? I jilted you—threw you over. It's unfortunate—but that's the world's chosen point of view."

Her eyes flashed into his. Then anger smoldered to contempt. She ignored

his words. "I can't bring myself"—each syllable was emphasized—"to marry any man without letting him know the place you've held in my life."

Harden's gaze slipped away from her. His hands went tight. "I beg your pardon; I didn't understand." He turned back to the desk.

"The affair was yours as well as mine—that's why I had to see you first. Knowing of it may make a difference in his—the other man's relation to you."

Harden pulled a cigarette case from his pocket, opened it, snapped it shut, thrust it back again. "You haven't—told me his name."

"I've said that he's an associate—one of your partners."

With a jerk, Harden grew rigid, bent anxiously forward. "You don't mean—Collings?"

She was lost in the depths of the chair, her face outlined against its shadow like a cameo laid on black velvet. She nodded silently.

He turned to a window and flung wide the sash. He felt stunned, as if a fist of mail had smitten him between the eyes. Collings! Vaguely he had pictured Theo, in four or five years, perhaps, as married to some young chap who'd mold himself without effort to please her, to whom her exactions would be as fascinating as her person. But his senior partner, to whom he'd presented her not without a glow of pride—Collings, with his big vitality, his absorption in affairs! It seemed unreal, beyond Harden's grasp.

Theo was watching him curiously, impersonally. He felt impelled to speech.

"It's an embarrassing situation, of course"—his tone was brisk, business-like; he did not look at her—"Though I see no necessity for telling him anything. You're as free today as if—"

"Do you remember," she interrupted, "how *you* demanded the assurance that I'd never before been engaged? Men are very much alike," she added wick- edly.

The suggestion was potent as reality. How often, like a light-headed school-boy, he'd held her close, begging in one breath to know whether she'd ever cared

for any other man, in the next imploring her not to tell him if she had. A vision sprang before him—Theo in Collings's arms. A flame of resentment leapt strangely within him. Collings—what right had he to use his power, prominence—Harden turned upon her.

"Do you—love him?" he demanded.

"I admire him more than anyone in the world. Love—" A shrug effectually completed the sentence.

"Ah, you're like all the rest—it's for what he can give you!"

She looked down to cover a smile. "Say, rather, fair exchange. He knows he'll have all I can give in return. He seems quite willing to take the risk."

Harden straightened with a visible effort.

"Have you considered the possibility," he persisted, "of meeting someone afterward, of caring for someone as you did—for me?"

"I'll never care—that way—again. I don't want to. Is the experience it brought me one I'd like to duplicate? Do you suppose I could bear a second humiliation—"

With a sharp turn he wheeled about and began pacing the floor. Eight months before he had prided himself on his firm, decisive manner of severing the chain that chafed him. Now—he stopped unexpectedly, leaned close to the occupant of the leather-cushioned chair.

"Theo, I believe you still care, just that way, in spite of everything."

She drew away from him. Yet he fancied a smile in her eyes. "If I did—I'd strangle myself before I'd admit it."

He laughed. Her inconsistency was as feminine as herself. "You do. Otherwise why would you have come here to consult me—to warn me about Collings? Would it matter what I thought, what difference any knowledge on his part might make in his relation to me? No; you'd have triumphed, rather, in the possibility of avenging yourself through a man who loved you. You'd have exerted every effort to make things thoroughly uncomfortable for me. And you could have succeeded." He bent recklessly closer. The lure of her

wafted to him like a subtle perfume. What charm—that could enslave even the great man Collings! "Your influence over a man could accomplish anything you willed."

"I willed once to have you come back to me—and you did not come."

"I was afraid. Why do you suppose I went off without seeing you? Because the witchery of you is irresistible. I'd taken a step I thought best for me—for us both. But I knew I must act decisively, or I'd never have the courage to hold to it. Now—" Harden caught at the hand raised to push him from her, a wonderful, tapering hand whose touch thrilled through the suede glove. A mist blinded him. But in it shone Theo's eyes like moonlit pools. He rushed on, the words lost to him as they were spoken: "I only know I want you."

"You've said something of the sort before"—her voice was tantalizing—"and apparently I misinterpreted. In an hour you'll regret—be impatient to retract again."

"In an hour you may tell the world, if you please, that you're the most desirable thing in it—that I love you—that you're going to marry me, not Collings. Why, you belong to me; you haven't been able to shake off the bond—"

"No, I haven't"—as he bent over and caught her up, she thrust him suddenly away—"until this moment. For months I've been fighting it, the conviction that I belonged to you, had given my soul with my love. I've longed for you—and loathed myself for it. I've felt you always in my life, try as I did to tear you out. I've lived over the hours we spent together and told myself you'd cheapened me, dragged me in the dust that I ought to hate, even as I did despise you. But through it all I've been powerless. I couldn't wrench myself free. You were always with me. When another man spoke of his love, I heard him impersonally, as though I were a thing apart, a creature without the right to any emotion but suffering. He offered the companionship of a big, generous nature—Reeve Collings and all he represented. I was an essential part of his

life, not a diversion, not a beautiful ornament exhibited to friends when the occasion arose—consigned to a comfortable background when it pleased him to be free. We were one in inclination and interest—yet you were closer, more real than he.

"Yesterday when I learned—through him—of your return, I knew I'd have to come—to test myself by fire no matter how terrible the ordeal. And now—" she flung wide her arms as though casting off a burden—"I realize that all these months I've been the victim of my own imagination. Oh, women, women! We set up an idol, and when it crashes into bits we get down and worship the pedestal. You're nothing to me—less even than a memory. Your voice, touch, hold nothing of all I've been feeling in them for so long. I'm seeing you today—the man you are—for the first time."

He took a quick step toward her. "But I love you—I assure you, I still—"

"You love only yourself. In the beginning you wanted me because I touched your fancy in an unaccustomed

way, and it pleased you to win what had been held from other men. Now you want me for much the same reason: in spite of you, I'm again a disturbing element in the smooth trend of your life. Besides"—she turned, going to the door—"if a man like Reeve Collings wants to marry me I must be worth having. But love—you're as capable of love as of self-effacement; the two are synonymous."

Dazed, Harden watched as she went from him. "Theo!" he called. "Think what you're doing! For a whim you lose your chance of happiness—"

She paused, looked back; her eyes glistened. "No; this time, I think, I win!"

On the desk lay the clippings that proclaimed Harden a factor among men, with the road to power stretching straight and clean before him. At his feet, like a link destroyed, were fragments of the envelope that had held Theo's last brief note of pleading. Yet the long hours of the afternoon deepened into night, and his gaze was still on the door through which the woman had gone out of his life.



## SERIAL

By J. W. Babcock

AT the novel writing lunatics  
Our feelings are so vexed;  
Our torture on this earth must be—  
"Continued in the next."



IN running the social scale a great many people skip their notes.

# A WOODED HILL IN WINTER

By Louise Driscoll

THE poplar folds her arms and binds her hair;  
The elm tree waves her arms with cries and prayer;  
The great oak holds his leaves fast, miserwise,  
While the cold wind assaults and twists and tries  
To wrest them from him; willows stand  
Drooping and yellow like faint whispers in the land.  
It is their lenten season, and laid by  
Is all their fluttering green and panoply  
Of orange brown and scarlet. The bowed earth  
In penitential robes awaits the birth  
Of Spring the glorious, absolution's sign  
Of sins washed out in floods of perfumed wine.

Late the hills glowed like painter's palette laid  
With color touching color, shade on shade;  
The happy hills, whose tops were lifted high  
Into a smiling sky.  
Then nuns turned dancers, clad in gaudy skirts,  
And modest shrubs changed into laughing flirts;  
And a whole world of trees played carnival,  
Standing aghast when leaves began to fall.  
A shudder passed over the listening hill,  
And dried things moaned and little birds were still.  
The high priest Winter came with liturgies,  
And the wind played a funeral march for trees.

See how they stand like monks at evensong,  
Remembering sins, repentant, praying long.  
How still the woods are when the birds have flown  
And the trees stand alone,  
And little feet are resting and the stream  
Lies in Nirvana dream.  
O white-bound earth, where shall I lay my hand  
To feel your pulse throb in this winter land?  
O slender poplar, when your prayers are said,  
Is your heart comforted?  
Where wait you, Maiden Spring? Oh, cold and still  
Rises my winter hill!



# THE TRUNK IN THE ATTIC

## *A Department for the Revival of the Art of Letter Writing*

Conducted by Louise Closser Hale

[In the November number we made announcement of this department and what we proposed to do. Our offer was to pay \$150—fifty dollars each, respectively—for the three best love, friendship or human interest letters. See the November issue for details.]

I HAVE a prophecy to make: there are going to be more love letters removed from the trunks in the attic and sent in to this department than any other kind of epistolary effort. It is a natural proportion, for more must be written. A woman can't be a father, husband, brother or uncle, nor can a man be a mother, wife, sister or auntie; and as the province of each is limited so is the correspondence. But both sexes can love and be loved, and eternally write each other about it.

They will not all come from the attic, either. Many of those received have seen nothing more ancient than the latest innovation trunk, and others have sprung into life at the desk of the cautious men and women who do us the honor of making love to us directly. THE SMART SET is nigh to bursting with secrets these days—but we shall not entirely burst. Trust us—trust us!

The contributors are doing a great deal of good. They are unconsciously philanthropic, for we are gaining in knowledge as each letter arrives, and are gathering plots to last us for a series as long as "Elsie Dinsmore" or the Henty books. Our wrangling voices can be heard floating out above the din of Fifth Avenue as the editors pick their favorites and endeavor to find a place for them in this department—in the baggage room, as it were.

I should like to print them all, not for their literary form—for that is rather lacking—but for the twists of mind which

are presented. Gay, grim, sentimental or morbid, they all tell a story—if it is only the story of the needy. For instance, I regret to report that many young men have proffered what has clearly been written by women. This is a commercial age, as we have admitted before, and such thrift should be encouraged.

"Crowded out for want of space" is a sad knell for the hopes of a young man who is endeavoring to profit by his best girl's confession of affection, or perhaps I should say his once best girl, the *billets-doux* having been received at the stage when "best" meant first and last and only. How wise we grow with years—and letters!

Never tell me that "A Certain Venerable Party" wants fifty dollars for the contribution that we print below. Here is an analysis of her character: she is not a moneymaker, nor is she vain. She has splendid traits, but unfortunately overestimates the good points of others. Her mind is charming but weighed down by the slang of her *locale*. And her heart? Her heart is forgiving—or the gentleman in Fargo, who, perhaps, is the contributor, may yet taste the acidity of her typewriter.

*From one "Dear Lady" to her "Dear Sir."*

Monday, the somethingth.

SEMPER FIDELIS:

(Don't think you have a monopoly on Latin, for instance.) What a relief your last letter was! With what joy I re-

ceived it! Verily, I should have known you were not guilty of the slightest infidelity, even in thought. It is so easy to be faithful at a distance—at least, when you come to put it down on paper. Me, I believe “all them woids what you wrote,” and more, too. I think the hash slinging sisterhood is not in it with the type punchers, anyway. So I hereby affirm, reaffirm and swear to my everlasting faith in your constancy. I will never suspect you again—so you may now go as far as you like, resting comfortably on the belief that I wouldn’t believe my eyes if you appeared before me with a wife and seven children! I’m the champion b’leever, I am. Talk about the White Queen (or was it the Red?) who boasted to Alice that she could believe six impossible things before breakfast. Seven, I said, didn’t I? Yes, seven.

I am not surprised that you grow tired of those rustics. I simply detest small communities myself. If you had some really congenial occupation, however, and it happened to be fairly remunerative as well, you could stand it, I suppose. Is a new theater going to be erected really, and can you become a member of the staff? That would be your natural element, I should say. Perhaps it is worth waiting for. What do you think? Of course it would mean some more months of waiting, because you can’t put up a theater in a week—even in a State that grows potatoes the size of a barn. Say, how the deuce do they make a photograph like that? I have wondered and wondered till I have nearly busted my wonderer (I borrowed that from Donald!), but I can’t figure it out. Please tell me, if you know. And of course you do!

By the way, before I forget it, those yap papers made a great hit with us. We had heaps of fun with ’em one evening after dinner. I was much entertained by one brilliant and profound editorial on the advantages of winter evenings by the fireside, from which pa does not want to wander, apparently because it is too cold outdoors. A moving picture was drawn of ma and pa and the kids gathered around the evening table, illuminated by the lamp, and

warmed by the old stove. The article stated in just this language that the presence of the children increased the “vigor and joy” of the parents! I had a quiet fit over it. The social notes were awfully funny, unless you stop to think of the barrenness of life in a place where it is an event to be recorded in the paper that someone from a neighboring town “visited our midst yesterday between trains.” One item, I remember, said: “The sick is doing fine.” Altogether, we found that bunch of literature very diverting.

The gang gathers at my palatial flat tonight, to tell my dear mother howdy on the occasion of her birthday. I stayed home from church last night to make salad dressing in anticipation of what I am going to do to a cold chicken tonight after I get it cut into bits. I shall certainly take a chaw of salad and a swig of hops for my adored Infant! I am reminded, for some unknown reason—oh, yes, it is because you are so far away—that those mysterious initials, D. V., described what has happened to you—durance vile, in Fargo. Not? It was excruciatingly smart of you to figure out the other letters. To tell the truth, I was a bit hazy about the meaning of some of ’em myself, but your explanation was so sweetly reasonable that I accepted your words as inspired. (By what? Honest, what *had* you been drinking?)

We all foregathered at Carnegie yesterday to hear a fine concert. The Fifth Symphony of Beethoven was performed, and we enjoyed it beyond expression. I wonder if it would have bored you? Your mother was looking very well. Mr. F. B. was with her—first time I ever saw him. I fell all over myself, grabbed his paw and began to splutter familiar hot air before I realized that I had never seen the man before! Honestly, I had the grace to blush. I supposed he was his twin brother, George, whom I do know. They both impress me as being admirable men. Do you know them?

It was my years, not my ears, that I referred to, angel child. But my ears are as old as I am. Of course, just confidentially, I am some old—I shall be thirty-nine next July 20th, and if *that*

isn't going some! When I was your age I could not imagine ever being as old as I am now. But I don't feel old, especially when I am writing to you.

How big is Fargo, anyway, numerically? If you are going to form a permanent attachment to anything as substantial as the theater, I may as well begin to adjust my mental vision to the dimensions of Fargo. (P. S. Be careful how you write on this subject, lest you pave the way to a breach of promise suit. I am a dangerous woman!)

Well, ebullient youth, I will break this off and resume my quotidian occupations—while you make tracks for the dictionary, I hope. Anyway, “quotidian” sent me there today. Keep your spirits up (don't put too much of it down), and believe in the undying quality of the affection in which you are held by

A CERTAIN VENERABLE PARTY.  
(Meaning muh.)

As I proceed I grow more cautious in my Sherlockian dissecting of the traits of the contestants. Anyone can read a man's history from the red clay sticking to his boots, but one must be very clever who builds up a character with a typewriter for a corner-stone.

Yet the second letter before me is surely drummed off from one of those machines which the traveling man takes from his trunk and adds to the concert of hotel sounds after the day's stories are told and the day's orders harvested.

Who would think, to see him on the train, that a commercial traveler ever had a family? And a family, too, who need something else—want something else in fact—than the goods he is handling? Does not the length of the contribution also impress the reader? It should be published if for no other merit than that of being the longest husband-to-wife effusion which we have received. One can go on forever before marriage, but after—there is very little to say.

*From a traveling man to his wife*

DEAR MARY:

Reached here this afternoon and saw Brown about the deed. He told me he

would make it all right when he returns to Hayville, which will be the latter part of this week. So you needn't worry, because he is a man of his word as well as deed, and besides, when you spoke of it I thought you were making a mountain out of a moleskin, or whatever that old adage is.

I shall be here for two days seeing my trade, which so far has been good enough to make me feel almost like letting you have that new silk this fall, if you will promise to be real good and not waste that fifty cents I let you have week before last. How are the kids getting along without the paternal guidance? Tell Fred if he will bring home a high record for the month in his studies I'll give him a watch. I got a dollar one last night in a raffle at a church fair where I went for strictly business purposes. You know, we traveling men have to resort to nearly as many schemes to work up business as the churches do. But what's the odds so long as success crowns our noble efforts?

Tell Ruth that the book she wanted me to send her is out of print now, but that there will be a new edition shortly and I'll get her a copy on my way home next month. By the way, my dear, do you know, Ruth has considerable art taste, which I think she gets from me more than she does from her ma. But Kate can do her to a finish in the kitchen works; and she sure doesn't get that from her illustrious sire, because the only thing I like about a kitchen is what comes out of it. That's one reason maybe you never heard me tell you that your pies were not like what mother used to make. Between us, Mary, if mother didn't have a hired girl in the kitchen, the kind of pie anybody got at her house would do for street paving. But she did know a good pie when she tasted it. That's why she liked yours so much. What?

On the train yesterday I met Mrs Harley—Grace Martin, you know, that was—and her six years of married life are no compliment to her husband, if looks count for anything, because Grace used to be some of a good-looker. Now she would take a prize in an ugly show,



and she has three children that, if they were ours, Mary, I may tell you in strict confidence, I never would speak to you again.

Has Davis been around yet with those potatoes? He told me that he would deliver them at once, but Davis is not nearly so reliable in his language as he is in his potatoes. They will be just as good at the bottom of the barrel as at the top, when you get them, though I don't know when that will be. I don't see much use in a man being a liar when the goods he sells are all right, but I suppose everybody has his little peculiarities. Get after him if they haven't been delivered.

If you want any more money than I left you, you can get it at the bank. I told Pendleton to let you have all you wanted, but that if you overdrew the bank would have to stand for your reckless extravagance. Oh, I say, Mary, you ought to be thankful every minute of your life that you got the kind of a husband you did, instead of the joblot kind some women cop off in the mad rush for matrimony. Still, I suppose if we were to be matched when we were mated, I'd have to be extra superfine to size up with you. I've seen a good many right nice women in my time, but coming right down to brass tacks, there is only one you; and with love to that and the kids, I am almighty glad to subscribe myself,

YOUR LOVING HUSBAND.

I call that real homespun, though he probably wears large checks. There is another here, written just before marriage. The lady contributor sent the original along with the manuscript to show that it was a truly. I wonder that she could have done so, for this is what he says to her:

*From a young man about to marry her*

MIDGIE DARLING:

Yesterday I was so worried over your traveling while ill that I couldn't see the sunshine, although it was a beautiful day; and last night I lay awake for two hours tossing about between fear for your health and vexation that you hadn't sent me at least some word of

your safe arrival. When I woke up I telephoned to the office for mail, and I heaved a big sigh of relief when the boy brought your letter. I don't want you to write except when you feel like it, but I love you, Midgie, and confess that this was quite a happy day just because I got your letter.

It is dreadfully hot, and to think of your "diving in all alone!" My Midgie, in her little bathing suit, and with her boil on her neck, diving into the cool water! How I envy you—the diving!

I got the rings today, and the diamond one is a corker. Jim thinks so, too. The wedding ring is very simple, with just our names and the date inside. I'll bring them Sunday if you want to see them, though of course you must be surprised later, whether you see them now or not.

I like your nerve in calling yourself my "perhaps" wife! I sha'n't be positive you're mine until that wedding ring is on your finger. But even without it you're my all, my "sure" wife, and there will be no other.

Jim and I sat up till the wee sma' hours the other night talking of marriage and the sacrifices each must make, and generally mapped out an ideal line of march. For my part, I shall want to go to the club now and then, perhaps to have a drink or to see what's going on. But the club for a year past hasn't been as attractive as it used to be, and I'm sure I won't care to go when you are unwilling that I should.

Now, aren't there lots of nice things in this letter, and don't you love me? My family are all so pleased with your messages, and as for me I'm just killing time till I hold you in my arms, my Midgie.

Your big lover,

WILLIE.

It's sweet, isn't it? And what do you think she has scrawled on the bottom of the manuscript? Just this: "We are divorced."

Perhaps it was the club, after all; or it may have been that she never entirely recovered from the boil on her neck. Boils ruin a disposition.

The enthusiasm of youth restores our confidence. We know that the world will go on in spite of "Midgies," as long as the ebullitions of *les jeunes filles* pour in. Don't dismiss the chatter of Marjorie to Dorothy as flippant. It's a healthy sign of the times, and a glowing indication that Dame Nature, while cunningly cloaking her device in a garb resembling chocolate fudge, is playing her same old game.

*From a schoolgirl to her chum*

Sunnyside School,  
October first.

DEAREST DARLING DOROTHY:

It's a million years since I saw you, and I've just *stacks* to tell you! We came up all in a bunch again this year, and had an awfully jolly time on the train—people couldn't help watching us. I've got my old room here, with Agnes Blair for roommate—*what* do you know about that? I *do* wish Smithy would let us pick out our own! Agnes is all right, of course, but we never *were* the least little bit intimate, and she's *so* homely, and she snores *fearfully*, my dear! But she's good-hearted, poor thing; she just won't ever have a romance, that's all.

And speaking of *romance*, my dear—did you meet Harold Blanchard at May's dance? He said he was there. Wasn't it just too mean that I wasn't back in time for that? I met Harold at the club dance, and he's the best-looking thing—six feet *fully*, and nice skinny, athletic-looking shoulders. Then he has *just* the right curl to his hair. Honestly, he's the cutest thing! We had four dances and two extras, and then mother called me over and said that was enough—would you ever think she'd notice? I was simply stunned. So then he asked us *both* to come out on the porch for supper, and luckily she and Mrs. Masters were right in the middle of talking lovely scandal about somebody—I know because they stopped talking when we came up—so she said it was too cool out there for her, but I could go if some of the others were going. Well, Blanche and Madge and Carolyn and I went out, and they all had their special heavy suitors for supper, so you can just guess they didn't

bother me much! Harold and I just talked to each other after a while—and, my dear, he's the *sweetest* lamb! He said: "Somebody I know looks great tonight, but I wouldn't dare tell her so." (You don't think I'm conceited to tell you, do you?) I pretended at first I didn't know whom he meant, and then I had to giggle, because he said, "Can't you *guess*?" and there was a twenty-minutes-after silence just then, so everybody heard him and everybody laughed. He's a sport, though—he laughed, too.

And then he started in to tell me about school. He's in St. Mark's, has two more years there; and I guess he must be very prominent, because he didn't say hardly anything about that. He does lots of stunts, I guess; I know he plays basketball and football, because I asked him, but you just have to *pull* things out of him about himself, at first. I'm to go up there for commencement, if mother'll let me, and I'll find out all about him then, if I can't get it out of him before. He gave me his pin before I went home that night, and I won't tell *even you* what he said when he gave it to me—but I'll tell you this much: since I've met a *real man* like Harold, I'm not a bit sorry any longer that Harvey Clark moved away. He's really quite kiddish.

School is no end of fun this year. The new music professor is stunning—the most romantic dark eyes! He wears his hair *just* long enough not to be messy. Angelica Jones has a fearful squash on him already. But, my word, you just ought to see the new history prof! He wears glasses as thick as motor headlights, and when he opens his mouth it looks like a country graveyard with half the tombstones down—his teeth are *huge*, and set in every which way—he's a sight! He isn't very popular yet. But I'm so excited about Harold that I don't much care *what* else happens. Isn't it mean that I can't have but one letter a week from him? I tell you what, the two letters I've had so far have both had two stamps on them, and I can *feel* the lump it makes under my pillow! Smithy looks as *sour* when she gives it to me—as if it hurt her to give it up. I just made mother write and say my letters needn't

be opened—catch me letting Smithy know all my affairs! Nosey old thing!

Dear me, it just doesn't seem possible that it's only two weeks since school opened—so much has happened. Isn't it an *eternity* till Thanksgiving? I'm going to have my birthday party on Saturday, as long as it comes really after I'm back in school—did I tell you? Of course *you're* coming—and what man do you want me to ask for you? I'll ask *any* you want. That's all that keeps me alive now—planning my party and getting Harold's letters. Oh, he's just the *splendidest* fellow—I'm *crazy* about him! I'm wild to have you meet him and see what you think about him—you'll just *rave*, I *know*! Now do, like a dear darling chum, write me *right away* and tell me *everything* about yourself, what you've been doing and how you are. You do miss me, don't you? I'm just keen to see you again.

Heaps and *heaps* of love, from  
Your devoted

MARJORIE.

P. S.—I'm beginning German this year, and it tastes like something you want to spit out.

Being a militant suffragist, it encourages me when the letter of Marjorie is compared with the mild little one from John which a doting old mother has sent in (or could it be a wife's cupidity which occasions our receiving this missive of 1884?) It is probable that the two are of an approximate age, yet Marjorie absorbs with her lessons a consciousness of the years to come, while little John refers but chastely to the sergeant who wrote to a girl at St. Mary's, then rushes on to woolen socks.

*From a lad of fifteen to his mother*

McHugh Military School,  
Nov. 23rd, 1884.

DEAR MAMMA:

I received the St. Paul *Globe*, Auto-graph album and your letter during the week. I thank you for sending them, and please try not to lose my *Poultry Journal* when it comes.

Grandpa writes that you are going to sell the house. If you do, be sure to

charge enough so there will be fifty dollars for the building of a chicken house wherever we go. Please say in your next letter, "I wish you could come home Saturday instead of Monday"; and perhaps I can come home then, as it will be two days sooner. When I come home, can I invite one of the boys up to stay overnight? He is thoroughly respectable. Mumps has been going the rounds of the school for about a month, and twenty-five boys have had it. I haven't. My health is good, except that I have a sore on my left foot. One of the first sergeants was reduced to the ranks yesterday for writing to a girl at St. Mary's. Do you think I had better put on my woolen socks now? This morning while going to breakfast a little gray squirrel ran out from some bushes in front of me, and went flying across the snow with his tail up. There are lots of rabbits, squirrels and all kinds of birds around the school, and caves as big as my chicken house.

I am saving ten cents every Wednesday for chickens out of my pocket money. Will you please send me some money? You see, shoes cost five dollars, and that is how the money went. Can you not send me \$2.50—one dollar of which I will save for traveling expenses, and the other \$1.50 I will use to pay my debts, get a photograph of our company in full dress and muskets, etc., and what is left over I will return to you. How I long to see you all!

Your obedient son,

JOHN.

P. S.—My new pants fit well.

Only in the postscript do we find a hint of the interest in the broader life which is already enfolding Marjorie in its mysterious wings.

And here is a love letter, pertinent in these days when our original ideas of a clerical life have received something of a shock by newspaper revelations of one delinquent. Although "Rusty" by name, I should judge that there is no corrosion from lack of use in his love making. Once, in my extreme youth, I was called "Ladybug," and I liked it very much, but I struggled free from the as-

pirant's matrimonial blandishments. I shudder to think how differently my life might have been ordered had he applied the melting title of "Ladybird."

*From a young minister to the woman with  
whom he dared to be himself*

Cloverfield Parish,  
Thursday, August 21st.

DEAR LADYBIRD:

I hear, from a peculiarly reliable source, that you are much wroth with me because of my negligence.

*Liebes Kind*, you should know me by this time—the more I like a person, the more I neglect them. So, if you didn't hear from me at all, I should be, *ipso facto*, madly in love with you. However, if cutting off my thumbs will be due penance, I shall forward them on demand. Right this moment I need them, too, madly to manipulate this sausage grinder, which you will forgive my using, since it affords me so much amusement, and really requires more patience and time to turn out a respectable-looking page, at this stage of my development, than just ordinary, everyday script.

I have here your last letter, written over a month ago. I must say I always thought you noble enough in character to write me a ten- or twelve-page letter (this one is barely four), even if I owed you one.

However, as you have shown yourself no better than the average vitalized vacuum (I know you don't mind being called names, if they are sufficiently funny; and that one is nothing short of an inspiration), I shall have to humor you, and submit to your "Comstockian ideas of right and wrong." (Bernard Shaw.)

I am still in M— as you can see by the postmark, and while I cannot depose under oath that the people are smitten with me and would lose all interest in life if I went away, still I can report a small amount of satisfaction, mainly evidenced by the fact that they don't seem to mind the coincidence of my staying with them another year. Besides, I am not married—that I know of; no minister should be, if he wishes to

be truly beloved of his flock—especially the mammas.

I am forced to listen daily to panegyrics on wedded bliss, domestic felicity and the blessings of a family; and I'll bet if I really did walk the aisle, the old ladies would be so mad they'd choke, and I'd be looking for a new job—which isn't the usual term used to designate soul saving, I believe. Perhaps when people get over this theeing and thouing and hand lifting and eye raising, and "'Tis God's will, dear sister," and all the rest of the hypocritical flapdoodle, something really sane in the way of regeneration may be accomplished. I have done more lasting good to some of the lesser sons of God by giving them a good square meal and a glass of beer (on occasions) than with all the impassioned exhortations that I ever delivered—and you have been good enough to tell me that I can make the rafters ring.

But God forbid that I should preach at you!

I re-read your letter, and find here that you say you don't go to church because the minister is uninteresting. Your remark is, to say the least, *most* annoying. I had figured out quite different reasons for the absence of *my* herd.

So the minister from B— got frisky! Can't say I blame him—I, too, might some day be coerced by the powers of darkness to press a white little hand. And maybe, if the "powers" were very dark, I might coo—hoarsely, perhaps, for I am not accustomed to it—but still I might.

I should like to hear myself coo—I think it would scare me. On second thought, I shall compromise on an affectionate and insinuating growl. You mustn't think that ministers are free from all the temptations of the flesh because people look at them as the coagulated righteousness of the community.

They are, on occasion, as wicked as the worst, but should be as good as the best—no better. However, you heard me swear on one momentous occasion, so you can't be sincerely scandalized. (And you approved of it—remember?)

What a blessed relief it is to have one

friend at least with whom one can be an honest human being! My congregation actually think I sleep in my "uniform."

Last week I visited my mother in X—and took a run up to the boat club. I went out and had a long look at the spot on the wharf where you and I sat in our bathing suits, freezing the extremities of our spinal columns, and courting pneumonia, to boot, in an enthusiastic discussion of Shakespeare, Spencer and Nietzsche, and I discovered, to my everlasting amazement and surprise, that you had a perfectly whole and adequate brain hidden in that pretty head—a most improper combination, young woman!

I must say—though I heartily despise and decry any form or expression of sentiment, and know it to be wholly and entirely foreign to my "ice-clad and contained nature" (I trust I quote correctly) that I missed you, and I disliked most exceedingly the unaccountable and inexplicable vacancy that your absence caused.

This is quite enough for one day—I refuse absolutely to get maudlin.

Hoping this finds your family in good health, and your sense of humor hale and hearty, I remain

Etc., Etc., Etc.,

"RUSTY."

P. S.—Won't you please forgive me, and write soon?

We should like an expression from the reading public as to their belief in her "writing soon." Did she or did she not? I am sure I should write immediately, if only for the "punch" in his style; but, alas, I am not his Ladybird!

He who runs may read:

"The following letter came into the possession of the sender through looking over some old papers after the death of the man who was the recipient of them. If the names were given (the name of the person who wrote the letter and the recipient) it would no doubt recall to many minds a tragedy which occurred not many years ago."

We quote from the contributor of our last letter. We can only quote and leave the letter to you. For our part we are

"smart" enough to be simple, and we believe what is told us. Men and women who live among plots and derive a living from their own—and others—learn that it is not the exaggeration of truth which makes fiction possible, but the elimination of it. No story is too grim to happen.

*From a woman to the man she had refused to marry*

MY LIFELONG FRIEND:

You were once my lover, Henry, as well as my good friend, and I am writing this to leave for you that you may know the truth when others slander.

You once asked me to marry you, and I said yes. Later I told you I could not marry you because I did not love you. I lied to you, for I did love you and always have.

You asked me then if there was someone else, and I said yes. I lied again, and let you think it was a man.

I did love another, but the other was my sister; you remember she became engaged to Tom while I was in Europe, and was married soon after I came home.

I am sitting beside her as I write. They have left us alone, my dead and I, and she looks so white and small that the dead baby on her arm seems to me to be a doll and she only a little girl asleep.

My friends look at me and think I must be going mad, those who know how I loved her, because I do not weep. But they do not know the burden I have carried for her the past few years, how I have worked and planned and upheld Tom, that she might be happy, believing him to be the man she thought him, and to whom she had given her great love.

But he was false to her, false as his black heart could make him; and when I have seen the flash of a question in her dear eyes, I have found an excuse that explained and pardoned that which he did not take the trouble to cover for himself. Oh, how I have cursed him in my heart, while I have told her he was the embodiment of all that is good in man!

I have been at her side every waking hour, that no one should breathe a word

of suspicion to her that would cause her pain. I have found an excuse for him which satisfied, even when he was seen with the woman who thinks he loves her.

I would have gone to that woman and begged her on my knees to give him up, but it would only have been someone else when that affair was ended.

And now she is dead, poor little sister, happy little sister, for she died believing that Tom loved her, and her heart would have broken had she known the truth.

I stood near him when he looked at her lying here in her burial clothes, with her dead baby in her arms. He covered his face and he trembled; others thought he shook with grief, but I knew it was fear—he is a coward as well as a villain.

I looked at him as he came into the room, and for the first time I looked what I felt for him—hate, hate. God, how I do hate him!

No wonder he trembled and covered his face, for I am going to kill him; and I shall not make it quick—that would be too kind.

I will torture him first by telling him he is to die; and he is afraid of death. I will laugh when I see his agony and he cowers before me pleading for his life.

And while he pleads I will ask him to remember how he deceived her and how he left her alone to suffer—if I had not been there to lie and keep her deceived.

For the three years of torture he made me live through I can give him only minutes, but he shall suffer well.

And then I will leave him dead—dead, you understand—not wounded, to be rushed to the hospital and nursed back to life, but dead as this dear clay before me.

Sweet little sister, I shall kiss her cold lips in a few minutes for the last time, and tell her I love her; for I shall not meet her on the other side. Charon will know where to carry a murderess and a suicide, and she does not need me now; the angels will protect her.

Good night, dear friend. Forget me; that is the kindest thing I can say to you. But I feel you will not, for this letter will show you that I loved you or I should not have written, that you might know the truth; and you will never forget anyone who loved you. Good night again, and this time a long good night.

CHARLOTTE.

Tennyson gave us "The Two Sisters," but I have always felt that his disposal of the villain was rather as a bad man would like to die—or a good man, for that matter. The erring one of the letter doubtless deserved to perish, but if we women began this just extermination, what would we do for dancing partners?



“DO you associate with people smarter than yourself?”  
“Yes; that’s why I’m always broke.”



ALGY—Did you sound him?  
CHOLLIE—No; he was too deep for me.



IF four men playing golf are called a foursome, are not their wives liable to be alone some?

# THE CYNIC MUSES

By H. E. Zimmerman

**W**HEN a good man goes wrong the news is telegraphed all around; when a bad man turns good they hardly believe it next door.

It's a good deal easier to sit up straight in church than it is to walk upright in the world.

Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt. Lots of men today look back and turn into a side door.

Patience conquers all things—but once in a while a little touch of impatience will shorten the fight.

The man who doesn't put his hand to the plow will get none of the plow shares.

Any man knows he can marry any girl he wants to—until he wants to.

Don't be too anxious to grasp an opportunity that is sizzling hot.

A man who goes out to meet trouble will have a short walk.

Levity is the soul of wit.



## THESE DO BEGUILE

By Clinton Scollard

**T**HESE do beguile mine ear: the pine tree's sigh  
On some lone mountain underneath the star;  
The plaining of the tide upon the bar  
When hyacinthine-vestured eve is nigh;  
Deep in the woods the thrush's matin cry,  
Borne down dim aisles from dimmer aisles afar;  
The cricket's tremolo when the warm noons are  
Wrapt in autumnal raiment rich of dye;

The dry cicada weaving its sharp spell  
When thistledrift is on bland airs afloat;  
The lyric from the rillet's vernal throat;  
But most of all, remote from ocean's swell,  
A constantly recurring organ note,  
The soft sea murmur sung within a shell!



# "FAITES VOS JEUX, MESSIEURS!"

By Anne Warwick

"WILT thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" The question came to Logan, yet it seemed to him not from the white-frocked little parson, not in the cheerless little church, but out of a crowded, blaring lighted room at Monte, from the monotonous lips of the man at the wheel. And the question was: "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs!*" Not a question? A command? Yes, a command; in a moment the chance would pass, the wheel would commence to turn, and Logan's opportunity would be gone. The stakes were high, the highest ever made in roulette. "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" The little parson was looking at him strangely. "I will," said Logan—throwing his all upon the table. And the short service proceeded.

He had come to Cannes by the merest chance, John Logan. On his way from Italy up to Paris he had decided to stop off and see a business associate who had a villa there. It was a pleasant way to adjust a deal. And then on the Croisette one morning whom should he meet but old Tip Bailey—Tip, whose fag he had been at Eton, when they two were the only Americans there—Tip, now, poor fellow, an emaciated old man at forty, bowed and racked by a cough which refused to give him up. He was in Cannes with his daughter Eve, an exquisite young creature of eighteen, walking by his side—he and she had no one else, he explained to Logan with a twisted smile. And for some reason Logan abandoned his trip to Paris and stayed on with them. He seldom saw the girl; she seemed gracefully to abdicate each time he appeared. "I know you will like to visit with father," she

would murmur. And Logan was quite as well satisfied; he didn't have much to do with girls.

Then one day when he came Tip whispered "Shut the door," nodding in the direction of Eve's room; and when Logan had closed it and come back to sit beside him he said: "Jack—it's not going to be long now. You—you'll take Eve when I'm gone? She's not a soul in the world, Jack, and—the money's about gone, too. You'll do this for me, old fellow? She'll make you a good wife; she's a good girl, Eve, though an odd girl in some ways. But she'll make you a good wife—can I count on you, John?"

And what could Logan say? Looking into the beseeching, pain-racked face, and farther, into the yearning, panic-stricken heart of the man who was surely dying—the man who was his oldest friend—what could Logan say but yes? Yet when they had buried Tip in the English churchyard, and he stood facing this slender girl in black, of whom he knew just nothing—except that she was desolate—he almost backed out. He could have sent her to his sister in New York. She would have many friends there; and as for money, he could make that all right. It seemed to Logan so much the sanest plan, and he knew that Eve knew nothing of his promise to her father—that Tip had simply told her Logan would "look after her."

Why not? Why not send her over to Alise, who was a widow and would be delighted to mother somebody, some fresh young girl like this? He did not doubt for a moment but that the girl would like it better, too. He was not conceited, Logan. But he was, for a

modern, rather eccentric in his views on honor. He had given his word to Tip and—Logan argued quite irrationally—his word was his word, whether given to a bloodthirsty broker in the Street or to a cough-racked man upon his death-bed. Very simply he asked Eve to marry him. Quite as simply she said yes. And that was what was going on now, their marriage service.

Eve's maid stood by her side; Logan's man stood by his. The business friend, along with all the other winter residents, had long since left Cannes. There were no other witnesses. Yet Logan kept feeling as though there were hundreds—all those pushing, hot-eyed hundreds who thronged the thick-aired room where they really were. Some looked at him; most were perfectly indifferent, absorbed in their own game, as he threw his fortune down. He had rather a tremendous ideal of marriage for a man of thirty-five who had been fifteen years seeing the world; he had a very solid conception of the rules of friendship—for a man whose friends, many of them, had not; and he had, rarest of all, a large share of common sense. He threw them all down, staked his most precious, his everything, on the turn of the wheel. The number he bet on? Eighteen. It is a number like all the rest; you cannot tell. It is, like all the rest, unknown.

The minister's singsong stops. The maid and the man stammer good wishes. They all sign something. He and Eve are going out of the church. The black-gloved hand at the wheel pauses. "*Vos jeux sont faits?*" "I hope I shall make you happy;" with a deep breath, Logan turns to Eve. "I am sure you will," she says sweetly. Nothing is said as to making *him* happy. They leave the church. And the wheel, with its roving little ball, begins to turn.

## II

THEY went to Baden first; Logan thought it would divert her, and take her mind from the harrowing winter and the scenes she had just passed through. Not incidentally, he would get ac-

quainted with her—which he did by giving her a suite of rooms to herself and meeting her at meals.

"Do you like it here?" he asked the second day at lunch. "Should you like to stay a week or two?"

"Oh, but yes!" She spoke English almost with an accent; she had been in France so long, all her life. "I like it very well. I bought a dress this morning."

"So I see." He looked at it approvingly. Though black, it was very youthful, cut away a little at the throat. She had a marvelous throat—yes, no doubt as to her being beautiful. "I wish you'd tell me what you like to do"—he was almost awkward about it—"how you like to spend your time and all that, you know. I—I know you so very little—"

Then they both laughed—quite spontaneously. And they were better acquainted. "It was a funny thing for a man to say to his wife, wasn't it?" Eve's rich voice rippled. "But quite true, nevertheless. Well, I like to go to the Kursaal and hear the band, and take tea at Biffi's on the *terrasse*"—how quickly she knew all the places, he thought, and they had been there not two days!—"and drive at six o'clock along the Oos, and on Sunday go to the races—though I suppose I shouldn't now," she added, looking down at the black dress.

"I don't see why not," he defended stoutly; "nobody knows you." His voice softened, so that she looked at him, her blue eyes opening wider. "Tip would be the first to want you to enjoy yourself."

"Wasn't he a dear—father?" the girl murmured, half to herself.

"He was a brick," said Logan gravely, "a thorough baked, sun-soaked brick. And I loved him."

"He used to say you were the whitest man he knew." Eve gazed from her mayonnaise into Logan's square, handsome face. "He said: 'Anybody on earth could fool Jack Logan—he's just that kind of idiot—but nobody who had fooled him would ever get over suffering for having done it. He's the whitest

man I know.' And I think that's true, Mr. Logan," Eve said.

"What—fooling and everything?" He smiled at her kindly. "Well, I hope you never try it to find out. Look here, Eve, I'll make a bargain with you. We're starting out under rather er—unusual circumstances." He looked at her, not uneasily, but something like it. "We're starting the biggest game there is—to pull together; and we know practically nothing of each other's methods. Now I'll stay honest with you; you stay honest with me. If either of us ever feels we can't make a go of it, he or she says so and clears out—is it agreed?"

"Why—yes." She met his anxious eyes with remarkable poise for a girl of eighteen. "Yes, I agree. I think it would be the fair thing."

"It'd be the *only* thing," Logan interrupted doggedly. "Any other way we'd get into no end of a muddle, and despise each other in the bargain. I don't want you to despise me, Eve"—he realized it suddenly, as he watched the lovely sweep of her hair up from her neck.

"I'm sure I never shall," said Eve sweetly. Nothing was said as to his despising *her*. "Mr. Logan—"

"My dear—*really*—hadn't you better call me Jack? It—it sounds so awfully—so awfully *unrelated* somehow."

"Well, Jack, then—only you seem so—"

"So old?" Was Logan's cheery voice just a shade wistful?

"Oh, no!" Eve looked shocked. "I only meant so *wise* and—and good, to be a 'Jack.'"

"My dear child, I'm not in the least wise—funked every exam I ever took, as Tip could tell you—your father, I mean." He looked a bit embarrassed. "And I'm certainly zones away from good. I think you might risk 'Jack.'"

"Then, Jack," Eve demanded composedly, "who is that man with the good clothes and blond beard who is watching us from that corner table? He looks as though he knew you."

Logan screwed round in his chair. "Why, that—that's Faeton Thomas, from Paris!" he cried, jumping up de-

lightedly. "Wait a minute Eve; I'll bring him over. Haven't seen him in three years—well, what do you think of old Tommie showing up here?"

And in three minutes he was back again, with Thomas and another man—an Italian marchese, whose clothes were equally good, and who sat down by Eve with an air of "found at last." Eve smiled and talked to him; she looked at Thomas.

"Jack says you live in Paris," was all she had the chance to say to Jack's friend—as they took their coffee afterward in the lounge.

"Yes." Thomas looked at her beauty and his keen blue eyes melted. "I am an artist."

And, almost directly, Eve went upstairs, her swaying, slender figure, that lovely sweep of her bright hair, distinctly visible to the three men all the way across to the lift. Thomas drew in his breath. "When did you marry her?" he asked abruptly.

"Last Monday," returned his friend. The Italian rolled his eyes. "*Sapristi!* I was always a close loser—last Monday!"

### III

ON Sunday they all went to the races, in the Marchese's car. The dapper Italian himself drove—his chauffeur meeting them out at the course; Logan sat in front with him. Eve and Faeton Thomas talked together in the back.

"Is it nice to live in Paris?" she asked him, with a simplicity that curiously, like her dress, seemed yet not simple. "Is it nicer than America?"

"Why, yes"—the artist's eyes were drinking in her coloring eagerly—"yes, I think it is much nicer. But don't you know? Where have you lived?"

"I have lived always in the convent, and then at Cannes. You see, my mother died when I was ten, and there were no aunts or anything, so father left me in the convent at Tours, until he grew so ill, and I had to go to him."

"I see." Thomas looked down at the black frock, and his face softened. "But you have friends, of course; later you will visit—"

"No, I have no friends," interrupted Eve's agreeable voice composedly. "The girls at the convent I did not like. And when father died, Mr. Logan—Jack—was the only person I knew."

"I see," said Thomas again—more slowly. As the car sped on through beautiful green country he bent and looked at the girl, always with deeper interest.

"And I thought," she went on, meeting his looks with eyes that were not quite so childish as one expected, from the rest of the face, "it might be nice to go to live in Paris. Jack has to be in America a great deal, but he could come back. And I think he would let me live where I like." She gazed at his friend ingenuously.

"I think he would," agreed the artist gravely. "And do anything you like, and have everything you like, too," he added, with a burst of some emotion, to himself. "If he wouldn't, he'd be a—"

"Do you know many people in Paris?" Eve was asking. "But of course you do, if you live there and are an artist!"

"Yes." Suddenly Thomas rejoiced that he knew them, the everybody worth knowing in Paris. "When you come there, may I bring them all to see you?"

"Oh, will you?" Eve sat forward. Her eyes were shining; not soft, but brilliant—dazzling. "Oh, I should love you if you would! I—" They went over a rut just then, and the Marchese turned round apologetically.

"Of course!" muttered Thomas, furious. Aloud, "I will do everything I can in Paris—and everywhere—to make you happy," he said in a low voice. A moment after he was rather ashamed—she was so very young.

"You are very, very good." The limpid blue eyes thanked him—apparently with utmost innocence. "But you are very young, too," she added naively; "how can you have become an artist and know people so soon?"

"I am twenty-eight," he told her, smiling, "and I've worked rather hard. But I know I do look young—confound it!—in spite of this beard I wear so religiously."

"But don't you like to be young?" Eve's eyes widened. "I think it is lovely. Mr. Logan—Jack," she added thoughtfully, "is thirty-five."

"Er—yes, but—but he seems much younger, doesn't he?" said Thomas hastily. "I've known him ever since he bunked with me in the Quarter, eight years ago, when he came to live in Paris for a while; and—he's an awfully good fellow, Mrs. Logan. Jack's a trump!"

"He is very kind," said Eve. It was the first time anyone had called her that—"Mrs. Logan"; according to the French custom she had been with everyone "Madame" simply. "It is very odd, being married," she told Thomas; "it makes one so definitely settled, doesn't it?"

The man who lived in Paris bit back a smile that threatened back of his mustache. "I suppose it does," he replied soberly. "But you get used to it. At least, so they say. I don't know, for I've never been married."

"You must have a very good time?" said Eve—irrelevantly. Thomas coughed—or the smile would have got the better of him this time. "You have been to the races before, of course?"

"Well, rather!" he found himself adoring her *naïveté*. He must paint her quickly, before she lost it. "And you—it is your first time?"

"Yes. But I'm sure I shall like it. I love taking a chance; and"—she looked up at him sweetly—"you will teach me? You will show me how to do—what to put my money on?"

Thomas gave a swift glance at the back of the Marchese—and of John Logan. Let them go to the devil if they saw! He put his hand on the girl's gently. "I will teach you," he promised, his voice close in her ear. "I will show you, yes, little girl."

And then they did not talk any more, but Eve sat quite calm and undisturbed, while Jack's friend kept her hand—hidden under the folds of her gown between them—and looked at her—himself far from undisturbed—all the way out to the track.

The Marchese had good places for them, and he bought a nosegay for Eve

and some colors—of the horse he was betting on—and it was all very gay and amusing. Each of the men with her noticed, as they sat waiting the next race, that Eve drew considerably more attention, in her black frock, that was the simplest of the simple, and her soft, severe little hat, than any of the costumes with women inside them present. And each of them, the three men, had his own consequent emotions.

"What are you betting on, Jack?" asked Eve, standing up—apparently quite unconscious of the myriad eyes upon her—as the horses were led out.

"Think I'll try No. Eighteen," said Logan, smiling at her. "And you?"

"Oh, I'll put mine on—"

"Twenty-eight," whispered Faeton Thomas; "*please*—you said I was to tell you. Twenty-eight!"

"On Twenty-eight," said Eve carelessly. "See—they're off!"

She sat forward tensely, her young face hardening as the sleek forms dashed past her round the track. It was her first race—she had lived all her life in a convent—and she thrilled with the excitement of it.

Her husband watched her. Thomas watched her. Only the Marchese watched the race. He had staked on women and lost—heavily; he alone, of the men in the box, had learned to confine betting to horses.

And his won. Twenty-eight forged ahead with a great spurt at first—almost to the very end, in fact, ran to win. Then, just in the last strides he fell back—petered out. And Eighteen, who had come up decidedly, lost by a hair's breadth.

But the Marchese's horse won. "Because I did not care," he cried, showing his white teeth. "I did not bet so very much, and I did not care. So I won—it is like that, no, my friends?"

"Yes," said John Logan, with a slight sigh, "it is like that."

After the races they had an exciting drive home in the dusk, tearing along through the crowd of machines that were flying back to Baden. And this time the chauffeur drove, so that Eve sat between her husband and Thomas.

But—it was dark, and—that fold of Eve's dress was still there between her and the artist on the seat.

"You were adorable to bet on that one," he whispered to her, as they came in sight of the hotel. "Even though you lost, I'm glad I told you to, and that you did. You were adorable!"

That night when Eve left her husband at her own door, she put her hands up to his shoulders and kissed him. "Oh, Jack, it *has* been a wonderful day! You're so good; thank you!"

And she stood there in her soft black gown, the dazzling white shoulders and neck rising in a pure, faultless line to her gleaming hair—so young, so very fair and sweet. Logan caught her to him and kissed her mouth. He loved her! The wheel, with its uncertain little ball, began to turn faster.

#### IV

THE last guest had left Mrs. Logan's reception. All but the last guest, that is; he stood tall and blond in his rather too irreproachable clothes by the wide center table of Mrs. Logan's library. I suppose one should say *Mr.* Logan's library, but somehow the things in this house on the Avenue de l'Alma stamped themselves Mrs. Logan's, and stayed stamped that way. Eve sat near by in a very becoming chair. It seemed she was arguing about something.

"It's no use, Tommie; you bore me, and I'm going to cut you. It's been all very well these two years while I've been getting my bearings, and the portrait you did of me was really very nice; but I'm launched now and I don't need you. Paris is mine to play with, as you saw tonight. And by the way, it's two o'clock; you'd best be going, you know."

Thomas pulled out his watch mechanically; but he was looking at Eve—curiously, as he would have looked at one of his canvases from which the paint had suddenly dropped off in ugly, inartistic cakes. "Are you only twenty?" he said slowly.

"That's all," Eve laughed. In her excessively simple white gown, with her

ruddy hair dressed low and no jewels anywhere, she looked up at him confidently.

"You talk somewhat older," he told her with the utmost quietness.

"I was educated in a convent," she reminded him, with another light laugh.

"And you learned in Paris to say just those cynical, smart things that make you older. Still"—he took a step toward her, and his jaws set tighter—"I'm fool enough to love you, even after what you said to me a minute ago. You may be bored with me, but I'm not bored with you, and—"

"Now come, Tommie, don't be tiresome." Eve elaborately stifled a yawn. "It's late, and I want to go to bed. Run along home. We can always be good pals still, you know; and as for the other—well, I've told you. It's finished; I'm through. Now run along, there's a dear boy."

"I wonder how many other men you'll dispose of in that light and airy fashion?" Not moving an inch from his place by the table, the man leaned back against it so that he caught more of the lamp's glow on her face. "Just remember though, please, you don't start with me. I've deceived one of the best friends a man ever had to get you, and—I don't intend to give you up."

He regarded her quite steadily.

But the great eyes, that had always mismatched the childish face, mocked him, unconcerned. "Oh, don't you? Then it may shake your decision a bit to hear that the reason I'm bored with you is because I'm getting rather interested in *him*. Since he stopped trying to make me love him—that's a year ago now—and let me go my own way here in Paris as I chose, my husband has—yes, he's begun to interest me."

"So!" Her husband's friend's face, turned in profile toward the lamp, was white. "So you—you love Jack at last!"

"I"—the color flared up in the woman's cheek, flouting her self-possession—"yes, I love him," she almost whispered; "since he's been gone this time, I've known. I love him—Jack." The even voice was almost soft.

"And he's coming back tomorrow, eh?"

"Yes. His boat was to reach Cherbourg early this morning—he'll be here by noon." On Eve's strangely settled face was a dreamy, girlish light that the man Thomas had never seen before. "Oh, Tommie, don't you understand?" She turned to him suddenly, pleading, a different creature from a minute ago. "Won't you see why you must go away now and leave me alone? I—it's love I feel for Jack, Tommie—the real thing, not just a passing butterfly whim, the diversion of an hour or two—but love. And he's my husband, Tommie."

"Would you tell him about—us?" he asked, his face turned from her.

"I—no. What good would it do? I did"—she moved restlessly—"promise once to tell him if ever I thought we couldn't, as he said, 'make a go of it.' But oh, I know now we *can* make a go of it!" she cried, clasping her hands ardently to her soft draped breast. "I know that, like getting started in Paris, like everything in my life, these last two years have been just the introduction, the prelude—"

"With me as conductor, yes?" interrupted Thomas drily. "Oh, don't apologize." He waved her murmured words aside. "I—I assure you I've liked what I've had, very well. It's been—er—been very satisfactory. And"—he gave a short laugh—"if I've directed you in the course of love as well as in the course of getting on in society, I suppose I should be as well satisfied with the outcome of one as with the other. Yes"—his voice changed suddenly—"you had a success tonight, what?"

"Yes." Eve drew a deep breath. "It was—wonderful!"

"And I made it." Not with any bragadocio, but rather gravely, the artist drew himself up. "Logan could give you money and the position of a good name and connection, but he couldn't give you Paris. Paris, all the world knows, is difficult; she opens from the outside to all, from the inside to the tiny few. And those tiny few already in were mine—I had conquered them years before you came, by the way of blood and

tears, the way of struggling art. But I succeeded. And when you came I passed them on to you, one by one, from the easiest up to the hardest; you have them all. As you say, they are yours to play with. Well, Eve"—he faced her with a certain dignity—"I hope you enjoy them, my gift. I'm leaving them tomorrow—for good. Good night."

"Tommie"—she caught his hand, stammering—"Tommie, don't go that way. Oh, I know I'm a selfish little beast," as he looked down at her almost sternly; "I always have been selfish. I—you think I've used you and then cast you off, like something I don't need any more—but it isn't that. It isn't only that. I cared for you—in a way, I did. Do you think if I hadn't I could have—but you know I did! And there've been times, especially with Jack in America so much, when I've been awfully happy with you. But—can't you see? I'm *awake* now—I'm not just drifting pleasantly along. I know what I want, and—it's Jack. Ah, Tommie, I'm sorry—truly I'm sorry."

He swept her up to him and held her by the shoulders. "I believe you are," he said, searching her to the inmost fiber with his eyes—grown for her inexorable—"and if you are, if I and the memory of me can make you sorry, why—that's something. I almost believe, Eve," turning her curiously to the light, "it's the biggest thing I've had from you yet. Will you kiss me, little girl? And"—his lips against hers, his voice not altogether steady—"don't quite forget, when you're happy with Jack, that I did do something once, that I gave you—

Ah, Eve—Eve—Eve"—he gave up suddenly and crushed her in uncontrollable madness—"think of all we've shared, all we've had together that you *can't* know with anyone else—with Jack—"

"I expect not," said Jack quietly, appearing before them out of the shadows of the hall; "at any rate I sha'n't ask her to. As for you"—looking steadily at Thomas, who had released Eve, but still held his arm round her trembling, fear-shaken form; Logan opened the drawer of the table and fingered something that lay inside, lovingly—"you didn't expect me till tomorrow, but my boat did me a lucky turn!" He laughed grimly. "I don't often get in on the true run of things; I'm generally"—he looked now fixedly at Eve—"the kind of idiot who's fooled. But not this time." He took that gleaming object slowly from the drawer. "And I hope," he said deliberately, still looking at Eve, though his right hand was raised toward Thomas, "I hope that you suffer for the times I have been foolish, as slowly, as torturingly as the blackest fiend can invent. I hope—" His hand on the trigger, he suddenly crashed the pistol into its drawer again.

The wheel had stopped. Logan had looked, had seen the black hand of the *croupier* gather in all that he had—his ideal of marriage, his conception of friendship, his—

"No!" he flung at the two standing there together. "Do what you like. I don't care what you do. I'm going back to America!" And he strode from them out of the room.

He still had his common sense.



**HUSBAND**—What are you going to give me for Christmas?

**WIFE**—Well, I thought of a bronze figure for the mantelpiece and a Persian rug. What are you going to give me?

**HUSBAND**—I think I'll get you a smoking jacket and a new shaving brush.



# MY LADY NIGHT

By Arthur Wallace Peach

**M**Y Lady Night, ah, fair is she  
As is a twilight rose  
That in some deep-gloomed bower blows,  
As is a lily's face at night  
In some old garden 'neath the light  
Of misty moon.  
Her arms are deep and wide;  
She moves as does a bride  
To some slow wedding tune.  
Like pools unfathomed are her eyes,  
And in them lie uncharted skies  
Where low lights burn like distant stars  
Aglisten through the sunset's bars  
That shut in all mortality—  
My Lady Night, ah, fair is she!

My Lady Night, ah, sweet is she,  
With all her tender ways,  
As is a mother when she lays  
Her babe asleep in cradle low  
Where unfelt winds from Dreamland blow  
Him far away.  
Soft is her dusky hair,  
Her bosom deep and fair  
With gentle lull and sway,  
Where sink to sleep earth's weary ones,  
While through time's glass life's bright sand runs;  
She soothes the fevered brow of pain  
Till men to suffer more were fain;  
She comes to all so tenderly—  
My Lady Night, ah, sweet is she!



**S**HORTLEIGH—My Uncle Frank is a veritable Klondike.  
LONGLEIGH—Why, how's that?  
SHORTLEIGH—Plenty of wealth, but cold and distant.

# PASTE CUT PASTE

By Louise Closser Hale

## CHARACTERS

MRS. CAMPBELL BREWSTER (*a handsome woman, about thirty years of age*)  
CAROLINE FOSTER (*a languishing lady of the same age*)  
MAID

TIME: *The present*

PLACE: *A city*

SCENE—*The drawing room of MRS. BREWSTER'S residence. MRS. BREWSTER is standing in the center of the room reading a note, which she evidently finds amusing as well as perplexing. Near the door the maid, holding a small card salver, stands at attention.*

MRS. BREWSTER (*turning to the maid*)  
Miss Foster is waiting in the hall, then?

MAID

Yes, ma'am; she brought the note herself.

MRS. BREWSTER (*musingly*)  
Curious creature, Caroline.

MAID

She said she would wait for an answer, ma'am. (*After a pause.*) Shall I take it to her?

MRS. BREWSTER (*brightly*)  
She is the answer, Maggie; take her to me.

MAID (*turning to go*)  
Yes, ma'am. (*Mumbling*) "Take her to me"—"take her to me."

MRS. BREWSTER  
And, Maggie, tell her Mrs. Brewster says she will be very glad to see her. Do you understand—very glad to see her!

MAID

Yes, ma'am. (*Going out*) "Very glad to see her"—"very glad to see her."

(MRS. BREWSTER turns to a mirror with the instinctive idea of adding to her beauty, then checks herself laughingly after fluffing up her curls. At this instant the door opens and Miss CAROLINE FOSTER enters deprecatingly. The two women meet with murmurs of polite affection. MRS. BREWSTER is cordial and calm, Miss FOSTER sentimental and nervous.)

MRS. BREWSTER  
I haven't seen you for years.

MISS FOSTER  
I live in my garden, among my flowers. I love the sincerity of Nature; one can trust her.

MRS. BREWSTER  
Not always. I came home dripping today, with all my feathers spoiled. Is it still raining?

MISS FOSTER  
Oh, no; I think the moon is shining.

MRS. BREWSTER  
Just like it when I stay at home.

MISS FOSTER (*agitatedly*)  
Perhaps I'm wrong. It may not be; don't take it from me. I shouldn't

want to say it's raining when it isn't—at least (*humbly*) not to you, Martha.

MRS. BREWSTER (*puzzled*)

You were always remarkable, Caroline Foster; why not to me?

MISS FOSTER (*sentimentally oversincere*)

Because I want to be perfectly truthful with you always, about rain and sun and—and everything.

MRS. BREWSTER

I remember that was your passion at school. Only you and I were always looking at different sides of the shield—so we saw differently. What was truth to you was lies to me. Come, you must sit down. (*She leads her toward a chair.*)

MISS FOSTER (*sinking into it gloomily*)

You may not want me to sit in one of your chairs after you know me better.

MRS. BREWSTER

I'll take that chance. You've never done me any harm yet.

MISS FOSTER

I never meant to, Martha; I never did. But I am about to wrong you. That is why I have called.

MRS. BREWSTER (*choking down a laugh*)

A most opportune moment, I should say, for calling. Am I to be wronged here—in my own pleasant little room?

MISS FOSTER

No, no; I am not as low as that. It's to be in a church.

MRS. BREWSTER (*comprehendingly*)

O-oh! I know but one crime that the church steadily encourages—you are to be married, then?

MISS FOSTER (*mysteriously*)

That depends; it all depends—(*She pauses and looks hesitatingly at her hostess.*)

MRS. BREWSTER (*briskly*)

It all depends upon the wishes of just two, yours and his, doesn't it?

MISS FOSTER (*impressively*)

No. Upon three.

MRS. BREWSTER

Oh! That tinkly little triangle again! H'm! (*Reflectively.*) Yes, you'll have to resolve that into a parallelogram. Three corners jabbing up the aisle are most uncomfortable. (*Soberly.*) They have never yet kept step to the wedding march.

MISS FOSTER (*hesitating*)

It is more than probable that the third side would much rather stay at home. But I fear—

MRS. BREWSTER (*wagging her finger*)

There's that schoolgirl conscience of yours. It was always manufacturing horrors which my practical mind was forced to dissipate. You write (*indicating note*) asking me to help you. You are searching for the truth, you say. What is my role? Am I to play a sleuth?

MISS FOSTER (*enjoying her dramatic moment*)

You need search no farther than your own heart, Martha. *You* are the third side.

MRS. BREWSTER

Me?

MISS FOSTER

You.

MRS. BREWSTER (*musings*)

Considering that a triangle is simply a geometrical design, it is curious that one side can be more objectionable than the other. Yet, without knowing why, you make me feel immensely uncomfortable. (*To her.*) I suppose I am the component part known as the "base"?

MISS FOSTER

Not in an unworthy sense, Martha. Yet I must confess that there would have been but two sides without you.

MRS. BREWSTER (*belligerently*)

And but two sides without *you*, for that matter.

MISS FOSTER

That is true. And but two sides without *him!*

MRS. BREWSTER

Oh, yes, I had forgotten the "him." Who is the man?

MISS FOSTER (*suddenly*)

Your husband. (*She bows her head.*)

MRS. BREWSTER (*looking at her fixedly for an instant, then putting her hands to her temples and laughing*)

Do you fear "his wife won't let him," Caroline?

MISS FOSTER

If you *are* his wife—if you *feel* you are his wife, he must not marry. A decree of divorce is but writing on a slip of paper. What is written on your soul, Martha?

MRS. BREWSTER

Since we are in for heroics, not Campbell Brewster, rest assured. He was only scribbled on my little slate, at best. I've sponged him off completely. Take him, Caroline, and the Lord be with you as well—you'll need Him.

MISS FOSTER

He will be welcome always. And while I can't agree with you that I shall need Him for protection, I am relieved that we are both of the opinion that your husband, as a husband, has ceased to be.

MRS. BREWSTER

Yes, dear; he died a painless death out in a Dakota law court.

MISS FOSTER

Did he know that he was—passing away?

MRS. BREWSTER

Oh, yes; the law demands that, for courts are wiser than physicians. He knew—and he went gladly.

MISS FOSTER (*rising impatiently*)

Poor fellow!

MRS. BREWSTER

Sit down, Caroline; don't torture yourself over a situation that no longer exists.

MISS FOSTER

I *must* torture myself. It is part of me to do so. All my life questions of right and wrong rise up before me, and I must solve them before I can be happy.

MRS. BREWSTER

But your mind is at rest now. By our divorce decree Campbell Brewster is as free as I consider that I am myself. You need not "poor fellow" him.

MISS FOSTER

I have cause to, for I see, back of his calm acquiescence to your divorcing him, a deeper reason than that of incompatibility. Recognizing this, other questions, even more confusing, rise up to block my way.

MRS. BREWSTER (*kindly*)

Let us remove the obstructions. I assure you there is not even kindling wood in the dead timber.

MISS FOSTER

What I must say will hurt you—

MRS. BREWSTER

By your standards, perhaps. I may escape untouched.

MISS FOSTER

It is this: I have heard stories of Campbell's early married life with you—of his flirtations and of his infidelities. Forgive me—

MRS. BREWSTER (*cheerfully*)

Go on, my dear; I don't mind a smidgeon.

MISS FOSTER

And now it comes to me that, if these tales are true, if he knew that you were out arranging an amicable divorce—if he permitted that, it must have been through fear of the exposure of a more shameful mode of living. Martha, can this be so?

MRS. BREWSTER

An overactive conscience discovers more in the lives of men and women than their Creator ever dreamed of. Yet you are so near the truth that you deserve it all.

MISS FOSTER

You needn't tell me any more; I know enough. I love Campbell, but I shall marry no man who has stamped out the flame of a woman's life by the breaking of his marriage vows.

MRS. BREWSTER

Stamped out—me? Do I look it? Is this the dull tomb of a spent woman? (*Indicating the room.*) Are these bright flowers (*touching her corsage bouquet*) a funeral wreath upon a bosom whose fires are dead? Don't you believe it, Caroline; I may appear quiescent, but I am smoldering still.

MISS FOSTER (*half whispering in her intensity*)

You didn't care, then, when you found out that he had been—unfaithful?

MRS. BREWSTER (*imitating her whispering*)

My dear, I simply skipped with joy!

MISS FOSTER (*shrinking away*)  
Oh!

MRS. BREWSTER

There! You are horrified. Because I, one of your own sex, was not crushed by the base deed of a being greatly my inferior, you are annoyed. Though my action gives you the opportunity of getting him yourself, you writhe and wriggle still.

MISS FOSTER

I am not wriggling. But you must admit that your viewpoint is not that to be found among—among—people that we know.

MRS. BREWSTER

Oh, yes, it is. Nine married women out of ten recognize that there are a dozen better reasons for leaving a man than that of infidelity.

MISS FOSTER

At least they veil their opinions with some art.

MRS. BREWSTER

Art? Yes, that is it. All our thoughts are draped in beauty for the public. Go into the workshops where

the flesh and blood thing poses. There the painter draws from the nude, but his art improves the model. It is the truth you are getting now—what you have always sought, you say—the *naked truth*, which, like the model, is always a bit bowlegged or knock-kneed.

MISS FOSTER (*primly*)

Bowlegged, perhaps, but not without its lesson. Truth shines through ugliness. Why, the very sordidness of your argument is a murky lamp showing me the way. You care nothing for him, and you never could have cared. Unloved he comes to me—and I am his reward. We shall be married.

MRS. BREWSTER

A just conclusion, proving that your love is womanly.

(*MISS FOSTER makes a movement of weariness, as though it were impossible for the two to understand each other, and starts to go.*)

Don't go yet. You look a little pale. Sit down in this big chair—in Campbell's favorite chair. (*She laughs a little quietly.*) I have to laugh—

MISS FOSTER

And why?

MRS. BREWSTER

Now that nothing makes a difference to you, I can speak. He brought her here, you know—for lunch. I was in the country, and came home suddenly. You see, the back is high, and toward the door—and they were sitting in it. I tiptoed over, thinking to try at loving again. I saw the cigarette smoke curling up—I wanted to surprise him—and oh, I did! (*She puts her hands to her face and laughs.*)

MISS FOSTER (*struck with another paralyzing thought*)

Oh, double horror! I had forgotten—I had forgotten! Oh, I have found him but to lose him!

MRS. BREWSTER

My patience, Caroline Foster, who has him now? Haven't I laid all your ghosts?

MISS FOSTER

No; nor can you lay the duty I owe to this other woman; his duty primarily, but if he neglects it, mine. I cannot come between them.

MRS. BREWSTER (*calmly*)

You can't do otherwise. He's sitting on the North Pole, she the South. The world's between them.

MISS FOSTER

She loved him. Hers was a greater love than mine can be—I run no risk.

MRS. BREWSTER

I knew that woman. It was the risk she loved—strangely enough, not our dear Campbell.

MISS FOSTER

But still he owes her something—the marriage he has offered me.

MRS. BREWSTER

She never wanted it. There is no risk in marriage, as you say. At least, that is the popular belief.

MISS FOSTER

Then she loved risk, and she must love it still. And Campbell as a married man again, would again represent it. What surety have I that they would not meet after our marriage?

MRS. BREWSTER

Because their love is dead.

MISS FOSTER

What killed it?

MRS. BREWSTER

A greater passion.

MISS FOSTER

What passion?

MRS. BREWSTER

Fear.

MISS FOSTER

Fear?

MRS. BREWSTER

Black fear. Their poor love for each other died in that chair. In a rush of terror they contrasted their miserable connivances and hasty raptures with the smug smiling of the world. Clubs retreated from their vision; dinners vanished in thin air; the high, pleasant voices of the tea table grew ominously silent. Outcasts, they peeped from out the chair at me. Each an enemy to the other, they threw themselves, as individuals, upon my mercy.

MISS FOSTER

You were good to spare them, Martha.

MRS. BREWSTER

I couldn't have done otherwise.

(MISS FOSTER *starts impatiently and throughout the speech shows increasing indignation.*)

I have a conscience, too. She was a woman. I despised her for a thief who steals, not from want, but for the love of stealing—but she was a woman. As for him, it came to me as a pleasant shock that he could do and dare. It opened long vistas of doing and daring on my part. I had grown dulled by my sense of marital obligation. I saw no way out of my mistake. Till then I could not have taxed him with a single fault that would have held in a law court had he contested the suit. Yet our life together had become a sacrilege. This was my chance, my one chance. Out of gratitude I spared them any inconvenience. It was, as you put it, an amicable divorce. Had he opposed my quiet method, I should have become a dangerous woman. There's the whole of it, Caroline; go in peace.

MISS FOSTER (*advancing suddenly*)

What peace is there for me with the prospect of a life like yours before me? You *are* a dangerous woman—to them—to me—to all society. I came here with a question on my lips which, in an in-

stant, you could have answered. Where am I now? In a maze of new and revolting ideas. My standards shaken, my simple beliefs crude emanations from a clumsy brain. I believe that you have done this purposely. You have shown up his wickedness, and you have endeavored to make him ridiculous in my eyes. You have brought it home to me by the very chair I was about to sit in. Those poor things in that chair—you made them fear you; you twisted them around your finger, shaping them to your own desire. But you shall not twist me. In spite of all this man has done, I'll marry him.

MRS. BREWSTER

You would have arrived at that decision no matter what my revelations might have been. It was your original intention to play the honorable and still get what you wanted.

MISS FOSTER

Please spare me any further novelties of thought. I'm going. I shall confine myself to simpler women in the future when I need advice.

MRS. BREWSTER

O Truth, we seek thee, we cry for thee; but when we meet, O Truth, keep on thy clothes!

MISS FOSTER (*defiantly but with tears in her voice*)

I live among a race of men and women who are thoroughly clad. You might have taken off the garments of your scandal one by one, but no, you snatched them off—and left me gasping. You might have spared me the story of the chair. You make me see them in that chair—(*she breaks down*)—together—

MRS. BREWSTER (*immediately touched*)

Caroline! I have hurt you! Are you jealous?

MISS FOSTER

Yes, I am, as any woman who is human would be. I'll never have another happy moment. (*She starts to go again.*)

MRS. BREWSTER

Don't go; not while you're in a mud-dle. I want you to understand one thing. Oh, *try* to understand! It will make you happy, and perhaps set me in a better light.

MISS FOSTER (*snuffling*)

Something remarkable, I take it.

MRS. BREWSTER (*apologetically*)

Yes, I expect it will be, but, you see, if I were not quite unusual in my reasoning, I could not offer it to comfort you.

MISS FOSTER (*sharply*)

Well?

MRS. BREWSTER

Well, I believe that what is past is past. As a criminal who has served his sentence is free from wrongdoing, so are we after our expiation.

MISS FOSTER (*unrelenting*)

Well?

MRS. BREWSTER

Well, Campbell has expiated that adventure. His hurt pride suffered keenly, but it is over. I didn't mean to shock you when I spoke of the—the chair, you know. I really think it does not concern you in the slightest. And even if such a thing ever occurred again—I must say this, Caroline—it wouldn't be the fault in Campbell you should most deprecate.

MISS FOSTER

At least, it is refreshing, Martha, to find you admitting that *some* form of evil is not a joke. What is this crime that bored you? Why is it of graver importance than the one which gives freedom to women of all nations?

MRS. BREWSTER

Because it lives. It's of the past, yet has a future.

MISS FOSTER

I'm sick of figures. Define it in a word.



MRS. BREWSTER (*with appreciation of the word*)

Bottles!

MISS FOSTER  
He drinks?

MRS. BREWSTER  
Oh, no, no. (*Her mouth twitches.*)

MISS FOSTER  
You are playing with me again!

MRS. BREWSTER  
No, I am not, believe me. I want you to be happy. That's why I warn you. I have never yet told anyone, because I'm sure that no one could ever understand—just—just as you're not going to understand.

MISS FOSTER (*importantly*)  
I should be the one to judge. What is this mystery?

MRS. BREWSTER (*pointing to a closed cabinet*)  
It's in the cabinet.

MISS FOSTER (*going toward the cabinet*)  
May I open it?

MRS. BREWSTER  
If you dare.

MISS FOSTER  
Oh, the skeleton in the closet, is it? (*She opens the door.*)

MRS. BREWSTER (*simply*)  
Yes.

MISS FOSTER (*peering at rows of bottles of patent medicine*)  
They are bottles! What is in them?

MRS. BREWSTER (*grimly*)  
All kinds of medicine, for all kinds of ailments.

MISS FOSTER  
For that strong man?

MRS. BREWSTER  
For that strong man.

MISS FOSTER  
But was he ill?

MRS. BREWSTER  
No, nor is he now. He only thought he was. I've kept them all, and some nights when I'm blue I take a look at this, and I am happy again.

MISS FOSTER (*sentimentally*)  
I see. You feel that part of him is always with you.

MRS. BREWSTER (*with sarcasm*)  
I see you understand. (*She takes out a long medicine case on the lower shelf.*)

Look at this medicine chest. It was in his wedding outfit; it went with us on our honeymoon. I should have smashed it, but I was kind—I sympathized. This (*indicating a second shelfful of bottles*) was the first year of our married life. They grew in size and number. (*She reads the labels on the bottles.*) Phosphates, serums and the antitoxins were close favorites. His complaints had deepened since I listened to them. Here (*her hand upon the third shelf*) is the second year, the spleen coming in for much attention. There are no amiable symptoms in diseases of the spleen. I was getting tired of this. I retraced my method and began to rally him. He turned upon me and charged me with indifference. To accentuate his illnesses—that my faith in him might be restored—gloom exuded from his presence when we were alone. Once acquired, it never left him. The third year (*indicating all sorts of apparatus on the next shelf*) he took to specialists. As he sprang up their steps for consultation I crept in through the area-way to warn them. Sometimes we met—oh, when we met! For weeks he never spoke to me. He only groaned. The fourth year (*indicating the shelf above, with many pill boxes but fewer bottles*) was open warfare. You see, the shelf is not so full of bottles. I shattered them to bits, so he gave up anything in glass and carried pellets. As one struggles with a lost soul, I wrestled with that hypochondriac, and, curiously enough, I was the one to lose my health

while struggling. During the fifth year (*pointing to the top shelf, which is very full*) I had resort to physic, and listened to him sneer at me as I had sneered at him. Then my spirit broke, and for the sake of peace I confessed my "former blindness," as he termed it, and asked his pardon for insisting on the excellence of his liver and the beauty of his lungs. We wallowed like the swine in tonics, but I wasn't yet submerged. I waited for a chance to lift myself from out the slimy pool of nostrums. It came—and you know how. I tell you, that woman in the chair was not as meretricious as my rival in the cabinet. There's my *heart's* story, Caroline.

MISS FOSTER (*unmoved, but gracious*)

I appreciate your frankness, but I must tell you just as frankly that I don't feel as you do.

MRS. BREWSTER (*earnestly*)

I pray that you never will. Yet acceptance is not the way to heal him. It must be by some opposing force as great as his. Where will *you* find it!

MISS FOSTER (*simpering*)

In myself, perhaps. Through my weakness he will find his strength.

MRS. BREWSTER (*suddenly*)

Do you go in for being weak?

MISS FOSTER (*pleased with the thought*)

I have for years been something of an invalid.

MRS. BREWSTER (*aloud, but for herself*)

That's the solution. Like cures like.

MISS FOSTER

I can sympathize with him; our positions are the same, I fear. Sometimes my people have seemed to me unfeeling, but I am sure that Campbell will under-

stand, since he has suffered, too. I know that I can cling to him, as he will cling to me.

MRS. BREWSTER (*with great vigor*)

And you will be the better clinger. My dear, your happy future is assured. Cling to him first—cling long and loud. Say nothing of it now, but on your honeymoon bring out your medicine chest. Here, take this one. (*She seizes the chest on the lower shelf.*) Accept it as a wedding present. But pack it with *your* pills.

MISS FOSTER (*missing the sarcasm and quite pleased*)

Won't he be surprised to see it full of my medicines!

MRS. BREWSTER (*bubbling with joy*)

He'll be charmed. And if there's anything among these bottles you could use—

MISS FOSTER (*beginning hastily to fill a bag with them*)

Thanks. I believe there are a few things. (*MRS. BREWSTER throws herself into a chair in an ecstasy of quiet mirth.*)

This tonic never turns. Quinine is always good. Here are all the coal tars! Why, look. (*She finds a small bisque nude back of the bottles and takes it out.*) What a funny, ugly little thing!

MRS. BREWSTER (*reaching for it*)

I hid it there. Give it to me. You have no use for him.

MISS FOSTER

What is it?

MRS. BREWSTER

It's the Naked Truth.

(*Miss Foster snorts, but returns to the rapid filling of her chest. MRS. BREWSTER nurses the figure in her arms.*)

CURTAIN



# UNDER THE PLUM TREE

By Ellis Parker Butler

THE celebrated murder trial—State of New York *vs.* Robert Wentz—had reached an end, and Sammy Wilkerson, reporter of the *Westcote News*, was well satisfied with the manner in which he had handled the news for his paper. It had been a big event in Westcote, with reporters from all the New York papers attending every session of the court, and the Associated Press men sending the news to all parts of America; but Sammy, being of Westcote, had been able to be of no small assistance to Judge Gardengrove, who had presided at the trial. The Judge had complimented Sammy when the trial was over on the way the *News* had handled the reports from day to day. He went so far as to thank Sammy.

"Here's my chance," said Sammy to himself. "Look at all these other fellows. If a man knows a ward captain, he gets a plum. If he knows an alderman, he gets a plum. And I know a judge, and the judge is favorably impressed by the way I do things. Why shouldn't I have a plum?"

A plum is a job, and there are many varieties. It is not bad to be appointed on a commission for the opening of a street. Judges make the appointments. There are also receiverships. Judges appoint the receivers.

Sammy Wilkerson was not an elderly man, but he was of legal age. He was what is called a hustler, and he had a bright, cheerful disposition. He felt, quite properly, that if he had been of any service to Judge Gardengrove, and Judge Gardengrove wished to cast a plum or two in his direction, he would be justified in taking the plum or two.

For that is how men rise from poverty to wealth. One receivership and another, one plum and another. Sammy spoke of a receivership when he was saying farewell to the Judge, and the Judge was not at all offended.

"I'll remember you," said the Judge. "You would make a satisfactory receiver, I'm sure. I'll remember."

And he did. In less than a month Sammy Wilkerson received a legal document, informing him that he had been duly appointed receiver of the estate of Solomon Levy, tenement building at Port Lafayette, and so forth and so forth, Jones, Jackson & Perceval attorneys for the estate, and so forth and so forth.

Appointed receiver! That was one bit of news that wasn't omitted from the *Westcote News*. Not if Sammy knew it. For five days Sammy went about his reportorial duties walking on air. His career had begun at last; he had climbed into the plum tree. He was a receiver, one of those opulent beings who have nothing to do but receive money and turn it over, keeping a decent percentage. Easy money. Already he felt the thousands dropping into his pockets. He was one of the "boys," in line for more receiverships and more sinecures with more perquisites.

But, a month later, no money had come in. No eager tenants of the Port Lafayette tenement building had come perspiring to the office of the *Westcote News* to throw rent money on Sammy's desk. Instead he received a coldly formal letter of inquiry from Jones, Jackson & Perceval. They wished to know how he was progressing, and if he had any money to turn in. As Sammy read

the letter he seemed to read in it a spirit of complaint.

"All right," said Sammy cheerfully; "I'll show 'em what kind of a receiver I am! Those tenants are remiss because they don't know me. Once they come face to face with Samuel Wilkerson, Receiver, they'll know I mean business."

MR. L. P. PERCEVAL,  
Jones, Jackson & Perceval,  
New York, N. Y.

MY DEAR MR. PERCEVAL:

Yours of the 22nd at hand. You ask me to advise concerning my success as receiver for the Port Lafayette property.

I visited the property early Sunday morning. I am a busy man during the week, Mr. Perceval. I am a reporter; and should I tear myself away for a day some thrilling event might transpire and in my absence fail to find itself chronicled in the *Westcote News*. Any day a case of measles might develop in Westcote; I must be on hand to count the spots. Any hour a horse might fall on the slippery pavement of Main Street; what would the world say if Samuel Wilkerson were not on hand to report the catastrophe? My receivership is merely a plum, Mr. Perceval, to be eaten during my leisure moments. But no doubt you understand this; you realize that a receivership is merely a sinecure.

Mr. Perceval, I am not a proud man, but I have feelings. In my profession I am called upon to report the demise of any dog that thrusts itself beneath the whirling wheels of any automobile in Westcote. I can, Mr. Perceval, calmly and efficiently report the death of any dog, no matter how low in life its station may have been—and we have some out-cast dogs in Westcote. I put my pride in my pocket. But it was with feelings of distress that I first looked upon the tenement building at Port Lafayette of which I have the honor to be receiver.

It is a shame, Mr. Perceval, to insist that a poor old spavined building like that shall stand up when it so evidently wants to lie down and die. I presume you have no desire to spend vast sums on that building, but I think a pane of glass

every eight or ten windows would improve its countenance. The tenants are doing all they can. They have stuffed pillows in many of the windows, but they have not enough pillows to go round. A pillow pushed into a window has a well fed and jovial appearance, but to my notion a petticoat was not built to fill a window.

I would not advise any foolhardy recklessness, such as putting paint on the building. If we began that the tenants would want other things. They might even want the chimneys gathered out of the street and replaced on the roof; and tenants should not be pampered in this way. Having every third stair tread absent also has my full approval. It prevents the children from falling all the way downstairs; they fall through. This is good, but why should the front door be leaning against the woodshed in the backyard?

I began collecting the rent vigorously at the apartment nearest the corner saloon. The lady who occupies this apartment has a loud, harsh voice, but she is a good woman; she does not believe in paying rent on Sunday. She has conscientious scruples against it, I think. So has her husband. He is a large man, decorated with coal dust. He came to the door in his shirtsleeves and informed me that six days gave ample opportunity for the collection of rent, and "I ain't goin' to pay no rent on this Sunday nor no other Sunday; see?" He remarked kindly that if I didn't get out of there mighty quick he would pick me up and throw me against the fire house on the opposite side of the street. I left him with kindest regards for his family. Before leaving I asked him when he would consider it advisable for me to call again. He said he was unable to state positively, but that, according to his best judgment, he would be able to pay in about a thousand years, if all went well, but that there were no signs of that at present. He then called my attention to a few improvements I would have to make before he paid a cent. I think we could have his suggestions carried out in part at a cost not exceeding five thousand dollars. He then told me,

as a parting word, that none of the tenants would ever have moved into the "old garbage box"—I use his words—if they had thought they would have to pay rent.

This encouraged me, and I proceeded upstairs. At the head of the stairs I met a fine old negro survivor of the Civil War. He was removing the second stair tread from the top in order to turn it into fuel, but when I approached he desisted. He is a noble specimen of the antebellum negro, Mr. Perceval, but he informed me that he had no money, and never did have any, and that there was none in view. He told me that two years from next November he might have some money, but he was not at all sanguine. He said, however, that if he did manage to get a dollar by that time he would "think of" paying it for rent. He qualified this by saying it was the *last* thing he would think of doing with the money, if he got it; but he did not think he would get it. When I pressed him for some more definite statement, he said he had had a dollar on July 4, 1892, but that he had paid it as a first installment on a crayon portrait, and had not yet been able to raise the other dollar for the second installment. When I asked him how he lived, he said he had got into the habit of living when he was a young man, and the habit clung to him. He finally offered to give me his equity in the not-yet-crayoned crayon portrait; but as he could not remember the name of the man who was to do the portrait I came away.

I then entered the adjoining apartment. The negro lady who occupies this apartment informed me with tears that she couldn't pay any rent this week. She said that if I came frequently I might catch her some time with money. It seems that she was once a cook in a very aristocratic Virginia family, but reverses overtook them and she was compelled to seek a living elsewhere. It seems to me this might form the basis of a plot for an interesting novel. Should you know of anyone seeking such a plot, you might sell this plot to him and apply the proceeds on the rent. I think this tenant took a liking to me. She asked

me, quite frankly, if I had any smoking tobacco on my person, and offered to take some in the most friendly manner. When I inquired after her husband's health she said he was still dead.

I then called on the Poles on the ground floor. At first they did not understand me when I said "rent," but when I explained the meaning of the word they spoke to me at great length in Polish. They became greatly excited, and offered to mob me for the smallest current coin of Poland. One small, youngish Pole bit me on the calf. I then thought to subdue them by showing them my official designation as receiver. I explained that, to all intents and purposes, I was an officer of the law, and, as such, entitled to credence and respect. One of them, upon this, proved that he understood some English. But I did not go where he told me to go.

Instead, I went upstairs to the apartment occupied by Mrs. Finnerty and her six children. They were all at home. So was her husband. Also her boarder. The boarder welcomed me warmly. He told me, when he had taken me aside, that I had better avoid the subject of rent. He explained that he was slightly in arrears in his board bill—a trifling matter of a few years or so—and that a mention of rent money would precipitate a cruel and unnecessary demand from Mr. Finnerty for board money. The boarder said he would rather throw me out of the window bodily than have me ask for rent. He told me he would help the lady out as much as he could, but that at the moment he had no money and she had no money and her husband had no money, and that payment was a matter of some difficulty. He offered, however, to give me eight or ten of Mrs. Finnerty's children. I considered the offer well meant but reckless, so did not accept it.

Neither did Mrs. Finnerty. She said: "Ye will call me kids dirty brats, will ye?" and took the boarder by the hair in a manner that showed she had little respect for him. Mr. Finnerty at the same time spoke of the matter of board money, and invited the boarder to put up or shut up. Mrs. Finnerty's six little

children then threw themselves upon their father, and sought to prevent him from endangering his precious life by kicking him in the ankles. One child bit him in the hand. I brightened as this family show of affection began. Up to this instant my receivership had seemed destined to be unprofitable, but I now looked for a sure by-product in the way of witness fees when I should be called to testify at the ensuing murder trial. Again I was disappointed. The boarder, instead of committing murder, suggested that it was too warm for slaughter, and that he would go out and purchase a pail of beer. He went. As he had just assured me he had no money, I think his credit at the corner saloon must have been good. Mr. Finnerty then said it was his duty to find the nearest delicatessen shop and purchase a "hunk o' cheese." What he meant to purchase it with, when he had no money, I am unable to say.

No sooner was I left alone with Mrs. Finnerty than she took a tobacco pouch from under one corner of the kitchen sink. This, when she had emptied it into her lap, I found to contain a large assortment of greenbacks and silver money. She carefully selected a two-dollar bill and handed it to me, remarking that it was every cent she had in the house. I felt like a highway robber, but I wasn't going back to Westcote empty-handed. Mrs. Finnerty then told me that if I ever permitted her husband or her boarder to know she had paid anything in the form of rent she would skin me alive. I opine from this that her husband and boarder do not believe in paying rent.

As soon as I received the rent money I said I thought I would be going, but Mrs. Finnerty pointed out that if her

husband and boarder returned and found me gone, they would believe I had been paid something on the rent bill. It seems that rent collectors usually spend several hours with the Finnertys. So I was obliged to remain and threaten and cajole for an hour or more. Finally I emerged from the apartment.

The net result of my visit was two dollars and a headache. I enclose the two dollars. The headache I am retaining as a souvenir.

Now, Mr. Perceval, with all due respect to my friend Judge Gardengrove and your esteemed firm, I wish to resign this plum. It has always been my ambition to fall into an easy snap like this receivership, where there is nothing to do, and where the money falls in streams into my pockets; but disinfectant is expensive, and my life is precious to me. On a first rent collecting visit a receiver is mild and gently insistent only. On his next visit he must be stern and firm. I recoil from being stern and firm to that group of Poles. What is the use of being firm and stern if the next minute you are but the mangled remnant of a receiver?

You will confer the greatest favor on me, Mr. Perceval, if you will immediately move for my discharge. I am still infatuated with the idea of getting money easily; I still love the odor of the plum tree; but I haven't time to convince those raw Poles that rent is an American institution and not a fiction of my imagination. I prefer an easy job, such as carrying a piano up ten flights of stairs.

I hope to hear from you in a few days that I have been released from this assignment.

Yours sincerely,  
SAMUEL WILKERSON.



**M**ANY a girl thinks she has broken her heart when she has really only sprained her imagination.

# AND THE DEVIL LAUGHED

By Gertrude Macaulay

"**B**UT, my dear Lillian, the Count has a wife in Europe!"

Mrs. Arlington-Smythe tried to conceal her exultation as she delivered this home thrust. To her surprise, the girl seemed scarcely to have heard the remark. But not so her stepmother, who exclaimed:

"The Count a married man! Incredible! Why, everybody knows he's in love with Lillian!"

Lillian looked up and smiled. Mrs. Arlington-Smythe did not understand. Was the girl deaf? She looked sharply at her, as she repeated, this time more loudly:

"Yes, married. Would you believe it? And after the scandalous way he has raised the hopes of some of the young girls!" Mrs. Arlington-Smythe wanted to say "of a certain young girl," but decided that such pointedness was unnecessary, as the cap could not fail to fit. Lillian Grey still smiled as she extended her hand.

"Do let me give you a little more tea, Mrs. Smythe," she murmured.

In desperation that lady threw down her last card. "My dear, his friend, Mr. St. Clermont, tells me that he has twins!"

This time the girl opposite her laughed.

"How it must have surprised you!" she said. "Of course, I have known it all the time, but I must confess that at times it has been hard to keep the secret."

"Lillian, do you mean to tell me that you knew all along that this man was married?" Mrs. Grey was incredulous.

"My dear," said Mrs. Arlington-Smythe severely, annoyed at being thus cheated out of her triumph, "I was

sorry for you, but now—" She raised her eyebrows in a manner expressive of sentiments which politeness forbade her to utter.

"How badly Molly must have felt!" purred Lillian.

Mrs. Arlington-Smythe bridled with maternal indignation. "Molly? And, pray, why should Molly feel badly?"

Lillian smiled significantly. "Oh, well, I suppose it has been hard enough on her without our discussing the poor girl's disappointment."

Dumb with fury, Mrs. Arlington-Smythe glared at the smiling girl; then, gathering her wraps around her, she rose abruptly.

"Good-bye, dear Mrs. Grey. I am sure *you* did not know, or you would never have sanctioned anything so outrageous. His poor wife!"

And she rustled away, without deigning so much as a nod to the still smiling Lillian.

Lillian rose slowly.

"I'm tired," she said. "I think I'll go and lie down a bit before dressing for the dance. I won't take dinner to-night."

"No dinner! My dear Lillian—" began her stepmother, but the girl cut in with a quick, sharp laugh. "A little abstinence always improves my figure, my dancing and my supper appetite."

Mrs. Grey shrugged her shoulders as she watched the girl languidly ascend the stairs.

Alone in her room, after quietly locking the door, Lillian Grey stood for some time gazing fixedly ahead of her, then with a passion of tearless sobbing she flung herself across the bed. Her teeth went deep into the flesh of her forearm,



and when she raised her face it was pale and haggard. She sat up stiffly.

"I must fight this thing out—by myself," she muttered. "Either I conquer it, or—"

Her eyes, wandering over the room, fell on a little scarlet devil, which a girl friend had sent her as a souvenir of a Paris café. As she looked, it seemed to her overwrought nerves that the imp leered at her. She jumped up, and laughing hysterically, walked over to the mirror. She started at her own pallor.

"He sha'n't have that satisfaction!" she said bitterly.

Ring for the maid, she picked the little imp of wool and velvet off the wall and held it in her hands. When the maid entered, Lillian tried to smile naturally, as she said: "Do your very best tonight, Thomson."

The maid was soon deftly arranging her mistress's hair, but Lillian shook herself petulantly.

"Oh, no, not that way! I've been a fool long enough! Make it looser, and let more little curls slide down on my neck. And oh, Thomson, make it coquettish—and flashy!"

The maid raised her eyebrows. She gave a poke here, a twist there, a loosening of suggestive little tendrils over the neck, and completed the effect by a Grecian band of gold lattice work sewn with pearls. Then she handed her mistress a back glass.

"Oh, delightful!" exclaimed the girl. "Thomson, you are a wonder!"

The maid approached with a gown of soft black velvet over her arm. "You are very striking in this, Miss Lillian."

The girl looked at her impatiently.

"Striking! Who wants to look like a Lady Macbeth? For heaven's sake, Thomson, take the thing away!"

The maid retired.

"How about your white rose point?" she asked.

"Oh, sweet innocence—deluded! No, Thomson; do get me something to match my hair," and she looked at the masses of dull coppery puffs and curls. "Oh, Thomson, haven't we got something really *audacious*?"

The maid considered a moment, then exclaimed quickly: "Oh, Miss Lillian, that gold dress from Paris!"

It was a gown she had bought a month or so previously, and then refused to wear because it seemed too fast-looking. But now she gave a little half-frightened laugh as the maid slipped the folds of clinging gold over her, and to her excited gaze, the little imp in her hand seemed to smile more broadly.

Her toilet completed, she inspected herself in the pier glass, and smiled at the brilliant image. Then she caught sight of her face. It was no use! She looked haggard despite her curls and gilt.

"Thomson, I don't think I'm well tonight. Thomson, have you any make-up? Well, give me a little rouge on my cheeks, and a red mouth—oh, yes, a very red mouth!"

"Why, yes, Miss Lillian," and the maid's eyebrows were once more elevated as she left to get the cosmetics. She reappeared with a mass of red roses on her arms. The girl looked at the accompanying card. "James Hamilton."

"Poor old Jim! How funny it is!"

The maid carefully pinked her cheeks and reddened her lips, adding a little intensifying shadow below the eyelashes. The effect was miraculous, and Lillian smiled with satisfaction at her reflection. As the maid arranged the roses on her corsage, her mistress impulsively pinned the little red imp beneath a bud, saying to herself: "It will give me courage."

Her stepmother knocked.

"Do hurry, Lillian! Mr. Hamilton is below, and it doesn't pay to keep millionaires waiting. They might escape! Why, how beautiful you look! Lillian, *why* don't you take James Hamilton?"

Lillian laughed. "Perhaps, some day," she said.

They were late for the dance, but Lillian had no intention of wasting her dazzling defiance upon an early entry. There was a little hush of surprise as she walked leisurely into the ballroom, her scarlet lips parted in a slow smile. Men who had known Lillian Grey since her

childhood told themselves that they had never realized how beautiful she was. The women felt less friendly, and many were the questions asked as to her identity.

As she surrendered her programme to one of the fast gathering male group around her, a tall, pale girl with tilted eyebrows whispered in her ear:

"Dear me, how resplendent we are! Has the Count proposed, that you look so gay?"

A sudden faintness seized her. Why would not the skeleton stay in its closet? The blood forsook her cheeks, but not so their color, and she inwardly blessed Thomson's rouge, as she retorted glibly enough:

"The Count proposed! Why, my dear, he has no money to speak of!"

"Oh, so that is the way the land lies!" and the girl with the tilted eyebrows tilted those arches still more as she nodded in the direction of James Hamilton.

Lillian turned to banter words with the crowd around her. Two blonde girls stared sullenly at her. Their own programmes would gladly have received the latter's leavings. Mrs. Arlington-Smythe approached her daughters, and muttered something under her breath as she waved her fan in Lillian's direction.

"Yes," said one of the girls, "Lillian is getting reckless. Do you notice how her skirt clings to her? This is not the stage."

"She always was the type of girl who could wear audacious things, and yet have her own personality rise still more audacious out of them," responded the other girl.

"My dears," remarked Mrs. Arlington-Smythe acridly, "tonight her much talked-of beauty looks *suspiciously* audacious. Her lips might belong to a vampire. We must certainly tell her that this is not the stage."

"By Jove, you may call it suspicious, but I don't care what it is—it's simply ripping!"

Mrs. Arlington-Smythe turned around to melt into one large smile over a pale-haired, languid-looking Englishman. The Honorable Bertie Arnold was now

the most desirable "catch" for Molly and her other daughter, seeing that the Count de Veroneau was already "hooked."

"You naughty boy!" she said playfully. "You men are all alike—a little rouging, a little darkening and a little judicious padding, and you go down like ninepins."

But the Honorable Bertie only smiled his half-dead, half-alive smile, as he replied:

"What matter how the end is attained, so long as the effect is good? What we men can't tolerate is plainness that assumes as a virtue what is only a misfortune. Now, Mrs. Arlington-Smythe, do present me to this naughty-looking Venus," and that lady had perforce to introduce him to the triumphant Lillian.

As that monocled nonentity was examining her programme, Lillian perceived that the Count de Veroneau had succeeded in getting within a few yards of her. She had avoided his eyes whenever they tried to claim a smile from her, and now she put her hand quickly through Bertie's arm.

"Come, let us have this one," she said invitingly, and before the Count could reach her she had waltzed away. Repenting almost immediately her choice, for the Englishman danced, as do most of his race, like a whirling rubber ball, she was forced to suggest a *tête-à-tête* in the conservatory. Beneath her breathless gaiety lay a consciousness of its own unreality, and turning to her effete companion, she said with a laugh:

"You can fool everybody else, but there's one person you can't fool. Did you ever think of that?"

"Why, no, by Jove, I never did! Whom can't you fool? Believe me, dear lady, you could fool anything masculine."

How banal he was!

"Exactly," she responded; "everything masculine, and most things feminine, but—not myself."

He regarded her in mystified silence. She laughed. What a bore he was! Even the little red devil on her bosom seemed to yawn, and only the thought

of the Count's discomfiture reconciled her to the Honorable Bertie. She was glad when she could return to her next partner, who happened to be Hamilton. He bent over her as he placed his hand on his waist.

"You've made a hit tonight, Lillian."

"With whom—you?" and she laughed up at him, tantalizing invitation in her darkened eyes.

"Lillian, you're playing with me. You know that I—"

"You waltz quite pleasantly after that Englishman," interrupted Lillian irrelevantly, as she glanced up at him again.

"I never saw your eyes more glorious!" he exclaimed.

"You like them?"

"A fellow could drown in them," he muttered, half to himself.

They danced on in silence a while, then he said with sudden firmness: "Lillian, I must have some sort of an answer."

She made a pretty, little *moue* with her scarlet lips. "Don't hurry me, Jimmy," she pouted. "Give me time to think."

"Until tomorrow then. Meet me, and we'll have a cup of tea while we discuss the wedding trip."

She laughed. "Tomorrow afternoon," she said, as she turned to her next partner. It was Billie Fulton, a medical student of old acquaintance. He greeted her effusively.

"Hello, Lillian! You're looking great tonight! Fine gown—fits you down to the ground! What is it—elastic?"

She saw the Count de Veroneau behind Fulton. With a low, insinuating laugh, she smiled up into Billie's face, as she swirled a complete circle before him, tying her train around her feet, and with her arms raised, holding her fan with both hands on her breast, she deliberately lowered the corner of one heavily lashed eyelid. "It is rather—affectionate, isn't it?" she said.

Billie Fulton's eyes were devouring her statuesque beauty. The blood rushed to his cheeks. "You're all to the good," he said.

The Count was no prude, but he would have preferred to have himself comprised the entire audience at such little performances. Approaching her, he said, with a dignity intended to reflect on her own freedom: "Pardon me, Miss Grey, but which dances have you kept for me?"

"Sorry, but you are too late."

The Count's handsome face flushed. She could not mean to refuse him thus after the past weeks.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "You cannot mean—"

"My dear Count, what a good guess! Exactly! I mean nothing. Now do you understand? It is to be hoped that you also meant nothing."

"I don't understand," he stammered.

"No? Well, I do! Think it over!" And with cool impudence she turned her back on him, and walked off with Billie Fulton.

The Count stared after her, then walked toward a group of wall flowers, where he selected one of those despised unfortunates. It was the girl with the tilted eyebrows. She noticed his taciturn moodiness and rallied him on it.

"You need some of Miss Grey's intoxicating brilliance; you are as dry as a chip," she said.

"Indeed!"

"Why, how cross you are! Has she spurned your titles, your pedigrees and your ancestral home?"

He smiled unpleasantly. The girl with the tilted eyebrows watched him; then she said spitefully: "I overheard Miss Grey remark that—well, financially, you were not up to Mr. Hamilton."

"Suppose we drop personalities," he said icily.

When the music stopped, they wandered into the conservatory. From another door Lillian Grey entered with Billie Fulton. He was bending over her. "How crushed your roses are!" he said.

"Your fault," she laughed back.

"Not worth your keeping," he muttered, as he broke off a bud and raised it to his lips; then he started as he looked at the spot of the rape.

"What's this?" he cried.

"That is my little devil. Have I not caught the *abandon* it brought from Gay Paree?"

"Why, I know the place! L'Enfer! A talisman against the blues, I think they call it."

"It does help some," said Lillian.

"It suits you. There are two such little devils in your eyes," and Fulton leaned close.

"Yes," said Lillian, her eyes never leaving his, and her scarlet lips smiling wickedly, "yes, beneath the superficial conventionality of many a lady's heart lurks a naughty little devil."

The Count's lips curled disgustedly—and he had thought her so sweet and good!

Lillian's gaiety progressed with the night, and when the dance was finished, even Mrs. Arlington-Smythe had to own: "She evidently doesn't care about the Count being married—or anything!"

She had been a success, and people began whisperingly to connect her name with that of the Honorable Bertie.

Arriving home, Lillian dropped her wraps on a chair and began feverishly tearing the flowers off her dress; as she flung the withered roses aside the little red imp dropped to the floor. A great weariness came upon her; her gaiety fell from her like a cloak; she staggered back against the wall, fear and misery stamped on the ghastly red and white of her drawn features.

"Oh, my God! How many nights there must be! The days one can laugh, but the nights—all alone—all alone with it—" She stumbled toward the bed as her stepmother entered.

"Lillian, enough of this purposeless folly! You were the talk of the evening with your sudden intimacy with that young honorable. Everyone knows he is out here to marry a fortune. You waste your time! The Count, too, has fooled you. We cannot pay indefinitely for your senseless flirtations. You must marry this season, and James Hamilton is your only decent chance. Do take him, before you lose him also!"

"I will give him his answer tomorrow," muttered the girl dully.

"Well, let it be a sensible one!"

In half an hour she would meet Hamilton and tell him she would marry him. On a sudden caprice, she turned and walked into a church. The dim light of the big cathedral, the candles, the shrines and the kneeling worshipers all gave Lillian Grey a sense of the comparative insignificance of the individual. She wondered for what they were all praying.

It was the hour of the confessional, and as she glanced around the cathedral her gaze was caught and held by a young girl clad in a closely fitting gown of emerald green, who knelt before a figure of the Virgin. She noted the number of the candles before the shrine and the colors of the painting on the wall behind it.

Time passed, and still the girl in green prayed on. Taking her bright coloring as typical of a light heart, Lillian Grey regarded her enviously, when, to her surprise, the girl in green stifled a sob, as she rose and entered the confessional box. When she came out, acting upon an impulse she made no attempt to analyze, Lillian Grey herself entered the confessional.

She hardly knew how long it was before the little latticed window was quietly opened, and she realized that she was expected to say something. On a sudden the futility of her errand was borne upon her; her tongue refused to move, and she felt a wild desire to turn and run. The voice of the priest came softly to her. She could not catch the words, but she knew that she must answer something.

"I am not a Catholic," she whispered. Would they turn her out?

"I do not understand."

"I am not a Catholic; my people are Protestants."

"Yes? And why did you come to the confessional?" The voice was kindly; the tones seemed to promise unlimited sympathy.

"Oh, I was in trouble, and—I thought you might help me."

"What kind of trouble, my child?"

Then with all the force of its pent-up misery, the girl poured her story into the ears of the priest.

"You see, I loved him, and now—" Her voice broke.

"God will send you another friend," said the priest soothingly.

Rebellion seized Lillian. "I do not want another!" she cried passionately. "I wanted him, *him*, only *him*—and he belongs to *her*! Another! The world is full of them—one waits for me outside—but—I hate them all!"

The priest considered a moment; then with quiet sympathy he gave the only advice possible: "Trouble, my child, should sweeten, not embitter. Help others who, too, must suffer; so will you find comfort. Pray to God, and He will send you consolation."

"Thank you," she said simply.

"Good-bye, daughter. I will pray for you."

Lillian Grey stepped out, the words of the priest ringing in her ears. "Pray to God, and He will send you consolation." And had he not promised to pray for her?

James Hamilton raised his hat. "Am I late? What were you doing in church?"

"Oh, I suppose I have a latent religious instinct."

He laughed, and she turned to him abruptly. "Oh, you can laugh, but wait till you see me leave for New York to study to be a nurse! No," she continued, "don't interrupt! I'm not going to marry you. I'm going to help those poor unfortunates," and she waved her hand toward a couple of beggars.

"Oh, Miss Grey, here's a letter for you," and a bright little nurse entered the tiny room. "Oh, I'm tired to death. That man with the broken leg was simply unbearable this afternoon. He kept me trotting about the whole time. First a drink of water, then his pillows raised, then a book, then his feet tucked in, and oh, I couldn't tell you how many things! Oh, isn't that the prettiest little probationer!" as a girl passed in the corridor.

"Very," said Lillian, with a start. It

was the girl in green! "Has she been here long?"

"Oh, no; just came in last week. But so pretty and a kind of sad little face. I heard it said that she came in to work off a grief or something like that. But I guess it's a yarn. Girls only do such things in books. I know I only came because it brought more money than teaching."

It was a year since Lillian Grey had entered the hospital, and though it had been a hard year, it had helped. She had been very busy. On the wall of her little room hung a tiny oak-framed text, which read, "Pray to God and He will send you consolation," and beneath it was pinned a wilted looking little scarlet devil.

She looked at the text. Well, she had prayed to God, and the words on the wall ever promised the reward, but had he sent her much consolation? She passed her hand wearily across her forehead as she tore open her letter. It was from her stepmother, and her eyes opened wide as she read:

By the way, do you remember the Count de Veroneau, and how we thought him married? Well, it turns out that it was a mistake—a silly joke that he and his friend, Mr. St. Clermont, put up on Mrs. Arlington-Smythe, because she and Molly were making such a set for him. How unfortunate that he should have left Canada so abruptly! Who knows— But it is too late now—

The little nurse broke in again: "Oh, Miss Grey, I must tell you the funny coincidence: that little probationer has the same text on her wall as you—that 'Pray to God and He will send you consolation' one."

So those words were only a part of his business—his stock-in-trade for every lovesick woman!

She returned to her mother's letter.

As I say, why waste regrets? You were right to snub him under the circumstances, but to come to my point: the Count was killed a few days ago in a motor accident—

Lillian Grey looked at the promise on the wall—it was a lie. She rose, took down the text, and tore it slowly into little bits.

And the little velvet devil shook with laughter.

# L'ÉPERON

Par Charles Geniaux

**L**E lendemain de mon débarquement dans la cité impériale de Rabah, je flânais sous les remparts quand un brocanteur à face de pleine lune herissée de poils jaunes essaya d'attirer mon attention. Tour à tour, ce négociant déposa sur le pavé un tapis fleuri comme une prairie d'avril, un narguilé, une théière de cuivre haute comme un enfant, une toge de soie, un turban et des plats de Fez aux arabesques éblouissantes. Non! Non! Non! Je ne voulais rien acheter et je le lui fis comprendre en bousculant les objets qu'il avait dressés en travers de l'étroite chaussée. L'antiquaire, désolé, ne voulut cependant pas encore croire qu'Allah avait écrit dans son grand livre que je ne lui laisserais pas mon argent. Il écarta les bras, ce qui déploya les larges manches de sa djebba violette et le fit ressembler à un pontife, et il prononça :

—Sidi, avant de porter tes pas chez mes concurrents, laisse-moi te montrer une chose unique!

Le Marocain roulait des yeux verts si expressifs qu'une stupide curiosité me prit. Ayant rampé dans son échoppe, le négociant atteignit une boîte peinturlurée, l'ouvrit et m'exhiba... un éperon, Oui, un éperon rouillé!

Que signifiait cette mystification?

Je pris l'acier oxydé et, fixant sévèrement le brocanteur, je lui dis :

—Sais-tu ce que tu m'offres là?

—Oui, sidi; c'est un morceau de fer pour piquer le cheval. Bon travail. Pas cher. Une peseta.

J'allais rejeter avec mépris l'éperon quand je remarquai à l'intérieur de l'acier quelques lettres gravées :

J. G.—1902.

Je tressaillis et je m'écriai :

—En voilà un hasard! C'est bon! J'achète cette ferraille. Tiens, prends.

La bouche fendue en croissant, le brocanteur refusa ma pièce.

—Maintenant, seigneur, c'est deux pesetas.

—Ah! brigand!

Je payai et, m'éloignant, j'allai m'asseoir sur un muret ruiné en vis-à-vis de la kasba. Mes yeux ne pouvaient quitter les initiales entaillées dans l'acier. Elles évoquaient pour moi une tragique aventure de mon ami G..., l'explorateur du Mohgreb.

Cette année-là, G..., un doux homme aux manières timides était parti de Meknès avec un seul domestique arabe. C'était son habitude. Il ne prenait pas même la précaution de se déguiser à la musulmane, estimant qu'un roumi ne doit pas renier sa qualité. Il chevauchait Talisman, un cheval à longue crinière, qui franchissait les jujubiers épineux avec la légèreté d'une hirondelle. Son serviteur, Hamadi, un Riffain au crâne rasé, sauf une longue queue sur l'oreille gauche, était tout à la fois son armée et son maître-coq. Quand venait le crépuscule, il disait à son maître : "Il y a plus de bravoure en moi que dans une tribu. N'aie pas peur, sidi! Dors."

Et mon ami dormait sous les étoiles du royaume chérifien. Le huitième jour après son départ de Meknès, comme il approchait de l'oued Sebou, quelques cavaliers, le fusil en travers de leurs selles de bois, galopèrent vers les étrangers et s'écrièrent, à la vue des pantalons et du veston de toile de G... : "Oh! un roumi!"

—Eh bien, oui! un Français, leur répondit l'explorateur. Que le salut de Dieu soit sur lui comme sur vous!

—Peuh! ces gens sont des paysans du Rarb, ils ne sont pas à craindre! s'exclama Hamadi.

—J'en suis persuadé, mon garçon, lui répondit l'explorateur. Cependant, ce soir, je te prie de veiller très attentivement.

—A quoi bon, sidi! Ces fellahs ne valent pas même des lapins à la guerre.

Une fois encore, G... se pelotonna dans sa couverture et ferma les paupières. Quand il s'éveilla, son désappointement fut vif. Il reposait seul, sur l'herbe, et ses bagages avaient disparu.

—Hamadi! mon camarade, ce que tu as fait là te sera compté par Mahomet, murmura-t-il paisiblement, car G... ne s'excitait jamais. Maintenant, il s'agit de gagner Mehdi le plus vite possible. Heureusement, ce drôle n'a pu me prendre mon cheval.

L'explorateur sortit ses éperons de ses poches, les remit à ses talons et, monté sur Talisman, s'achemina vers l'oued Sebou. Il connaissait assez mal le cours de ce torrent. En d'autres circonstances, ce voyageur méthodique eût cherché un gué à sa convenance, mais il crut apercevoir sur un coteau, derrière lui, une douzaine de gaillards armés de fusils immenses.

—Peut-être. Hamadi se trouve-t-il avec ces fellahs. Coûte que coûte, il faut passer, décida-t-il.

G... lança son cheval dans l'oued. La brave bête allait atteindre l'autre rive quand elle glissa et fut entraînée par le courant. L'explorateur avait coulé. Il reparut, nagea et il avait déjà saisi avec une main des lauriers-roses quand, au-dessus de lui, surgit un marocain qui lui parut même prodigieusement grand et menaçant. Il brandissait une matraque et s'efforçait d'assommer le naufragé.

—Cet homme choisit mal son moment pour m'attaquer, songea G..., et il plongea, fila entre deux eaux, reparut,

se laissa aller à la dérive et essaya d'atterrir cent mètres plus bas.

Malheureusement, le musulman et son casse-tête l'attendaient déjà. Le nageur voulait-il grimper sur la berge? Pan! le bâton tournoyait et G... devait replonger, au risque d'étouffer.

—Quel acharnement! pensait-il. Ce voleur veut me prendre mon cheval qui, plus heureux que moi, est déjà sorti de l'oued. En brigand avisé, il essaie de supprimer mon témoignage, afin de jouir en paix de son vol.

Trois fois encore, G... tenta de sortir du torrent. Trois fois la brute voulut lui broyer la cervelle. Epuisé, l'explorateur crut qu'il allait mourir bêtement dans cette vase. Il imaginait déjà sa lamentable épave s'accrochant aux buissons et se lacérant aux roches. Le bandit se croyait maître du cheval et il hurlait comme un chacal. Soudain, G... trouva dans la poche de sa culotte son revolver. Il revint vers la rive, s'accrocha aux racines d'un safsaf et, quand l'Arabe sortit sa trique, il sortit son autre bras de l'eau et il fit briller le nickel de son arme. Cette fois, l'assassin s'imagina qu'il avait perdu la partie et se sauva.

L'explorateur, ruisselant, remonta sur Talisman et, malgré son flegme habituel, il éclata de rire, car ayant pesé six fois sur le chien de son revolver, pas une détonation ne retentit.

—Parbleu! Après une trempade pareille!

Comme il examinait ses bottes, il s'aperçut qu'il avait perdu un éperon. Ce voyageur soigneux fut désolé.

... Un jour, à Paris, en me racontant cette aventure, mon ami G... me donna le signalement de l'objet perdu et me dit:

—Si tu le retrouves, n'oublie point de me le rapporter.

Cette idée m'amusa beaucoup sur le moment. Et voici qu'un hasard inouï me fait retrouver chez un brocanteur de Rabath le fier éperon de ce rude Français.





# FOR THE LOVE OF THE DRAMA!

By George Jean Nathan

THE estimable and proficient Mr. Arnold Bennett, lately in brief oral communication with me in the perturbation of an afternoon Oolong skirmish, remarked that during his visit in our land he had found us a most romantic people. "Everywhere, that is," he added, "but in your theaters." As I was about to make answer, my attention was directed by our hostess to a jocose but toothsome sweet with sappy chocolate intestines and my rejoinder became stillborn. Chocolate in any form is and always has been my Achilles' heel. I would leave the paternal roof for it; I would desert the fresh bride on the honeymoon. For it, indeed, I might even sell myself into setting down extravagant praise for a play by Henri Bernstein, for the humor of Otto Hauerbach, for the histrionic endeavors of Donald Robertson or for the scenery employed in the personal productions of Joseph M. Weber. And shame certainly could be pursued no further.

My deferred reply, my dear Bennett, I consequently make you now. We have no true romance in our playhouses because we are not, as you have been beguiled into believing, a romantic nation. Our conception of romance is a mish-mash born of reading the pluperfect trash that is dished out in harrison-fisherized jeremiades, of gapings at the matinee representations of tin sword and purple velvetine chaw-bacons, of amazing indecencies practised under the protecting cloak of "happy endings." The average American needs an easy chair, an open fire and a cigar to provide him with the quality of imagination. His idea of love making is embodied in a promiscuous use of such archaic terms of

endearment as "sweetheart" and "darling"; his idea of patriotism on such occasions as when his soul is fired with remembering the *Maine* is expressed in a red, white and blue coat lapel button; his adventurous ambition is directed chiefly toward a real fur overcoat, an apartment with one more room, a trip to Bermuda and the glad day when the bank cashier will know his name without having to glance at the pass book. Like the girl who, upon visiting the flagship of the Atlantic squadron during the recent display on the Hudson, asked her friend of what it reminded her, and provided the answer herself: "It puts me in mind of the first scene in 'Pinafore,'" the average American gets his ideas of romance and beauty and impressiveness from the theater. And the theater in turn gets back its ideas of romance and color from him. What chance then, pray, does the theater stand?

The world's largest avenue of romance, if we may put our faith in statistics, is love. And no droller illustration of the general American appraisal of romance may be obtained than through a glance at this particular phase of romance as we Americans demand that it be served us from our stages. Mr. Charles Frohman has said that the tastes of women govern the drama of today. If this be true—and there are many who say yes—then must the commentator reflect impolitely upon American woman's greater share in the terminal debasement of the living romance of love in our dramatic fare, in the reducing of the possibilities of such actually splendid romance to the salmagundi of stupid sentimentality that almost regularly affronts the judicious eye when the cur-

tains rise and fall. Alas, how right is Bennett, hailing from the steadfast and sturdy romantic British land and coming direct from the fearless, imaginative country of the French!

There are about four and only four favorite theatrical "romances" of love to which the American public will lend its approval and which it will bless with its patronage. First and foremost, there is the gaudy fable of the poor, honest, vulgar but ornamentally virtuous Maggie Pepper or Virginia Blaine who is pursued, implored, begged, worshiped and finally "won" by the rich cavalier. Second, there is the piebald story of the delicious morsel, already married, who believes her husband is devoting too much time to business and too little to stroking her hair, and who, by some insouciant *coup d'état*, finally brings him back a repentant sinner to her feet. Third, there is the pretty paralogy of the girl who has "gone wrong," who subsequently meets another man whom she loves "with every drop of blood in her body" and who, for the sake of love and matinee audiences, is forgiven and taken unto the swindled man in the last act. And fourth, we have the affected joust between some self-sufficient female and a couple of ardent wooers, with the illogical gentleman winning the great prize at eleven o'clock by virtue of the fact that he happens to be the leading man. So far as the real romance that love may breed goes, dear children, American theatergoers will have none of it unless it plays the sycophant to the vanity of the dominating woman element in the audience. The tremendous romance of "Mid-Channel," of "The Easiest Way," of "Iris," of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," as the statistics show us, "doesn't make money on the road." And the statistics of the box office must rule our judgment in this particular issue. No matter how sublime an ass a woman may be, no matter what she does, no matter what she thinks or feels or does not feel, hug her at the end—or your play will fail. Such is the imposed drama writing regulation of the nation Bennett misjudged and grossly flattered. And such is its the-

atrical "romance," that Bennett did *not* misjudge.

The late David Graham Phillips, a supreme court on American woman, said that our women's vanity had been engendered by man's assiduous cultivation of their egotism. It has been this same assiduous cultivation that indirectly has thrown the blinding hartshorn into the drama's eyes; that has substituted petticoat drivels on our stages in place of the cold, hot breathing romance of the live loves of men and women; that has to so large a degree been responsible for the ceaseless theatrical presentation of the artificial farragos of cardiac maneuvers of the puppy puppets of the cosy corner; and that has made women squirm in indignant wrath before the beautifully and truly romantic repudiation of the worthless Grace Robertson by the sensible Matthew Standish in "The Woman," before the deliberate and independent romance of a play of the day before yesterday called "The Worth of a Woman," and now before the certified romance of the wanton who is not fondled and kissed and forgiven by a man simply because—God bless her—she happens to be a woman!

This woman is named Ethel Toscani. The play is "THE PRICE"; the playwright George Broadhurst, who has been much in evidence of late. Now, while all the chocolate in New York could not win my praise for this exhibit, neither could all the chocolate in New York cause me to take the Custer stand that was maintained against the play in many quarters during its metropolitan presentation. While not for one moment confuting its deplorably palpable constructive scheme, the perfect conventionality of most of its characters, its old-fashioned language, the usual Broadhurst over-accentuation of its divinity-in-the-motor and the threadbare quality of its theme, I cannot but discover one fine item in the play that is a potent antidote for the all too prevalent romantic gush and slush that inundates the native stage. Ethel Toscani, the central female figure in the representation, has permitted herself to become the mistress of a married man.

She offers as her excuse—a “romantic” one in the ears of the natives—the fact that she was an orphan and “oh, so lonely.” While still alleviating her desolateness in the suburbs of decency, she falls in love with still another man. This man, believing her to be virtuous, asks her to become his wife. In her perplexity she seeks the advice of an elegantly “romantic” old fossil styled Professor Damaroff, who wins the hearts of the audience by telling her to marry the man and say nothing. She proceeds to act upon this suggestion. A year passes. The wife of the first man whose love she stole comes into her life. The wife—see American Dramatic Romance, Vol. II, Chapter XI, Page 315—is made the “villain” of the play. She enters Ethel’s home with the one idea of giving her late husband’s temptress a section of conscience. It is a stiff tournament. It looks like certain defeat, when, by a subterfuge, she suddenly manages to bring the knowledge to Ethel’s spouse of his wife’s long lie, of her consistent depravity, of her spotted body. And then comes the One Fine Item.

What does husband do? Does he shed tears and say, as was said in another drama by way of final sop: “I don’t care; all I know is that I must go on loving you just the same”? Does he feel the romance born of the box office impelling him to take the creature into his arms? Does he act in the ambiguous manner characterized by overly sentimental women as “like a man,” and condone her offense because “she was just a child” or for some other such profoundly sophomoric walla-walla? He does not! He retains enough respectable romance in his soul to grab his hat and coat and bang his way out of the house, leaving the woman who cheated behind him. There is honest romance for you, the stuff of which vital romance is made! And for his courage, for his slap at the indecent theatrical romance held close to the hearts of our impressible hinds, I give Mr. Broadhurst his mitigating share of hosannas. The husband is the truly and only romantic character in the play. But it is Ethel Toscani, with her dunderheaded protestations and slob-

berings of “I am not really a bad woman,” and, after a meager two-minute heartache, “Don’t you think I’ve been punished enough already?” who will draw the money. If “THE PRICE” were a good play, which distinctly it is not, the attitude of the character of the husband would abrogate its chances for success in the United States. It is for the purpose of this observation, it is for the love of the love of drama, that I have ploughed with my pen to this distant paragraph, that I have accorded Mr. Broadhurst’s otherwise provoking effort this extravagant quota of type. And here, before the good Fong Wu arrives in my studio with my twilight portion of the juice of the white poppy, the great real god Romance urges me to quote from British Henry Arthur Jones his puissant counterpoison to the Professor Damaroffs of our dramatic soil:

Do, for heaven’s sake, let us get rid of all this sentimental sophistry about this woman business. A man demands the treasure of a woman’s purest love. It’s what he buys and pays for with the strength of his arm and the sweat of his brow. It’s the condition on which he makes her his wife and fights the world for her and his children. It’s his fiercest instinct, and he does well to guard it; for it’s the very main-spring of a nation’s health and soundness. . . . Get rid of sorry cant, my lad! Every girl of fifteen knows black from white, knows her right hand from her left, knows that if she lets some plausible scoundrel rob her of her jewel she’ll by and by come a beggared bride to a cheated bridegroom. . . . Do you think you’ll be happy with her when the first burst of passion is over? Don’t you think you’ll begin to remember that she has deceived you, hoodwinked you? Remember! You haven’t had all her love! She loved and gave herself away before she knew you— . . . Ah! That stabs you, does it? Don’t you think that same thought will come and stab you continually? Say in a few years some good-looking friend comes along and is civil to her. She’s civil to him. You’ll begin to wonder how far it has gone; you’ll remember that she can deceive; you won’t be sure; you’ll question her; she’ll reassure you; she’ll swear and reswear and swear again, but you’ll never be certain; you may be wronging her, but—she may be wronging you. You’ll never know. All that you’ll know is: “She can lie; she lied to me; she lied and lied and lied—is she lying to me now?” And you’ll never know. Your life will be a very hell to you.

I have done. If I have seemed to preach, I have preached in the cause of

romantic decorum as against the saccharine slop that is privileged to pass for romance on our woman-pedestaled stages. You are right, Arnold Bennett; we Americans have and we Americans permit no genuine romance in the American theater!

Said Alias Sebastian Melmoth: "With an evening coat and a white tie anybody, even a stockbroker, can gain a reputation for being civilized." To gain a reputation for being a reliable and astute critic of the drama is scarcely a more difficult proposition. The rules are five in number, and a rigid adherence to them will assure any eager aspirant to critical honors wide quotation, the awed look of the common people, the publication of several books on the theater each year and a fat salary, provided only in the latter case the editor be a devotee of the moving pictures, vaudeville, the plays of C. T. Dazey and like forms of high art. These guideposts which, depending upon the occasion, may or may not be exculpated, are as follows:

I. Whenever a drama by Henrik Ibsen is produced, indulge in numerous eulogistic transcripts from the standard library works on the Norwegian's life and efforts, making sure, however, to omit all crediting quotation marks. This will always give the public the impression that you are a very scholarly person, inasmuch as the public will thus be led to believe that you are a man of ideas, ideals and conservatism. Besides, it will not put the busy public to the trouble and annoyance of getting a new viewpoint, through you, of one of its venerable dramatic traditions.

II. Whenever a comedy by Molière is produced, ditto. In addition, however, just by way of being original and spicy, be sure to quote Bernard Shaw's remark that Molière "was the great indictor of human nature." Also it is not a bad little idea to point out how largely modern comedy writers have been influenced by this dramatist.

III. Whenever a play of Shakespeare's is produced, follow out the principle insinuated in Rules I and II and dismiss with a haughty, grandiloquent gesture any poor fool who disagrees with

you. This rule must be learned by heart. It is very important. After living up to it for one year, if you have not lost your job in the meantime, you will get a raise in wage and they will begin to copy your opinions in the Sunday edition of the Altoona, Pa., paper. If you are not too young, you may even get an offer from *Harper's Weekly*!

IV. Speak condescendingly of the libretto of every music show that is produced; slip in the public's favorite jest concerning this or that musical comedy, like most of the others, being splendid save for the fact that it contains neither music nor comedy; hand a few on general principles to Harry B. Smith; write that what music there is is "reminiscent"; and, above everything else, never, never say anything good about the tenor. To give the tenor a favorable notice is a crime akin to referring to Belasco in some other way than "wizard." It simply cannot be done!

V. Expound upon the astounding new "thought" in the plays of Augustus Thomas; enthuse over the histrionic proficiency and ravishing curls of Billie Burke; smile patronizingly whenever there is mentioned in your pen's hearing the name of George Cohan; declare benignly with the face of a wise old owl that the drama has other purposes than the mere holding of a mirror up to nature; and, when you find your prestige beginning to wane a bit, slip into your reviews numerous eristic, high sounding names and phrases to lend your work the necessary touch of dignity and "informativeness." You may select such names and phrases from this established and recommended list: Euripides, Aristophanes, Beaumarchais, Scribe, Congreve, Sheridan, Echégaray, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Racine, Corneille, Tolstoi, Stendhal, Turgenieff, "the Elizabethan drama," Nietzsche, Goethe, Schopenhauer, Hogarth, Schiller, Walter Pater, Gorky and Gustav Le Bon. Of course, as you understand, it matters not in the least how, when or why you use these names. They may, in all conscience, have nothing to do with your direct observations, but the

public, neither knowing nor caring, will be duly impressed and abashed.

I have made public these secret rules for popular and energetic dramatic criticism for two leading reasons, first, because the DRAMA PLAYERS recently exhibited Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea" in our midst and second, because they subsequently introduced a large proportion of the metropolis to Molière. Of the former presentation it is only necessary for me to record the amazing fact that Ibsen is one of the world's greatest dramatists, thereby simultaneously adhering to Rule I, pleasing the great majority of the public and earning my princely salary with one hand. Of the latter presentation, it is only necessary for me to recall the fact that Molière destroyed the prestige of those conspiracies against society which we call the professions (an apt characterization stolen without credit as per Rule I from Shaw's introduction to Brieux) and that (see Rule II) in "The Learned Ladies" one senses the origin of many comedy scenes popularly believed to be of more recent brew.

My personal and moderately honest estimate of the two plays in point, freed from the rules and regulations of the Ancient Order of Dramatic Criticism, will be sent sealed in a plain wrapper to any address in the United States or Canada upon receipt of one unused two-cent stamp.

For such as are needy and may not well spare the stamp, I will venture that Ibsen and Molière, masters beyond all question and doubt, belong rather to the library of the twentieth century than to its stage. If this be treason, make the most of it; if this be ignorance, then name me dunce. *Good night!*

'Tis dawn again. Hark, the whistle! Let us be up and doing. The first job waiting for us is "UNCLE SAM," an alleged farce comedy by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea, in which Thomas Wise and John Barrymore are being collectively promulgated. The authors have selected as a working basis for their thesis the three standard and dearest hallucinations of the native theatergoing populace, first, that all foreigners, espe-

cially those of title, are muckers and that all Americans, especially the most vulgar, are God's own gentlemen; second, that American girls are the most ravishing creatures in the world; and third, that the representation on the stage of a male sissy is decent comedy. Around this framework the guilty parties have constructed the tale of a young Screaming Eagle at Heidelberg, who, to disgust his uncle, pretends that he is of the species that "just loves" pillow fights, biscuit tortoni, Harvard and Robert W. Chambers's plots. A more comprehensive idea of the evening may be had through a chronicle of some of the staple characters entered in the tourney. These are "an adventuress," to prove which the authors cause the lady in question to speak with a French accent and wiggle her hips; an American chauffeur who talks the way George Ade did in the first edition of "Fables in Slang"; several German students who are made to act like ushers in the Irving Place Theater; and a presumably well-bred Englishman who is made to disport himself in the fashion attributed to Englishmen in general by the gallery tatterdemalions. In a word, "UNCLE SAM" is a bad dramatization of worse manners.

In "THE MILLION," a farce imported from France by Henry W. Savage, we discover the rapid narrative of a labyrinthian pursuit in the wake of a lost lottery ticket, carrying the persons in the exhibit successively from a studio to a cheap clothes emporium on the Bowery, the lodgings of an Italian opera singer and a roadhouse in Pelham Road. The piece contains considerable humor of the broad sort and is gratifyingly free from such usual ingredients of Gallic farce as bedrooms, roués, flip milliners, sportive sons-in-law, promiscuous champagne and husbands who can never advance the ball beyond the three-yard line. The performance of Paul Ker in the role of the tenor, Donatelli, is excellent.

You may recall that Kin Hubbard in his recipes for farmers said: "In making apple butter select only the largest turnips." The same formula seems to have been adopted by most commentators on

"society." It is always the dear old recipe: "In dealing with society select only the largest turnips." And make sure to hurl the turnips where they will squash and spatter and greatly amuse the mob. A few of these turnips revealed in Gelett Burgess's dramatization of "Lady Mechante," under the caption, "THE CAVE MAN," splashed up against society with the following results: 1. "Culture is merely a question of nutrition"; 2. "Women are the same all over—what goes on Delancey Street will work on Fifth Avenue"; 3. "Down on the East Side, if I see a man with a red shirt on, I know he's a stevedore. If he's got white overalls and a jumper, I know he's a plasterer; but when I get uptown here on Fifth Avenue and see a man with a hard-boiled shirt on, damfino if he's a waiter or a crook or a gentleman"; and 4. "To make a hit in society, be serious with a silly woman and be silly with a sensible woman. Compliment a pretty woman on her wit and a literary woman on her looks. Be familiar with old ladies, but philosophical with young girls."

When the story from which the play was made was first published, it achieved a merited and considerable success by reason of the fact that, at the moment, it was in the main fresh and new and quite original in its own channel. But times and the modes of thinking have changed. "THE CAVE MAN" failed in the Year of Our Lord 1911 because the common people have learned at last that high society is made up of human beings; because passionate ladies who yearn for unwashed and illiterate six-footers are now possessed of about as romantic an aspect in the public eye as the average servant girl or black and tan club Apache dancer; because even a satirical farce must halt at barbarisms, and, last and foremost, because a novel, however praiseworthy, is one thing and a play another. Mr. Burgess, however, is an apt fellow; I await better news from him. Miss Grace Elliston and Robert Edeson were the central figures in the attempt dealt with here.

All sorts of musical plays have laid siege to the city during the last six weeks.

Although my All-America theatrical tables are not due until the season has come and gone, and although with the advent of newer entertainments the order of course is subject to change, I appraise the more recently presented tune shows in the following sequence of worth:

1. THE ENCHANTRESS.
2. THE QUAKER GIRL.
3. THE RED WIDOW.

(*Ninety-three miles are supposed to elapse.*)

96. THE WIFE HUNTERS.
97. THE THREE ROMEOS.

"THE ENCHANTRESS," with music by Victor Herbert and looks by Kitty Gordon, is beyond comparison the best tune play of the season to date. It contains a pleasant story about a ladykilling prince who is outcoquetted by a singer at the Opera; it is full of melodies that tickle; it is admirably accoutered and ingeniously staged; and it is clean and thoroughly to be recommended. "THE QUAKER GIRL," imported from London by Henry B. Harris, ranks not far below the leader in general merit. An entrancing damsel known as Ina Claire, a sauntering comedian of nimble grace known as Clifton Crawford, uniform good taste, nice staging and agreeable music, all tend to bequeath upon the production my winning smiles. "THE RED WIDOW," by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, with the really humorous Raymond Hitchcock to the front of the forces, is made of very amusing stuff and deserves the measure of approbation that has been accorded it. It contains a perceptible and engaging narrative and is staged with considerable originality. "THE WIFE HUNTERS," to descend quickly into the valley of the shadow of death, is almost as forlorn as "THE THREE ROMEOS," which is—[EDITOR'S NOTE. The SMART SET does not permit the use of such language in its pages.]

Were I a betting man, and were some Haroun al Raschid to approach me with a view to wager on the question of an actress's greatest and most consuming



wish, I should lay him the following odds:

- 100 to 1—To appear in a role written for herself by herself.
- 75 to 1—To appear in the role of a "wronged" woman who in the end forgives him on her lingering deathbed.
- 65 to 1—To appear in the genre of role associated with the name of Mrs. Leslie Carter, or, in other words, in a role scented with spectacular cocotterie and pyrotechnical flap-doodle.
- 50 to 1—To appear in a role that displays her as possessed of all the multifarious godly attributes.
- 40 to 1—To appear in the role of a queen.
- 38 to 1—To appear in the role of a princess.
- 35 to 1—To appear in the role of a countess.
- 25 to 1—To appear in a role that calls for numerous males to lay down their lives for her.
- 15 to 1—To appear in a role that calls for several suitors to seek her hand in vain.
- 1 to 1,000,000—To appear in the sort of role for which she is actually best suited.

In the case of Miss May Robson, were the Haroun al Raschid to have accepted roguish proposition Number One, my treasury would have been moderately increased by this time. That is, unless Haroun argued that the name of Mr. Charles T. Dazey, which was set down on the program as collaborator, militated against the letter of the wager. The fact remains that, win or lose, the play called "THE THREE LIGHTS" was May Robson first, place and show. As one of my colleagues has expressed it, it was "a dramatization of the center of the stage with monologue privileges." In it the enthusiastic "star" invited herself to be visible on the boards all of the time, requested herself to participate in all the dialogue and bade herself do everything but raise and lower the curtain. Probably this is one reason why "THE THREE LIGHTS" must occupy with "THE WIFE DECIDES" the same relation to the drama of 1911 that the flood does to Johnstown, that the earthquake does to San Francisco, that the big fire

does to Chicago and that William Jennings Bryan does to Omaha.

Madame Simone was introduced to America in Bernstein's two dramas, "THE THIEF" and "THE WHIRLWIND." The former was originally written for and performed by this actress at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, Paris, and the role of Helène de Brechebel in the latter was originated by her at the Gymnase six years ago. Of the plays in direct issue small comment is necessary, inasmuch as both have already been exhibited in this country. Bernstein's plays are as like each to the other as peas in a pod, as pods in a *bierhalle*. The recipe is familiar. Take two bad eggs (one married woman obsessed with some pasture *grande passion* and one exotic husband), remove the yoke, add a large portion of spice in the form of a "lover," introduce a strong dose of father or, if father is dead, of some stern old soul with "principles," mix thoroughly, boil, and, after garnishing with fifty million francs, serve while hot. The dish is indigestible but it is guaranteed to harm no one with a keen sense of humor. Madame Simone is an artist practised in the doctrines of her craft, but long and arduous years of service have evidently hardened her method to the point where her effects miss the heart by a fathom and the mind by a league. Her interpretations indicate a rigid schooling, but they reveal, at least in the immediate era within our ken, nothing of that gigantic and stunning quality insufficiently known in our language as inspiration.

There is none among us but has his weakness, his private form of monomania. Yours may be an inordinate craving for sardines in molasses; your neighbor's may be an immoderate yearning for pink shirts; his neighbor's may be an excessive longing to read the fictions of Florence Barclay. Take some of my comrades-in-arms for instance. Fra Mencken's is an intense admiration for fat girls; Fra Hamilton's takes on the form of a rapturous appreciation of my newest striped winter suit; Fra Klauber's consists of "Baby Mine"; Fra Alan Dale's is directed toward the "help-



lessly lingering" eyes of Lily Elsie; while Fra O'Donnell Bennett's is a consuming love for Chicago. Mine is war plays. Give me two and one-half hours of the cavalry hoofbeats of hollowed-out coconuts, of the thundering artillery of a couple of bass drums in the wings, of the cracking musketry of bamboo sticks beating against a piece of old carpet, of clouds of meal dust, of red calcium light bursting bombs, of boys in blue and boys in gray and girls in crinoline, and you may count me a happy man. Give me "boots and saddles" sounded by some perspiring stagehand, the strains of "Marching Through Georgia" from the Union musicians of the orchestra, and the news that the enemy is now crossing the river—and I care not who writes its laws! My powers of careful criticism flee from me at the very sight of a war play. I am as one drunk, as one taken out of himself, as one in a delirious condition, as one transported, one without sense of equilibrium—in other words, like a Southerner at the mere casual mention of the name of Jefferson Davis, at the sight of a perfectly respectable, conscientious and hard working negro waiter or at the mere insinuation that there may possibly be one woman in a certain district in Noo Orleans o' some otha South'n city who isn't a lady, suh! The latest war drama to gratify me is "THE LITTLEST REBEL," an elaboration of a one-act play by Edward Peple.

Before going a step further, I will admit that this particular play, viewed even through my own prejudiced and biased eyes, embraces all the many faults, all the rampant sentimentality and ardent artificialities with which some of my brothers charge it. I will not deny that if one applies the same critical standards to it that one has applied, say, to "Secret Service" or "Arizona," one may find it conspicuously deficient in numerous channels. But adaptability to the spirit of the moment in the theater is often a fine thing, even in the instances of individuals who look on life as one long series of calamities and who fear to record the reception of a feeling of transient playhouse pleasure because of the awful effect their admis-

sion might have on the drama as a whole. Chamfort, as you will remember, said that qualities and standards of a too incessantly superior and changeless order render a critic less adapted to society. "One does not go to market with big lumps of gold; one goes with silver or small change."

Attending the Peple presentation with small critical change, I obtained my proportionate share of innocent and agreeable sensations. I looked upon the unfolded romance of a stalwart Federal lieutenant-colonel on the trail of an equally stalwart rebel spy. I looked upon the meeting of the bluecoat with the seven-year-old daughter of the pursued grayjacket. I looked upon the melting heart of the man from God's and Lincoln's country, and my kidlike emotions bounced in my bosom when he wrote out the pass that would carry little Virginia and her hunted daddy safe through the lines to Richmond. I looked upon the scene of conflict on the fork of the road, and my boyish nerves tingled as the rifles yelled, the cannons boomed, the smoke rose, the grayjacket saved the bluecoat from death at the hands of one of his own gray brothers and the Stars and Stripes waved in triumph as the curtain fell. I looked upon General Grant with his inevitable black cigar, and my muscles twitched as the gallant old campaigner pardoned the lieutenant-colonel for passing the rebel through the Union column, released Virginia's papa when he learned that he had worn the condemning uniform of a spy only because he wanted to reach Virginia's mother before she was laid in the cold, damp ground forever, and as he, with a "Well, I suppose I've got to do it," stooped and kissed the brow of the little daughter of the beaten Confederacy. I forgot the bombast, I forgot that the game of war was not always played in parlors, I forgot the stilted verbiage of the theatrical gun fighters, I forgot to see the obvious rougestick that stuck out of every other turn in the action and, careless critical soul that I was, I forgot to do, to see, to think anything that interfered with my pleasure. If there is any kid left in you, go and do likewise.

# CONRAD, BENNETT, JAMES ET AL

By H. L. Mencken

THE real objection to melodrama, when everything has been said, is not that its effects are too staggering but that its causes are too puny. The melodramatist, for all his exuberance of fancy, seldom shows us a downright impossible act; what he does constantly show us is an inadequate and in consequence a logically impossible motive.

Basil Montmorency, the tall, saturnine gentleman in the elegant dress suit with the shiny patent leather shoes and the cushions of gray above his ears—Basil Montmorency, that exquisite, that accursed fellow, binds the shrieking Lottie Sweeney to the rails, with the Cannon Ball Express bearing down at ninety miles an hour. Why? The melodramatist offers two reasons, the first being that Basil is Satan plus Don Juan, and the second being that Lottie has resisted his morganatic advances. We laugh thereat—laugh because our eyes reveal to us that Basil is far more the floorwalker, the head barber, the Knight of Pythias than the Satan or Don Juan—laugh because our experience of life teaches us that men do not bind women to railroad tracks for any such silly reason.

But women are undoubtedly done to death in that way—not every day, perhaps, but now and then. Men bind them, trains run over them; newspapers discuss the crime, the pursuit of the felon, the ensuing jousting of the juriconsults. Why, then, do men bind them? The true answer, when it is forthcoming at all, is always much more complex than the melodramatist's answer. It may be so enormously complex, indeed, as to transcend all the normal laws

of cause and effect—an answer made up largely, or even wholly, of the fantastic, the astounding, the unearthly reasons of lunacy. And that is the chief, if not the only difference between melodrama and reality. The events, the effects of the two may be, and often are identical. It is only in their underlying causes that they are dissimilar and incommensurate.

By all of which it appears that the selfsame incident or series of incidents in a work of fiction may bear either one of two diametrically opposite aspects. If it is properly prepared for and accounted for, if it comes at the end of a chain of connected and comprehensible though perhaps amazing and unprecedented causes, then it has reality in it and belongs of a right in any serious study of man and his ways. But if it is unprepared and unaccountable, a bolt from the psychological blue, an incident *in vacuo*, then it misses reality altogether and is fit only for melodrama.

Here you have, in brief, the point of distinction between the great stories of Joseph Conrad, a supreme artist in fiction, and the trashy best sellers of the literary artisans. Conrad, like the artisans, has a liking for the spectacular, the nerveracking event. His tales are full of assaults, batteries, assassinations. He takes us through shipwrecks, revolutions, anarchist plottings, uproars of all imaginable sorts. But always his events have elaborate and plausible causes behind them—always he tries to show us, not only the thing done, but also the why of it and the wherefore. His "Nostromo," in its externals, is merely a tale of South American turmoil, and not unrelated to "Soldiers of Fortune." But what great differences between the

methods, the points of view, the psychological materials of the two stories! Davis is content to show us the overt act; Conrad goes behind it for the motive, the process of mind. The one achieves an agreeable romance, and an agreeable romance only; the other achieves an extraordinarily incisive study of the Latin-American temperament—a study of the ideals and passions which lead presumably sane men to pursue each other like wolves, and of the reaction of that incessant pursuit upon the men themselves. I do not say that Conrad is always accurate. I do not know, in point of fact, whether he is or isn't. But I do say that he is wholly convincing, that the men he sets into his scene hang together; that the explanations he offers for their acts are at least plausible; that the effects of those acts, upon actors and immediate spectators alike, are such as might be reasonably expected to follow; that the final impression is one of almost uncanny reality.

Such is his manner in all of his great stories. Sometimes, as in "The Point of Honor" and "The End of the Tether," his chief concern is with the obscure genesis, in human emotion or ideation, of an extraordinary event; at other times, as in "Typhoon" and "Youth," his main endeavor is to determine the effect of such an event upon the mind and soul of man; at still other times, as in "Almayer's Folly" and "Lord Jim," he makes his slow way from one event to another through a maze of mingled consequences and causes. But always it is the process of mind rather than the actual act that interests him; always he is trying to account for the thing visible to the eye; always he is trying to penetrate the actor's mask and interpret the actor's frenzy. That is what makes him a literary artist of the first calibre, whatever his occasional failings in mere craftsmanship. And that is what gives importance and distinction and high quality to the latest of his books, "UNDER WESTERN EYES" (*Harpers*), for all its irritating *ritardandos*, its circumlocutions, its infelicities of phrase. Conrad, though he writes in English, is a Pole. I have been told that he knew no Eng-

lish until he was at the end of his 'teens; that when he came to write he was a long time deciding between English, French and some third language, probably Polish or Russian. The result of his multilingual thinking is often visible in his prose. He fishes patiently, laboriously for the right phrase; it may be, when he finds it, a French phrase or a Polish phrase, clumsy when done into English. And his whole manner is extraordinarily deliberate; he hangs over an idea until he has made it plain, however slight its relative importance, however damaging the delay to the dramatic rhythm of the narrative. But if you accept all this as a necessary concession to a great artist's faults, if you take him as he stands, infinitely painstaking, infinitely analytical, you must grant him, in the end, the virtue of accomplishing something magnificent by all that assiduity. The first time I read "Lord Jim" it exasperated me, the second time it fascinated me, the third time it staggered me. It is, in a sense, unique in English fiction. It is Dumas and Stevenson raised to the dignity of Athenian tragedy.

"UNDER WESTERN EYES" lacks something of that fine perfection. It suffers, to begin with, from the general defect of being less interesting than "Lord Jim." Its events are less goldenly romantic, less heroic; its personages, despite a plentiful picturesqueness, have none of the barbaric exaltation and glamour of Jim himself, of Dain Waris, Doramin, Tamb' Itam and the Rajah Allang, of Stein, Cornelius and Cornelius's Jewel. Moreover, its central situation comes perilously near to banality. Even in the best sellers the hero who finds his true love among the womenfolk of his enemy has long gone stale. But with all of these demerits vividly in mind, the story yet produces an effect of powerful drama, of undoubted actuality. It is the general effect rather than the special effect, the background rather than the incident, that enlists Conrad's attention. He is trying to set before us, not so much the story of one man as a study of the Russian national character, with all its queer mingling of Western astuteness and Oriental foggiess, its crazy tendency to

go shooting off into the interstellar spaces of an incomprehensible mysticism, its general transcendence of all that we Celts and Saxons and Latins hold to be true of human motive and human act. Russia is a world apart: that is the sum and substance of the tale. "It is unthinkable"—I quote from Page 24—"that any young Englishman (or American, or Dane, or Spaniard, for that matter) should find himself in Razumov's situation. . . . He would not think as Razumov thought at this crisis of his fate. . . . By an act of mental extravagance he might imagine himself arbitrarily thrown into prison; but it would never occur to him, unless he were delirious (and perhaps not even then) that he could be beaten with whips as a practical measure either of investigation or of punishment."

This Razumov, then, is a young Russian, a student at the University of St. Petersburg; a pushing, hard reading, ambitious fellow; the illegitimate and unacknowledged son of a great personage. He is too busy to have much concern with the Utopia making of his fellows; he knows vaguely what they are about and he is polite to them, but no definite group, whether of action or of mere fustian, has him on its roll. His dream is of some safe professorship and the fame of a pundit. His secret sympathy is with the existing order, as becomes a man of good blood. Into the room of this rather colorless young man there bursts one evening a disheveled brother student, Victor Victorovitch Haldin by name, with a startling appeal for help. M. de P—, the Minister President, chief recruiting office for Siberia and the gallows, has been done to death on the street. "It was I," says Haldin deliberately, proudly, "who removed De P—." But why come to Razumov? Why ask help of the one man least likely to give it with enthusiasm? "Because," says Haldin, "you are the last that could be suspected—should I get caught. . . . And it occurred to me that you—you have no one belonging to you—no ties, no one to suffer if this came out. . . . There have been enough ruined Russian homes as it is."

So the problem faces poor Razumov—to save Haldin, or to betray him? He decides, weakly dubious, upon the first course. There is a drunken sledge driver, one Ziemianitch, to be sought out and instructed. Ziemianitch is to wait for Haldin at a certain street corner, half an hour after midnight. Razumov starts out to find the fellow: Ziemianitch is dead drunk, resistant to blows and bawling. Razumov wanders about the streets, half crazed with doubts and dreads. On the one hand, there is his chivalrous duty to Haldin, the only human being in all the world who has ever put trust in him; on the other hand there is that mirage of a professorship and a long life of ease, and a chance, perhaps, to do a real service to Russia. He is won over, in the end, by the professorship. He goes to Prince K—, boldly asserting, though not in words, the tie of blood; and he and Prince K— go to General T—, a magnifico above and beyond all mere police. Then he returns to his room and tells the waiting Haldin that Ziemianitch will be in readiness. Haldin, at midnight, slinks out into the bitter cold. . . . Four days later he is hanged.

And now we plunge headlong into the dark depths of the Russian character. Razumov has done something for God and the Czar, but the reward of such services, in Russia, is not the frank one of the West. General T—, inscrutable behind his beard, mingles ever so discreet questions with his spoken thanks. Councilor Mikulin, a famous searcher of hearts, a master of delicate cross-examinations, is called upon to help. Why did Haldin go to Razumov's room? On what pretext did Razumov induce him to stay there three hours? Razumov has said nothing about the visit to Ziemianitch, nothing about his uncertainty; his story makes him a betrayer from beginning to end. But the eternal suspiciousness of the men in uniform, if it does not actually penetrate that deception, at least comes close to it, jostles it, marks out its outlines. The test, finally, is put to poor Razumov. He is offered the greatest of all payment for his night's work—a chance to serve the

Czar again. The old comrades of Haldin know only that he sheltered the fugitive; the betrayal is laid at other doors. The ideal man for police work of the highest sort! The ideal man to "flee" from Russia, closely "pursued" by Mikulin's men—to invade Geneva and the colony of exiles there, and send back news by way of a safe agent in Vienna!

And so the end approaches. Razumov, cornered, is forced to accept the commission, with all its torturing difficulties and shames. In Geneva are Haldin's mother and sister, tragic figures in that parliament of frauds and fools. Around them revolve the "thinkers" and "leaders" of the revolution—writers for obscure, forbidden newspapers, planners of diableries for lesser spirits to carry out, attitudinizers and platitudinarians—ten charlatans to one honest man. Razumov, thrown into this rabble, turns to the brave and sorrowing Nathalie quite naturally, and is in love with her before he knows it—but let us stay our snickers! It is not because he falls in love with Nathalie that he makes his staggering confession—not primarily, at any rate. One somehow feels that. The confession was foreordained, Nathalie or no Nathalie, as the logical climax of the emotional hurricane through which he has passed. His life has gone to pieces; his dream of a sedate professorship, of an old age full of ease and honor, is done; henceforth he is to be the slave of Mikulin; for his lamented service to the Czar he must bear forever his share of the heavy burden of the Czar. So there is no true surprise, at the end, when he stalks into the meeting of maniacs and mountebanks and there invites destruction. Nor is there any surprise when that destruction takes a fantastic and horrible, an essentially Russian form—Nikita, the "police killer," springing forward like a tiger, Razumov's head in his hairy hands, Razumov's eardrums broken, his legs yanked out of joint by main strength, his senseless form thrown out into the street, for a streetcar crew to blunder upon in the gray dawn—and Nikita cackling over the business: "He'll never be any use for a spy to anyone! . . . I have burst the drums of his

ears. Oh, you may trust *me!* I know the trick. He, he, he! I know the trick!"

If you know Conrad, you also know, of course, that all this is not the story of "UNDER WESTERN EYES," but only the gross framework of that story. The real concern of the author is with the genesis and conflict of ideas in the mind of Razumov. What he is always trying to make clear is that Razumov is essentially a Russian, that his ideation follows routes unfamiliar, and often almost impassable, to the man of the West. The thing, in brief, is a study in national or rather in racial psychology. Its aim is to give us more or less clearly a notion of the processes of thought which eventuate in the astounding Russian act—the elaborately planned, artistically perfect, wholly savage assassination; the piling up of spy upon spy, of spy upon the spy of spy; the childlike following of false and motley leaders; the sudden appearance of the Tartar chieftain, fresh from the steppes, in the frock coat of the bespectacled doctor of philosophy. The characters of the tale, for all their *bizarrierie*, never lose plausibility. Razumov's slow progress, through doubt and terror, to what must be accepted, perhaps, as actual insanity, has the convincing flow of an equation. And the impostors at Geneva, conscious and unconscious, are sketched with almost Molièresque brilliancy. It is not, to be sure, Conrad at his greatest; as I have said, "Lord Jim" is a far more arresting piece of work. But it is certainly Conrad at a level of achievement which not many other men of the day ever reach. If by any chance you don't know this extraordinary Pole, now is the time to subscribe. "UNDER WESTERN EYES" represents him fairly enough. Along with "Nostromo," "The Secret Agent," and his own share of "Romance," it may stand for the average Conrad, the Conradic mean. Above and beyond tower the heights—"Youth," "Heart of Darkness," "Typhoon," "The End of the Tether," "Falk" and "Lord Jim"—a series shaming all praise. If I had to choose four stories of Conrad and let all the rest go, I should choose "Youth,"

"Heart of Darkness," "Typhoon" and "Falk." If I had to choose four stories among all written in English since 1888 and let the rest go, "Youth" and "Falk" would be two of them.

"HILDA LESSWAYS," by Arnold Bennett (*Dutton*), is our old friend, the sequel (Dost remember, young grandma, the sequels to "The Duchess" and "Dora Thorne"?) in an unprecedented form. Hilda, as you know, flits dimly and tantalizingly through the pages of "Clayhanger"—through all the pages, that is, after Page 230, on which Charlie Orgreave, alias The Sunday, lowers his voice "to a scarce audible, confidential whisper" and tells Edwin Clayhanger that a fine girl is staying at the Orgreave home. "Who is she?" asks Edwin. "Hilda Lessways her name is," says Charlie. "I don't know much of her myself." And the reader of "Clayhanger," when the tale is done, knows little more. He sees Hilda and Edwin fall in love; he sees them plight their troth; he sees them locked in each other's arms in Edwin's stuffy office—but then Hilda is suddenly called from the Five Towns to Brighton, and there as suddenly marries her incredible Mr. Cannon, and straightway disappears from the chronicle. Even when she returns, years later, and Edwin succumbs to her again and she tells of Cannon's bigamy, we learn but little about her. We never learn who she is. We never learn why she married Cannon. She remains to the end an apparition rather than a person. She is always mysterious, even a bit sinister. Well, in "HILDA LESSWAYS" some of her mystery is blown away. Some—but not all. We hear a lot about her early life; we see her meeting with Cannon; we behold her running away with him and then swiftly lamenting it; we see her make the appalling discovery, three days after confessing her love for Edwin Clayhanger, that she is about to become the mother of Cannon's child, and we learn the manner of her introduction to boarding house keeping at Brighton—but there the revelation ceases. "Clayhanger" goes on for years further—in fact, down to the reunion of Hilda and Edwin. How was the un-

speakable Cannon landed in jail? What events accompanied and followed the birth of his and Hilda's son? What were Hilda's adventures as landlady? What the actual manner of her release from Cannon? These events are postponed for yet a space. We shall be among them, perhaps, in the third volume of the trilogy.

If you have not read "Clayhanger," you will probably find "HILDA LESSWAYS" a bit puzzling; but if you have—and who hasn't?—you will hang to it to the end, if only to see the familiar transactions of the earlier book through Hilda's eyes. The idea of so presenting them, so far as I know, is original with Mr. Bennett. The world is filled with sequels, but such a parallel sequel is a novelty. Imagine "Henry Esmond" retold as "Madame Beatrix"! Imagine that marvelous procession of wits and lovely ladies seen anew, as its loveliest lady saw it! Imagine a Penelopiad following the Odyssey, a "Torvald Helmer" following "A Doll's House," a "Jim" following "Huckleberry Finn"! That is what we have here, and the experiment was plainly worth the sweating and the ink; but I am bound to say that "HILDA LESSWAYS," otherwise considered, is not a work to detain us long. In it, indeed, the inconsequentiality of Bennett often becomes painfully evident. Perhaps "triviality" would be a better word—or "superficiality." It is not so much that his scenes lack form and sequence as that they lack importance. And that lack of importance lies, not so much in his characters themselves—for every human being, in one way or another, is important enough for fiction—as in his discussion of those characters. In brief, Bennett is always stupendous as a reporter, but often unconvincing as an interpreter—and it is precisely by his skill as an interpreter that a serious novelist must be estimated. A novel, be it remembered, is a good deal more than a piece of reporting. Its aim is not merely to tell a story, but also to expound that story; not merely to describe human acts, but also to explore the motives behind those acts. The trouble with Bennett, as I see it, is that he falls



short in that department. As a reporter he is beyond all praise, but as an interpreter of character he too often wobbles between the obvious and the incredible.

Far be it from me, of course, to raise quibbles against this enormously talented and entertaining Englishman, who is having today, for sound enough merit, his glorious day in court. When all that can be said in dispraise of him has been said, the indubitable fact remains that "The Old Wives' Tale," in more than one place, shows superlatively excellent writing, as does "Clayhanger," too, not to mention "Whom God Hath Joined," the best, in some ways, of all the Bennett books. For all I know, he may be trying to give us, not novels at all, but mere tales, mere volumes of reports, human documents in the rough; or, again, he may define the novel as the rest of us define the tale, denying it all save the most superficial interpretive function. But if he does not—if, on the contrary, he accepts the orthodox definition—then it may be said of him with justice that his novels, as novels, fall short of the levels reached by Conrad and Moore, Meredith and Hardy, or, to bring in a direct rival, H. G. Wells.

If you want to understand clearly how Bennett and Wells differ, you can do no better than study, not the novels, but the more openly expository tracts of the two men. Compare, for example, Bennett's "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day" with Wells's "First and Last Things." The one reveals a philosophy which may be set down, without unfairness, as chiefly platitudinarian; the other discloses the alert, electric, searching philosophy of a man who has thought things out for himself, and who has brought to the thinking a mind stored with knowledge and swift and unfettered in its processes. The difference here visible is carried over into the imaginative work of the two men. "The History of Mr. Polly," to take Wells at his lightest, is illumined, for all its mirth, by a perfectly serious purpose. That purpose is not merely to describe Mr. Polly but also to account for him, to

show plausibly the causes underlying his stupidity and inefficiency, to study him as a common type of Englishman. But what purpose is there in Bennett's "Denry the Audacious," a book exactly similar to "Mr. Polly" in all its externals? I can find none at all. It is an amusing story, a clever story—but when that has been said, there is nothing more to say for it.

Henry James—good old Henry! Here he is with another of his fugues: "THE OUTCRY" (*Harpers*), the tale of a belted earl who proposes to sell certain incomparable handpainted oil paintings, heirlooms of his belted race, to Mr. Breckenridge Bender, an American art wolf, and thereby provokes, from the patriot gullets of his countrymen, the outcry aforesaid. The Jacobin syntax was never more complex, never more baroque. To find its like, in all the realm of artistic endeavor, you must go to that passage in "Ein Heldenleben" which ties twenty-four themes in a knot, or to the façades of Polish churches in mining towns. Don't ask me to expound it, defend it! There would be a job for the Doctor Subtilissimus himself. But let me assure you meanwhile that "THE OUTCRY," for all the cruel cacophony of its style, is yet a story with curiously interesting people in it, and a number of incisive observations upon them, and with the wind of wit blowing through it from end to end.

Which recalls the fact that a Jacobin primer, presenting the Jacobin syntax in small doses for the use of those who shrink from the full draught, has lately appeared. It is called "THE HENRY JAMES YEAR BOOK" (*Badger*), and the three hundred and sixty-five selections were made by Evelyn Garnaut Smalley, with the applause of William Dean Howells and of Mr. James himself. The book is very pretty; it has a fine portrait of Mr. James for frontispiece and is well printed and bound. Buy it and go through it. You may find in it perchance that fatal first drink which will fasten the habit upon you and send you eventually upon prolonged and glorious debauches of parts of speech.



# SHOPPING FOR THE SMART SET

By Marion C. Taylor

THE SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT will be glad to answer questions regarding shopping and the New York shops. Readers of THE SMART SET inquiring where articles described are purchasable should enclose a stamp for reply, and state page and month. Purchasing done free of charge. Address: "EDITOR, SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT."

WELL, winter is here and no mistaking, and at the time I am writing everyone seems most enthusiastic. The Horse Show and the opening of the Opera have been on everyone's tongue, and everybody seems to have put on her best bib and tucker for all occasions. The Avenue is just jammed with motors and carriages, and everyone I meet seems busy and happy. The first touch of winter acts like a tonic and puts us on our mettle.

As to clothes—all-important subject—they are honestly bewildering. Surely times must be good, else where does all the money come from? I never saw more regal furs, and as for gowns, suits and hats, fashionable New York seems to have a limitless supply of them all.

A well known firm on the Avenue made a very wise move the other day when they declared that they had finished for good and all with models imported from Paris and the other fashion centers. They said that it seemed useless to import with the hope of being exclusive, for there was simply no such thing. John Jones, whose emporium on Sixth Avenue boasts a model or two each season, would be sure to display as one of them their choicest model, and a wholesale manufacturer on East Eighteenth Street would be equally sure to make a so-called copy to specialize at twenty-nine fifty. To overcome this aggravating difficulty the house in question has

decided to create its own costumes, suits and wraps.

I went up to see some of them—frankly a little sceptical. There are creations, as you know, *and* creations; and unfortunately most of them are of the latter class. But in this case I remained to enthuse. I haven't seen a collection of prettier evening gowns assembled in one shop this season. And they are typically American gowns, not so extreme as to be out of the question for metropolitan wear. One of the prettiest was of white satin with an oddly shaped tunic of net embroidered in white silk, silver and crystal bugles. The upper part of the bodice and the tiny sleeves were of silver Venice lace, very rich and beautiful. A black satin sash, just the necessary touch, hung at the left front, while a black and a white lily were posed at the belt. A very practical frock had its body of empire green satin and its overdrapery of black chiffon beautifully embroidered with delicate amber beads. This particular model had decided curves to its lines and lent extreme grace to the figure. One of the prettiest of all, and a most becoming combination of colors, was of white satin with an overdrapery of American Beauty chiffon, pailletted with tiny square spangles, something quite new and unusual. The waist of the frock was entirely of white lace and chiffon, a delicate maline lace which floated backward almost to the end of the train. Two

wonderfully natural roses, one a large dark one, the other a perfect American Beauty, were posed at the waistline and added distinction to a particularly alluring costume.

Another, remarkably distinguished, was made of moiré cloth of gold striped in light blue. The front was made so that the material appeared on the bias, and at the side a little toward the back the skirt was sufficiently short to disclose a petticoat of gold lace; mounting from this to the waistline was a trail of tiny bunches of forget-me-nots and button roses, inexpressively dainty. The train, quite separate and distinct as so many of them are, hung almost like a plastron down the back and was quite wide and square. The upper part of the waist was of delicate flesh-colored chiffon edged with a row of rhinestones, a favorite method of trimming this season. Quite unexpectedly the tiny bunches of flowers ran part of the way around the bottom of the very wide flat girdle which marked the slightly empire waistline. I consider this frock in many ways typical of the season; the very material itself, the petticoat, the separate train, the upper waist, of an entirely different fabric, transparent of course, and lastly the diamante trimming, all are distinct features of the season.

Practically the only item lacking—and one would hardly care for all the new features on one single costume—was the use of delicate floating lace draperies and of fur. But another of blue silver cloth shown me a moment later had the fur band at the bottom and was trimmed with beautiful rhinestone buttons, another novelty.

### Wraps

The wraps this season are remarkable for their graceful outline, the richness of their fabrics and the beauty and daring of their color combinations. The latter stop at nothing—and at first sight many of them seem a trifle bizarre—but as they are not intended for the poor creature who can afford but one a season, they will probably not grow tiresome, which would otherwise be their fault.

At an Avenue shop I saw the most complete collection from abroad, among which were several worthy of note. Possibly the most popular wrap this season—for almost every smart establishment in town is showing it—comes from Poiret, whose wraps are the best thing he makes. It is a combination of violet velvet, royal blue satin and heavy, wide gold lace, which runs in a straight line from shoulder to wrist and shows the blue satin underneath. The *motif* which fastens it is a flowerlike combination of the violet and blue that is most artistic. Another one that many of the houses show is from Callôt, a burnouslike affair of soft American Beauty satin, lined with purple and showing a square narrow collar of ermine which may be worn up around the neck for greater protection.

Another of Poiret's is in a soft shade of raspberry velvet, lined with beautiful apple green satin and trimmed at the collar and cuffs with smoked fox. This is a conservative affair with a waistline accentuated by a handsome ornament typical of Poiret at either side and in front. An odd shade of reddish purple shows a wide band of gold lace at the bottom and a soft blue chiffon lining. The Callôts are responsible for a handsome one of steel brocade over black, edged with skunk and draping beautifully around the figure.

At another establishment I saw a beautiful example of the two-fabric wrap, one half the top of a wonderful Chinese brocade showing marvelous deep rich tones and gleaming golds and silvers on its folds, and the bottom of black velvet. Dividing these was a band of heavy gold lace, and the neck and sleeves were trimmed with chinchilla fur.

One of the simplest I have seen, delightful for a young person, was of American Beauty satin, hanging quite long, straight and loose and trimmed in that very becoming fashion with a wide band of macramé lace dyed the same shade, which extended a little above the waistline in back from one sleeve end to the other, forming a delightful empire waistline to the back. The lining was a soft violet tone, and collar and cuffs were of smoked fox. Another youthful

one was more of a draped model, of a very soft and becoming rose tone, lined with silver gray and finished with gray fox at neck and cuffs. One of the best known Avenue houses is showing this same model, which they will make to order in any color charmeuse with a band of skunk at neck and sleeves for only eighty-five dollars.

### Inexpensive Frocks

I discovered a line of frocks here in town that are so good-looking for the money that I must describe a few of them. One of the prettiest afternoon dresses was a dark blue crêpe meteor, very simply made, its distinguishing feature being a heavy macramé lace collar which hung from the shoulders far down the back, a little showing in front. A front panel to the skirt had a trimming a little way below the belt of white buttons and satin loops, which also appeared on the waist. A belt of the soft crêpe was finished by a tiny hemstitched edge sash at the side front. Turnback cuffs of white satin were also finished by hemstitching, while the shirred skirt completed a distinctly smart, simple costume. The materials were of the best, and the price was only thirty-nine fifty.

For forty-eight dollars another of crêpe meteor had a waist mainly composed of dark blue chiffon over white with a pretty trimming of Venise lace. At the shoulders, where satin and chiffon met, was a showing of delicate rose velvet. It is such seemingly small points as these that raise a gown above the hundred and one others one sees. For fifty-five dollars, quite the most distinguished of them all in fact, a gown that looked every bit of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, was of taupe crêpe meteor with a smart pointed train. Some very fine self-colored embroidery trimmed the waist and appeared in that very new fashion below the belt. This was combined with discreet touches of plum-colored embroidery, while the girdle was of plum satin. The waist was partly of taupe chiffon over white, showing a little macramé lace under the veiling, while the yoke was composed of

maline lace which again appeared at the edges of the sleeves. The skirt had one of the very newest effects, a pointed overdrapery in back caught into a tassel.

I haven't seen three models in better taste, and the values speak for themselves. For a dinner frock nothing could be prettier than a soft gray chiffon over the very smart lemon yellow satin. A double tunic edged with an odd gray ball fringe trimmed the skirt, while self-colored gray silk embroidery and veiled Venise lace distinguished the waist, which was cut only a trifle at the neck, making it admirable for theater or restaurant use. A sash of royal blue satin gave it its necessary touch, and the price of fifty-nine fifty made it noteworthy when one considers that it was finely made of good materials and finished with the necessary attention to details—for instance, a band of white cloth under the hem of the drop skirt to weight it sufficiently, a detail generally omitted. For fifty-five dollars a splendid débutante's frock was of white chiffon with a delicate but profuse trimming of crystal bands and fringe, while for sixty-five dollars I saw an evening gown for an older woman that I have seldom seen equalled for value. Of black satin meteor, the skirt opening at one side to show a black chiffon petticoat over cloth of gold and having a side-pointed train displayed two of the very newest season's features, while the waist, mostly of black chiffon with its trimming of soft purple embroidery and purple and white crystals with touches of the gold cloth gleaming here and there through the veiling, was decidedly attractive and completed a noteworthy gown for the money.

### Practical Coats

One of the best known shops in town is selling an especially practical wrap which I should refer to as a suburban evening wrap, for it is especially suited for train or car use for the person who does not wish an expensive garment. It is made of serge and broadcloth in a loose but trim model, with deep collar revers and cuffs, and comes in an especially well

selected line of color combinations for only twenty-nine fifty.

I saw here the loveliest line of chinchilla cloth coats made in a simple plain model with roomy pockets, satin-lined, for forty-eight dollars and fifty cents. They were especially smart in white, but came also in brown, dark blue and gray. Another unusually plain distinguished coat came in a plain dark gray cloth not unlike a chinchilla but even lighter in weight, made plain and straight and showing a soft purple on the other side, for twenty-four fifty.

### Waists

The winter dress waists are almost all made of chiffon, one shade partly veiling another, with delicate lace showing here and there, or, again, chiffon and satin combined with lace and satin-covered buttons. The bullet-shaped buttons that the Callôt Sœurs are so fond of using, accompanied by the satin-covered loops simulating buttonholes, are seen on a great many of the winter models. For morning wear with tailored suits many of the New York women cling to wash waists all year round, and I do not think there is a prettier fashion. There is a crisp smartness about a good-looking frilly wash waist that is particularly refreshing in the morning.

At one shop here in town it is possible to buy the prettiest French handmade waists I have seen this season from four dollars and ninety-five cents up. At this price a long-sleeved waist shows a band of baby Irish lace down the front, and is further trimmed with an attractive side hemstitched ruffle which also edges the long sleeves. These side frills have been so terribly misused and worn to death that I hate to mention their name, but yet their very misuse, the odd and ugly way that they have been spread out and pinned clear to the shoulder, has saved the lives of those that are worn in their natural way just as they fall; and truly they are so pretty when worn in this manner, just a fluffy white mass at the neck, that I hope fashion will not veto them entirely.

At the house I mentioned they show

many excellent values in the handmade waists at seven fifty and nine seventy-five. At the first price one of the prettiest is a tailored model of the finest batiste, with an oddly shaped front ruffle trimmed with a very fine Val lace which also forms a band down the front and trims the cuffs, edging also the deep frill at the bottom of the sleeve. Another model, remarkable for the price, is equally fine and has a yoke of alternate rows of Cluny and Val lace, an Irish lace *motif* trimming the delicate eyelet-embroidered front. Still another shows a strip of Irish lace down the front and a beautiful eyelet-embroidered ruffle. At nine dollars and seventy-five cents the prettiest showed the front, back and over the shoulders almost covered with a beautiful example of eyelet and heavy embroidery and a yoke of Irish insertion alternating with Val.

In the dressier waists this shop shows some splendid values; for instance, a simple white satin model with elbow sleeves, having a trimming of bullet-shaped satin buttons down the front and a collar of maline lace, besides a double frill of maline lace over net, was only four ninety-five. A very smart model of white satin and maline lace was fifteen seventy-five, while for only thirteen seventy-five one of the newest ideas was exploited, a surplice waist, one side of crêpe meteor and the other of chiffon, a dark tone over a lighter, brown over champagne, for instance, the whole mounted on a soft white silk lining with a yoke and cuffs of filmy lace.

At another shop they have a splendid idea that it's a wonder no one has thought of before. They make exact copies of the designs of the popular French handmade blouses with the same laces and embroideries, but turn them out machinemade and at about half the price. For instance, a very good-looking blouse, with a touch of hand embroidery down the front and an attractive frill also repeated in the cuffs, is four dollars and fifty cents, while one a little simpler is four dollars and a quarter. At this shop they also have remarkable sales of French blouses each January, when they are able to offer genuine bargains.

## Shoe Fashions

One of the best known boot shops in town, usually a pioneer in smart footwear, is showing the newest boot for dress wear, one that has been taken up exclusively by the proper people and is the correct thing this winter. It is an overgaiter boot, the bottom of a fine patent leather, the top an exact counterpart of an overgaiter in cloth either to match the costume or of a suitable tone. The heel of this is also distinctly new, and is a cross between a Cuban heel and a Louis, just enough curve to be graceful and not enough to appear frail. Here I also saw some excellent new slippers in various combinations of a narrow-striped novelty cloth coming in a great variety of color combinations. I also noticed the unusual slippers so much worn this season with heel of one color, the body of the slipper of another, with a tiny band at the top repeating the color of the heel. These in red and black, for instance, should be accompanied by a black stocking with a double or triple red clock; and, by the way, an extensive line of smart hosiery is carried here. Cut steel or rhinestone buckles continue to be greatly used, and where there is a suggestion of gold the gilded steel are used. They make a specialty at this shop of fancy boxes of stockings for gifts, three pairs in a box, either socks or stockings; these sell as low as three dollars per box.

## Notes From Abroad

The latest news from the Continent does not herald any marked changes, unless it is Pane Poiret's hoop skirt, that little candleshade affair that has been extensively written up in the newspapers. I don't think anybody takes it seriously. Heaven knows, it is ugly enough, but one expects some freak or other from Poiret each season, and surely this is it.

However, there are numerous tendencies to be noted. One is the almost universal use of the draped skirt, usually in more formal costumes showing a petticoat of a contrasting material; another is the use of soft, dark-toned Scotch plaids

in conjunction with plain materials in suits—like one from Bernard that I described in November. I notice that many of the newest models in suits worn abroad show a novelty in their fur trimming, and that is a collar of fur extending only halfway down the deep revers; sometimes part of one revers is of lace, and the balance of it and the other consists of a handsome natural animal pelt without the head. There is a very decided use of rhinestone and strass embroidery on evening costumes; fully half the bodices one sees are composed of filmy lace and chiffon with a rhinestone edging. The deep wrist ruffle is repeated in a double one, sometimes of black and white plaited maline fully six or eight inches deep at the neck, on afternoon frocks. It is, in my opinion, a fashion very difficult to wear successfully, and therefore not likely to have a great vogue.

Some remarkably simple suits are worn by Mme. Samary in the new play at the Renaissance, "*Un Beau Mariage*." One is of prune cloth, the seams bound in satin and a touch of fur at the top of the collar and the edge of the cuffs. A profusion of passementerie buttons trim the skirt at each side of the front panel and appear again on the coat. An evening gown worn by Mme. Samary is equally charming. Of banana-colored charmeuse, with a tunic of smoke chiffon embroidered in the same tone and finished with a buckle, little buttons and fringe of tarnished silver, it is a very simple but unusually beautiful costume.

## French Underwear

For some years there has been a growing demand for French underwear. The simplicity of its outline and the delicate fineness of the work appeal strongly to women of refinement. Formerly it was quite expensive, but recently the large drygoods houses have responded to the demand and put some on the market at much more reasonable prices; unfortunately, much of this is extremely coarse and not at all what the discerning public wants. I discovered a little shop the other day where they have the right

idea. They import direct from one of the largest manufacturers abroad, and saving not only the middleman's profit but also large store expenses, and being content themselves with a small profit, they are able to offer a large variety of French underwear, made to American measurements, at remarkably reasonable prices.

They not only have handmade underwear but they carry a grade of machine-made petticoats familiar to Parisians but which I have never known to be sold over here, that are distinctively smart. These are narrow and straight, trimmed with a good quality of German Val lace and quite out of the ordinary. They sell from two fifty up, and at four fifty the styles are exceptionally pretty. Drawers sell from one dollar up, and those at two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars show quite a little embroidery or lace. These, like all else except the skirts, are handmade.

Quite the prettiest things are the nightgowns, which come as low as one dollar. At two dollars and eighty-five cents a simple model has the nuns' finish of a fine hemmed edge and shows a very effective trimming of a good quality Cluny lace and beading. The chemises and combinations are equally effective, the former coming in designs distinctly out of the common with a great deal of effective eyelet work. Very pretty ones come as low as one dollar ninety-five, while at three and a quarter they show a great amount of embroidery.

### Stainless Glue

A new product that is gaining considerable headway, not only among milliners who especially appreciate its value but also among the hundred and one people who do fancywork, is a stainless, non-burnable glue. It is water and weather proof and will not harden or crack. No matter how delicate a fabric, it may be used with perfect safety, and should be a great boon in repairing the countless broken things about the house, to say nothing of its many uses in making fancy candle shades, boxes and the like.

### Goodies

At this season, when one may be pardoned, I'm sure, for indulging in most of the good things spread on every hand—it would take no little will power to refuse them—it is well to keep in mind a little shop here in town that makes a specialty of unusual candies and salted nuts. The latter are a real necessity, at this season especially, while the former are more than acceptable. The nuts are of the very best quality only, praise not to be given promiscuously, and finished "to a turn," while the bonbons and chocolates must be intended for jaded appetites, so unusually good are they.

### Delicate Perfume

An essentially feminine perfume just imported was brought to my notice the other day. It has a most compelling odor of a lasting sweetness which should appeal to many. There is an indefinite suggestion of old time garden flowers, heliotrope and the like, that is quite unusual. It sells for two dollars and fifty cents in a highly concentrated state and one dollar and seventy-five cents for the oil. The same firm has a splendid line of bath salts which, besides counteracting the effects of hard water, are said to invigorate the entire system. They sell for one dollar a bottle.

### For Men

I saw the most complete line of men's lounging clothes, smoking jackets, robes, etc., the other day in a shop here in town that is making a specialty of catering to the man who likes the best to be had. With this end in view they have imported a line of smoking jackets that are so far ahead of anything I have seen before as to be in a class by themselves.

In the first place, the cut is worth while; they are not great loose, shapeless affairs like most one sees but are cut with every bit as much care as a dinner jacket, which they somewhat resemble. They are thirty-four inches long and are finished with a rolling collar similar to a

dinner coat and flap pockets at each side. The materials beggar description, the softest, warmest fabrics, sometimes double-faced; and in this instance the finishings, collar, cuffs, pocket flaps, buttons, etc., are of velvet, while in other cases the coats are lined with silk, the finishings are of moiré and they are fastened with frogs.

They have here also a wonderful line of lounging robes from truly luxurious ones of broadcloth, crêpe de chine lined, sometimes reversible or of heavy but soft corded silk, to more practical but equally attractive ones of dark twill silk in two tones lined with a softer twill, or those of the beautiful soft, warm but light vicuna cloths or double-faced camelshair fabrics. I have never seen so complete and satisfying a collection; the materials and colors are so beautiful and the cut and the workmanship so fine that it is impossible to duplicate them on this side of the ocean.

### Mufflers

Here also are shown a collection of the smart tubular silk knitted mufflers that are particularly effective. They come in the best-looking combinations of colors and are the accepted thing this winter. Others in two tones are exactly like the knitted ties, and come in effective combinations, while some of the best-looking of all are in soft, plain tones.

### Handkerchiefs

The Englishmen have taken to carrying in their breast pocket a new style of silk handkerchief that is decidedly smart. They come in bright colors with dogs and foxes, cats, lions, owls and all sorts of beasts running about on them; and they sell for only one and two dollars apiece.

### Men's Socks

I saw a splendid line of two-toned men's silk socks the other day that are vouched for by one of the best boot-makers in town and sell for only fifty

cents a pair. They come in the widest variety of color combinations and are quite fine and evenly woven. Most of the socks of this character sold in town are very good to look at but that is about all. They simply do not wear at all unless you buy the heavy grades, which are only suitable for certain wear.

### Odds and Ends

Since writing the December article I have come across a number of articles which are so attractive, not only for holiday gifts but for all-year-round use, that I am determined you shall know about them, even if the news reaches you too late for Christmas gifts. First, a pair of Colonial candlesticks, in a well known old design, come in silver plate of a standard weight for only three dollars per pair; need I say more? Secondly, a mahogany tea or serving tray, with brass handles and a cretonne center comes from three dollars and seventy-five cents to five dollars and twenty-five cents for the very large size. Another even handsomer is entirely of mahogany with an inlaid medallion in the center, and this sells for six dollars. Either of these last would be an appreciated gift as they are such an essential in these days.

At the same establishment I saw a really remarkable tea service of plated silver—the usual five large pieces in a remarkably simple and beautiful Colonial design, a hexagonal shape, I believe, for only thirty-five dollars. I think everyone appreciates the beauty of one of these simple but distinctive patterns, and I know many people are not fortunate enough to possess the very expensive solid silver sets. For them I cannot imagine a more satisfactory solution than this, for the service is in irreproachable taste and will undoubtedly give excellent wear; and the cost is certainly very slight. A tray matching in pattern to accompany this sells for fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents, which may seem dear in comparison to those who do not know that the trays, being heavy, are usually a very expensive part of a service.

I saw a splendid set of ivory toilet



articles especially suitable for a man or woman—mirror, brushes, hat and clothes brush, with many small articles, all at exceptionally reasonable prices. For instance, a mirror for three dollars, brush two dollars, comb one dollar and a quarter, and so on. Here also I saw mahogany candlesticks in most attractive designs for only one dollar and one dollar fifty. I think these candlesticks are among the most decorative articles for the home on sale today. Very good-looking leather pillows with conventional designs in colors stamped on them are only three dollars and seventy-five cents, while pieces of leather hide suitable for library tables come in beautiful tone for only one dollar fifty.

One of those tall lamps again in use stands about five feet or more high, and is in Sheraton style complete with electrical attachment and shade, for only thirty-six dollars.

There are some novelties in the shape of tea balls that are unique. One is a tiny French teapot with a long handle to it, another a funny little corn popper, these costing two dollars and fifty cents and three dollars and fifty cents respectively, while the third is slightly more pretentious and is a really beautiful copy of a silver urn; this costs eight dollars.

At another shop I saw two essentially feminine articles which would make attractive inexpensive gifts. One a hand-embroidered cardcase of silk, which came in a delicate Japanese hand-painted box for one dollar fifty, and an envellette hand-painted silk cardcase packed in the same way for only one dollar. This place makes a specialty of odd Oriental scarfs, the sort one throws over one end of the table. They have beautiful ones as low as two dollars and seventy-five cents. At a tiny shop known for its dainty accessories I saw a handsome jabot or veil case in brocaded silk handsomely trimmed for seven dollars and seventy-five cents, very beautiful gold lace and embroidered opera bag

for ten dollars and fifty cents and a box with five dainty sachets in it for eight dollars.

Shoe buckles are so essential today that they are never amiss as a gift. One shop in town sells some really beautiful designs in rhinestone ones at remarkably reasonable prices, beautiful lacelike designs for three dollars, and larger ones equally handsome for four and five dollars—really very unusual values. At another they are showing some splendid novelties in the leather line; for instance, a leather-enclosed perpetual calendar comes in the oblong shape of a blotter and contains five or six blotters on the reverse side—one always has the calendar handy as well as the blotters. This costs three dollars, with lovely silver corners. I saw a unique telephone card at the same establishment—one that is suited for a country house especially. Of leather, it has various lists plainly marked—Fire Department, Physicians, Hospitals, Druggists, Tradespeople, etc., and below an alphabetical list for personal acquaintances. It costs eight dollars, I believe, but it is beautifully gotten up and most complete. I saw the prettiest little place cards for the holiday season. Little bay trees in miniature pots were perfectly reproduced, and a narrow white card for the name stood at the foot of each tree—quite a novelty, I thought, and decidedly decorative. In the same shop they show a very complete line of daily reminders including those which may be used for any year. They are attractively leather-bound and most reasonable in price.

Here, too, one may pick up delightful European novelties of the better class, little enameled jewel and pomade boxes, wonderful rose quartz parasol handles and many odd desk accessories in bronze and combinations of bronze and ivory. A buyer scours the European markets each season for novelties not likely to be duplicated, but bound to please a very particular clientele.





## SOMETHING PERSONAL

### BY THE PUBLISHER

NEW YEAR resolutions are in order. As an individual I seldom indulge in this ancient rite. As a magazine publisher I take a livelier interest in the custom. Sounding the various members of THE SMART SET staff, I have collected the following:

The Editors tell me they resolve that they will be patient with the poets and listen with humility to the advice of those who think they can edit a magazine better than anybody in the seats of the mighty. They will speak soft words to the printer and make smooth the way of the Young Author. They beg the latter to believe that the printed rejection slip has many a kind thought between the lines; writers are legion and editors few. Lastly, they will not ask, but will expect to receive, larger salaries as circulation increases.

The Readers resolve for 1912 to welcome cordially all authors who send typewritten manuscripts; to discover hidden genius; to look out for rising stars; to appreciate duly all poets whether born or self-made; to extend the right hand of cheerful greeting to all makers of clever epigrams, skits, *vers de société* and maxims wise and otherwise; to seek eagerly for original essays that will amuse, irritate, entertain, quicken thought, advance ideas, provoke discussions—by their wit, charm, pungent satire or delightful philosophy; and lastly, because it is the most serious and solemn thought not only of the New Year but of all the year, to pray for light to recognize a good joke whenever one

shows up within our midst—even if it is on ourselves.

The Departments of Dramatic and Literary Criticism will adhere to their three long established resolutions: first, that they will divulge the truth fearlessly and honestly and to the point on all occasions no matter how many cigars the playwrights may purchase or how beautiful the authoresses may be; second, that they will let nothing—not even marriage or appendicitis—interfere with the performance of their duties; and third, that even on the cloudiest, rainiest days in their respective fields they will carry optimism instead of a sharp-pointed umbrella. And—this they have resolved in a whisper—they have promised me to make these two departments the very best departments to be found this side of those of the government at Washington.

The Business Manager resolves that, no matter how big the families of the advertising representatives and advertisers generally, they shall all have free copies—for a while longer; that the magazine shall go to subscribers promptly; that complaints and requests to change address shall receive immediate attention; that we tell the truth about our circulation, not only because it is the truth, but because it is good advertising; that we continue to pay for contributions weekly—a hungry author produces anemic copy; that we meet all suggestions with a smile no matter how idiotic—meaning of course the suggestions and not the smile.

November 19, 1911.

The Advertising Manager says that only advertisements of good and honorable repute will be admitted; that advertisements must not only be true, but artistic and interesting; that he will raise the rate rather than allow too many advertisers the privilege of being ushered into the family circles of SMART SET readers.

The Circulation Manager resolves that he will not lose any sleep in devising subtle schemes to swell the circulation by giving the magazine away for next to nothing. He further resolves that he will burn some midnight electricity, if necessary, to enlist the legitimate interest of thousands of cultured men and women who do not now take THE SMART SET regularly, but who would never miss reading a single issue if they only knew what a fine quality of literary art and how much genuine entertainment there is in every number.

The Shopping Department, being feminine, would like to make a hundred resolves, but contents itself with three: it will do all in its power to make friends with THE SMART SET's public; it will even sit up nights to listen for the *dernier cri* in fashions; and it will turn its shopping bureau into a second Sherlock Holmes to track the bargains to their lairs.

The Office Boy crosses his heart and resolves that, unlike many such in authority, he will bear himself as an office boy should and let no one mistake him for the head of a billion-dollar corporation. He will, during business hours, refrain from arranging his stamp collection and firmly affix ours to the outgoing mail. He will not whistle ragtime within our walls.

As for myself, I am not, as I said in the beginning, much given to New Year resolutions, but I have received a letter which persuades me to add my mite to this symposium. The letter runs thus:

MY DEAR SIR:

Various things printed in your magazine lead me to suppose you are receptive in the matter of criticism. Therefore—I don't like to find the frontispiece upside down as in the December number just received. I'll not enjoy the passing of the usual cover. I don't like the tendency to increased advertising. Minor criticisms—but I know your excuses. Most of all I object to the exploitation of THE SMART SET to increase the herosiveness of the personality of John Adams Thayer. I don't give a damn about J. A. T. or what he did to *Everybody's*. Obviously THE SMART SET is yours and you will do with it as you will—even to issuing your book as a substitute for one number, if the paper-covered edition doesn't "go." And I'll go on subscribing and reading for the sake of Mencken and Nathan and the "stuff" that not infrequently appears and which justifies the claim of cleverness. Oh, I'm not complaining—I get my money's worth—perhaps even in the insidious flattery of the implied invitation to criticise.

Very truly yours,

I replied that letters like his added to the joy of the day's work, and ventured the prophecy that he had it in him to write most entertainingly for publication. To his objection that THE SMART SET is being used to exploit the "herosiveness" of a certain publisher, I made answer that the person in question is really a very modest man. It is first and foremost THE SMART SET that he has at heart.

But to my resolutions for 1912. They are two:

I resolve to add "herosiveness" to my vocabulary. It is a magnificent word.

I resolve that frontispieces shall not be upside down.

I am reminded to say that in this issue the frontispiece is neither upside down nor right side up. By way of variety, we have put a Curtain Raiser in its place. Tell me what you think about it. Be frank, as the critic I have quoted was frank.

*John Adams Thayer*

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If the reader of this notice were actually in possession of the present work, and were using it constantly for reference, for reading, or for research, there would gradually be impressed upon his mind a sense of the scope and quality of its contents. He would then come to appreciate the fact that a certain standard had been aimed at and had been attained—a standard

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The **New Prospectus** is printed on India paper (the standard material on account of its thinness, its toughness, its opaqueness and its fine printing face for the manufacture of high class books in which compactness and lightness are combined with durability) and thus exemplifies the convenience of the India paper format. It contains: (1) **164 pages of extracts**, each extract being prefaced by a note indicating the authorship and length of the article cited, and followed by a postscript showing the place filled by the article in the general scheme of the section to which it belongs.

(2) **Reproductions of 32 full-page plates** accompanying the articles Alphabet, Bible, Babylonia and Assyria, Aegean Civilisation, Cloud, Miniatures, Ordnance (2 examples), Greek Art (2 examples), Aeronautics, Parasitic Diseases, Spectroheliograph, Ship, Roman Art (3 examples), Woodcarving, Painting (2 examples), Sculpture (American), Sculpture (French), America, Planet, Furniture, Palaeontology, Horse, Japanese Metal Work, Tapestries, Vault, Alloys, India. (3) **A double-page map** (Switzerland). (4) **A single-page map** (U. S. History). (5) **A map accompanying the article Polar Regions**. (6) **A fac-simile reproduction of the colour plate**

accompanying the article Knighthood and Chivalry. (7) **A lithographic fac-simile** of the 29 volumes (India paper, full flexible sheepskin) demonstrating the remarkable reduction (two-thirds) in the thickness of the volumes due to the use of India paper. (8) **A 24-page pamphlet** which gives the history of the Encyclopædia Britannica from its inception in 1769-71, together with a description of the new 11th Edition, and of the service which it aims to perform—the lineal descendant of 10 successive and successful editions. (9) **Editorial pages** devoted to such subjects as History and Religion, where the exhaustive character of the treatment accorded seemed to call for special comment. (10) **A list of 659 among the 1500 contributors** from 21 countries, with their degrees, honours and professional status. In addition to the extracts which constitute the principal features of the prospectus there is provided full information bearing upon practically every department of the work. Judged simply as a book—it is longer than most books, for these extracts run to some 250,000 words—it is believed that this prospectus will prove at least as interesting and certainly more informing than any other work with which it can reasonably be compared.

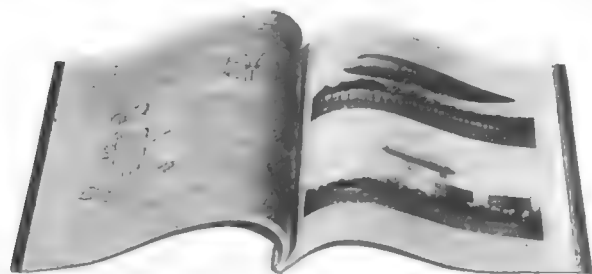
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### THE QUALITY OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA—Continued from page 1

difficult of definition, but none the less unmistakable, and applicable only to the Encyclopædia Britannica. To enable him, in the absence of the work itself, to ascertain what this standard is, what the critics imply when they say that the great tradition of the Encyclopædia Britannica during 140 years in ten successive editions has been sustained in the new 11th Edition, is the aim of these pages of specimen extracts and editorial notes.

The extracts are printed from the same type, and on the same India paper (thin, strong and opaque) as the book itself. The note at the head of each selection indicates the authorship and length of the article cited. The reader will be interested to observe the remarkable legibility

of the printed page due to the extraordinary opaqueness of India paper (which is expressly imported, none being made in this country). This unique feature of the new 11th Edition has at a stroke transformed the Encyclopædia Britannica from a series of heavy and physically repellent books to light and attractive ones, and has brought it finally into the category of books which Dr. Johnson used to say were the most useful—"Books that you may hold readily in your hand."



The India Paper Prospectus contains representative extracts from the original work, besides many plates, diagrams and cuts.



## TESTIMONY OF SUBSCRIBERS

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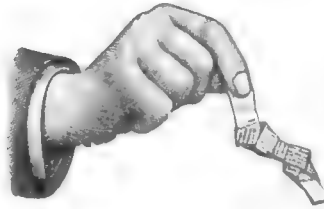
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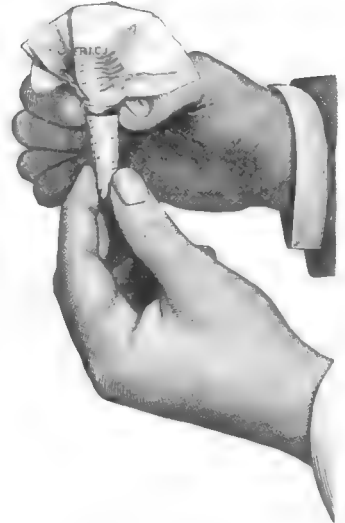
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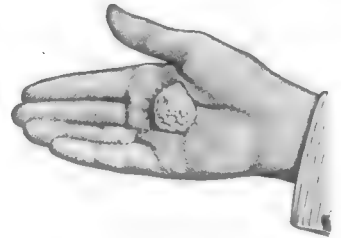
## A STORY TOLD IN FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS



1. A page of the Encyclopædia Britannica tied in two knots



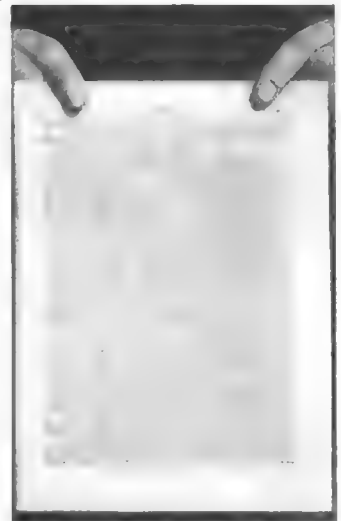
2. Passing through a lady's ring



3. Crumpled up in a tight ball

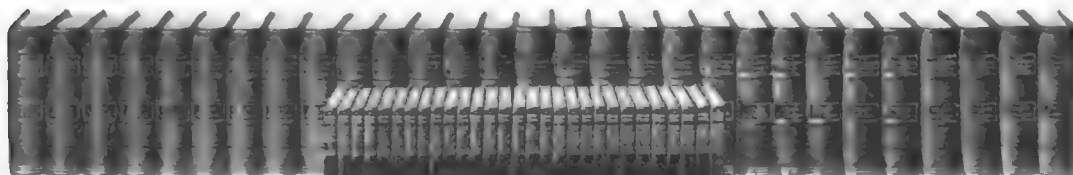


4. Partially smoothed out



5. Completely ironed out

# A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA



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Specifically, the 11th Edition consists of 28 volumes and index, comprising 40,000 articles, 44,000,000 words, 7000 text illustrations, 450 full page plates and 569 maps. The overhead cost of its production was \$1,500,000, which was disbursed before a single copy was produced for sale. Among the many improvements over previous editions may be mentioned dictionary definitions (dealing with technical or scientific words), biographies of living celebrities in all countries, a complete history, under alphabetical headings, of classical antiquity, bibliographies of all important subjects, exhaustive accounts of all "new" countries, the first connected history of modern Europe, detailed and authoritative articles on every industry and manufacture, on every metal, on every natural product, on every article of trade of any importance, on every art

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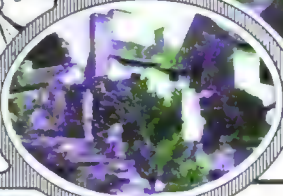
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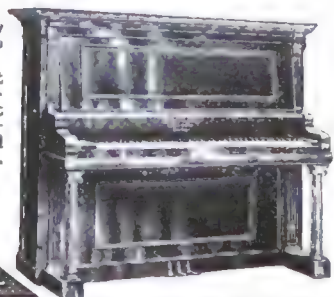
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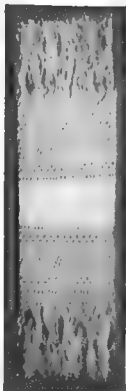
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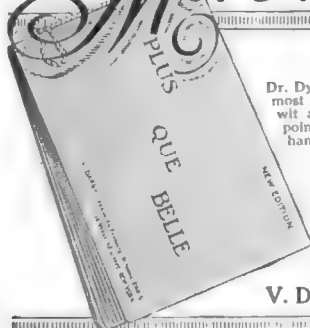
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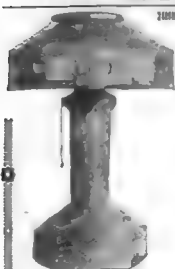
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